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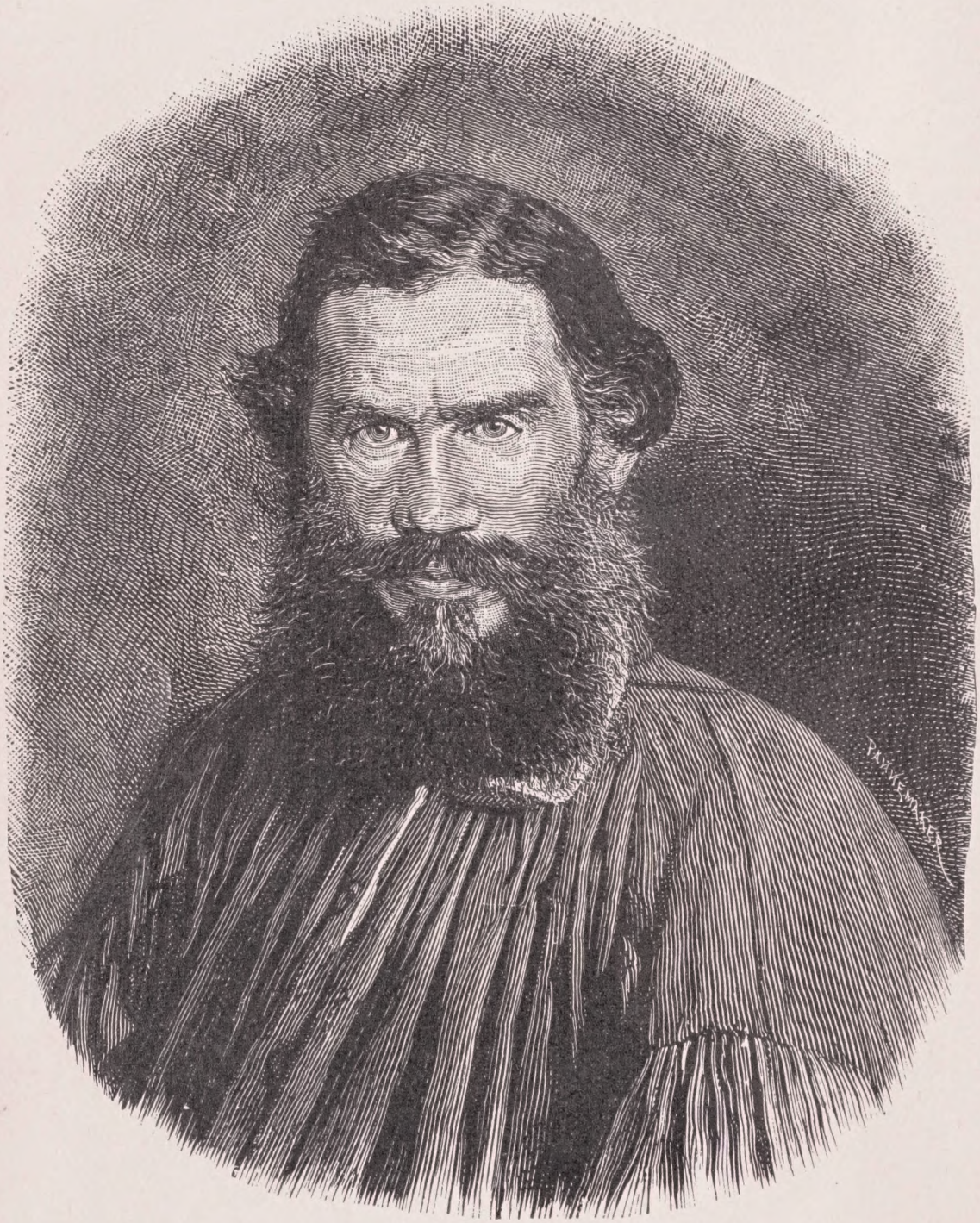

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

CHILDHOOD,

BOYHOOD,

YOUTH.

BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

BY

ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

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PREFACE.

COUNT LYOF NIKOLAEVITCH TOLSTOI is unquestionably one of the most interesting personalities of the period. Any thing, therefore, which can add to our knowledge of him as a man, cannot fail to be welcome to those who have already made his acquaintance through his writings on religion, and through those characters in his novels which reflect himself. These Memoirs, which in the Russian bear no common title, are of particular interest, since they show that many of the author's ideas of thirty years ago were precisely similar to those which he is putting in practice to-day in his own person. There are also points which every one will recognize as having been true of himself at the ages herein dealt with. It is to be regretted that the original plan has not been carried out. This comprised a great novel, founded on the reminiscences and traditions of his family. The first instalment, "Childhood," was written while he was in the Caucasus, and published in 1852 in the "Contemporary" (*Sovremennik*). The last, "Youth," was written after the conclusion of the Crimean war, in 1855; "Boyhood" having preceded it. "Childhood" was one of the first things he wrote; his "Cossacks," which Turgeneff admired extremely, having been written about the same time, though it was not printed until long afterwards. The most important of his other writings are already before the public.

That the Memoirs reflect the man, and his mental and moral youth, there can be no doubt; but they do not strictly

conform to facts in other respects, and therefore merit the titles which he gave them, *novels*. The facts, for comparison, are as follows: —

Count Tolstoi was born Aug. 28, 1828, in the village of Yasnaya Polyana, his mother's estate, in the government of Tula. His father, Count Nikolai Ilitch Tolstoi, was a retired colonel, who had taken part in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813. He was descended, in a direct line, from Count Piotr Andreevitch, a companion of Peter the Great. His mother was Princess Marya Nikolaevna Volkonskaya, only daughter of Prince Nikolai Sergieevitch Volkonsky. His mother died in 1830, before he was two years old. His education, as well as that of his three elder brothers, Nikolai, Sergiei, and Dmitri, and of his younger sister Marya, was undertaken, after the death of his mother, by a distant relative of the young Count's, Tatyana Alexandrovna Yergolskaya, a maiden lady, of whom a very warm memory is cherished in the Tolstoi family. She had been brought up, being an orphan, in the house of their grandfather, Count Ilya Andreevitch Tolstoi.

In 1837 the Tolstoi family, which had lived without intermission in the country, went to Moscow, as the eldest son was about to enter the university. The children's tutors at that time were a German named Fedor Ivanovitch Rössel, and, after their removal to Moscow, a Frenchman named Prosper Saint-Thomas. They seem to be the persons described in these Memoirs.

Count Lyof Tolstoi received his first lessons in French and Russian from Tatyana Alexandrovna Yergolskaya and his paternal aunt, Countess Alexandra Ilinitchna Osten-Saken, who lived in her brother's house. In Moscow tutors came to the house, in addition to those above mentioned.

In 1837 the father died suddenly, and his affairs turned out to be in great disorder. The Countess of Osten-Saken was appointed the guardian of the children. For the sake

of economy it was decided to leave the two elder children in Moscow, and to take the other three, together with Tatyana Yergolskaya, to the country. Their education did not proceed very smoothly. Sometimes they were taught by German tutors, sometimes by Russian seminarists, none of whom remained long in the house.

In 1840 the guardian of the Tolstois, the Countess of Osten-Saken, died; and the guardianship devolved upon another aunt (also a sister of their father), Pelagie Ilinitchna Yuschkova, who resided in Kazan with her husband. All the young Tolstois were taken to Kazan in 1841; and even the eldest brother, at his guardian's request, was transferred from the University of Moscow to that of Kazan. The younger brothers pursued their preparation for the university at Kazan. Count Lyof Nikolaevitch entered the university in 1843, in the division of Oriental languages, but remained only a year, and then passed to the department of law. Here he remained two years, and was preparing to enter the third class when his brothers passed their final examinations. But when they had finished, and prepared to set out for the country, Count Lyof suddenly made up his mind to quit the university before the completion of his course. The rector and several of the professors endeavored in vain to dissuade him: his resolution was taken, and at eighteen he went with his brothers to Yasnaya Polyana, which had fallen to him in the division of his father's estate. Here he lived, almost without intermission, until 1851, taking only an occasional peep at Peterburg and Moscow. It is not known whether he wrote any thing during this period, or what fate his efforts met with, nor when the desire to write first came to him.

In 1851 his beloved brother Nikolai, who was serving in the Caucasus, came home on leave, and spent some time in the country. The desire to be with his beloved brother, and to see a new country celebrated by Russian poets, induced Count Lyof to quit his estate for the Caucasus. He was so

much fascinated by the originality of the half-savage life there, and the magnificence of nature, that he entered the service in 1851, in the Junkers corps, in the same battery where his brother served. Here, for the first time, he began to write (as far as is known) in the form of a novel; and these Memoirs were the first work which he planned. Besides these and the "Cossacks," he also wrote at this time "The Incursion" (*Nabyeg*) and "The Felling of the Forest" (*Rubka Lyesa*).

It is probably to the period of this sojourn in the Caucasus that the following biographical details, related by the Count to a friend now dead, refer; and they show us some sides of the young Count's character in a strong light. Having lost money at cards, Count Lyof gave his property over to his brother-in-law, with directions to pay his debts from the income, and to allow him only five hundred rubles a year to subsist on. At the same time the Count gave his word not to play cards any more. But in the Caucasus he could not resist temptation; he began to play again, lost all he had with him, and ran in debt to the extent of five hundred rubles silver, for which he gave a note to a certain K. The note fell due, but the Count had no money to pay it: he dared not write to his brother-in-law, and he was in despair. He was living in Tiflis at the time, where he had passed his examination as a Junker. He could not sleep at night, and tormented himself with thinking what he should do. He began to pray from the very depths of his soul, regarding his prayer as a test of the power of faith. He prayed as young people pray, and went to bed in a state of composure. As soon as he was awake in the morning he was handed a packet from his brother. The first thing he saw in the packet was his note, torn in two. His brother wrote, from Tchetchen: "Sado (my friend, a young Tchetchenetz, and a gambler) won your note from Kn——, and brought it to me, and won't take any money from my brother on any terms."

Count Tolstoi took part in all the expeditions in the Caucasus, enduring all hardships on the same footing as a common soldier, and remaining there until 1853. It was here that he began to sketch types of the Russian soldier with such wonderful power and truth, in his "Military Tales" (*Voennuie Razskazui*). The Crimean war had barely begun when the Count was transferred, at his own request, to the army of the Danube, where he took part in the campaign of 1854, on the staff of Prince Gortchakoff. He afterwards went to Sevastopol, and in May, 1855, was appointed commander of a division. After the storming of Sevastopol he was sent to Peterburg as a courier; and it was during this period, between 1853 and 1855, that he wrote "Sevastopol in May," and "Sevastopol in December."

At the close of the campaign, in 1855, Count Tolstoi went on the retired list, and lived in Moscow or Peterburg in winter, and at Yasnaya Polyana in summer. This was his most fertile literary period. "Youth," "Sevastopol in August," "Two Hussars," "Three Deaths," "Family Happiness," and "Polikuschka" were written, and published in magazines at this time. He was recognized as the equal of Turgeneff, Gontcharoff, Ostrovsky, and Pisemsky.

The agitation in connection with the serfs deeply interested him, for he had stood very near the people all his life; and he began to occupy himself seriously, both in theory and practice, with the question of schools for the peasants, which did not then exist. He made two trips abroad, between 1855 and 1861, probably to study this subject.

After Feb. 19, 1861 (the date of the emancipation of the serfs), Count Tolstoi, and a very few other landed proprietors, settled definitely upon their estates, and lived there for a long time uninterruptedly. The Count was profoundly conscious of his duty towards his people; he was for some time a justice of the peace; took an ardent interest in common schools; and even began the publication of a

highly original pedagogical journal, called "Yasnaya Polyana." In it he presented his views on the needs of popular education, which he had acquired directly from life, and on matters connected with the schools. He also dared to express very serious doubts as to what we have become accustomed to extol under the pompous titles of culture, civilization, progress, and so forth. Count Tolstoi attacked these questions boldly, set them forth in sharp outlines, and showed himself at times rather paradoxical, but at the same time produced a mass of facts and examples in the highest degree convincing and important, which were drawn directly from the life of the people, and from actual observation of peasant children.

Progress, according to his ideas, was fitted only for a small section, and that the least occupied section, of society; and he opposed it as a distinct evil for the majority, for the people as a whole. Against the blessings of culture he set the blessings of nature, of forest, of wild creatures, and of rivers; physical development, purity of morals, and so forth. This is the report made by a journalist who visited him in 1862; and he adds, "It seems as though this man lives the life of the people, shares their views; that he is devoted to the good of the people with all the powers of his soul, though his understanding of them differs from that of others. The proof of this is his school, and the children, of whom he spoke with evident affection, praising their talents, their quickness of comprehension, their artistic feeling, their moral soundness, in which respects they are far in advance of the children in other classes of society."

Shortly after this, Count Tolstoi married (1862) Sophia Andreevna Bers, daughter of Andrei Evstafievitch Bers, a doctor, a Moscovian by birth, and a graduate of the University of Moscow. Her mother belonged to the Isleneff family, who had long been friends of the Tolstoi family, and whose large village, Krasnoe, was situated not far from Yasnaya

Polyana. The Isleneff children were among the first friends and visitors of the Tolstoi household in the country.

After his marriage, Count Tolstoi devoted himself wholly to family life, which had constantly been his ideal, and gave himself up more fully than ever to his village idyl. For many years he published nothing; and it was only towards the end of the "sixties" that he began "War and Peace" in the "Russian Messenger" (*Russky Viestnik*), which placed him next to Pushkin, and higher than any other Russian literary man. Between this and the publication in the same magazine of "Anna Karenina," which was begun in 1875, he gave nothing to the world but some primers and reading-books for common schools, and an article on the Samara famine. Since the appearance of "Anna Karenina," he has devoted himself to the consideration of purely religious questions, and their application to life.

These details are derived from Polevoi's "History of Russian Literature," from which the accompanying portrait of Count Tolstoi in his peasant's smock is also taken. It is to be hoped that he will return to literature, as Turgeneff besought him upon his death-bed to do, and that he will at some future day complete these Memoirs.

THE TRANSLATOR.

BOSTON, May 27, 1886.

PART I.—CHILDHOOD.

A NOVEL.

By transfer

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CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE TUTOR KARL IVANITCH.

On the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar-paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing-gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skull-cap with a tassel, and soft goatskin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, catching on things and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why doesn't he kill the flies round Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No: Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all; and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it, — the hateful man! And his dressing-gown, and his cap, and his tassel — how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned towards us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the drawing-room!"[1] he cried in his kindly German voice; then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his snuff-box from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazybones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry: my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillow. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began quietly to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he strove to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing-gown, cap, and tassel disgusting: now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream, — I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears

[1] Karl Ivanitch generally speaks in German.

ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka[1] Nikolai came in, — a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sisters' governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the wash-basin, that even grave Nikolai, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand, and a hand-basin in the other, smiled and said:

"Enough, Vladimir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the schoolroom.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the schoolroom Karl Ivanitch was another man: he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window. To the left of the door were two shelves of books: one was ours — the children's; the other was Karl Ivanitch's particular property. On ours were all sorts of books, — school-books and others: some stood upright, others were lying down. Only two big volumes of "Histoire des Voyages," in red bindings, leaned in a stately way against the wall; then came long, thick, big, and little books, — covers without books, and books without covers. All were piled up and pushed in when we were ordered to put the library, as Karl Ivanitch called this shelf, in order before our play-hour. If the collection of books on his private shelf was not as large as ours, it was even more miscellaneous. I remember three of them, — a German pamphlet on the manuring of cabbage-gardens, without a cover; one volume of the history of the "Seven Years War," in parchment, burned on one corner; and a complete course of hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch passed the greater part of his time in reading, and even injured his eyesight thereby; but he never read any thing except these books and "The Northern Bee."

[1] Children's valet.

Among the articles which lay on Karl Ivanitch's shelf, was one which recalls him to me more than all the rest. It was a circle of cardboard fixed on a wooden foot, upon which it revolved by means of pegs. Upon this circle were pasted pictures representing caricatures of some gentleman and a wig-maker. Karl Ivanitch pasted very well, and had himself invented and manufactured this circle in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing-gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wig-maker, casting its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair; beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and the snuffers on the dish. All this lies with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl Ivanitch has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole up-stairs on tiptoe to the schoolroom, after running about down-stairs in the hall as much as you pleased, behold — Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his arm-chair, reading some one of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading: his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression; and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room: his even breathing, and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch, alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door, and think: Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry: but he — he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth, when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolai: it is dreadful to be in his situation! And it made one so sorry, that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that: he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skilfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the

third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading down stairs, hung two rulers: one was all hacked up — that was ours; the other — the new one — was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles, and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we were put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft arm-chair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the damper, or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep round at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed any thing.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oil-cloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three little windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble, and rut of which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing-floor, on the other a wood; the guard's little cottage was visible in the distance. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black head, and some one's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversations forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation increases to sorrow; and God

knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us down-stairs to say good-morning to mamma.

CHAPTER II.

MAMMA.

MAMMA was sitting in the parlor, and pouring out the tea: in one hand she held the teapot, in the other the faucet of the *samovar*, from which the water flowed over the top of the teapot upon the tray beneath. But though she was gazing steadily at it, she did not perceive it, nor that we had entered.

So many memories of the past present themselves when one tries to revive in fancy the features of a beloved being, that one views them dimly through these memories, as through tears. These are the tears of imagination. When I try to recall my mother as she was at that time, nothing appears to me but her brown eyes, which always expressed love and goodness; the mole on her neck a little lower down than the spot where the short hairs grow; her white embroidered collar; her cool, soft hand, which petted me so often, and which I so often kissed: but her image as a whole escapes me.

To the left of the divan stood the old English grand piano; and before the piano sat my dark-complexioned sister Liubotchka, playing Clementi's studies with evident effort, and with rosy fingers which had just been washed in cold water. She was eleven. She wore a short linen dress with white lace-trimmed pantalettes, and could only manage an octave as an arpeggio. Beside her, half turned away, sat Marya Ivanovna, in a cap with rose-colored ribbons, a blue jacket, and a red and angry face, which assumed a still more forbidding expression when Karl Ivanitch entered. She looked threateningly at him; and, without responding to his salute, she continued to count, and beat time with her foot, *one*, *two*, *three*, more loudly and commandingly than before.

Karl Ivanitch, paying no attention whatever to this, according to his custom, went straight to kiss my mother's

hand with a German greeting. She recovered herself, shook her little head as though desirous of driving away painful thoughts with the gesture, gave her hand to Karl Ivanitch, and kissed him on his wrinkled temple, while he kissed her hand.

"Thank you, my dear Karl Ivanitch." And continuing to speak in German, she inquired:

"Did the children sleep well?"

Karl Ivanitch was deaf in one ear, and now heard nothing at all on account of the noise from the piano. He bent over the divan, rested one hand on the table as he stood on one foot; and with a smile which seemed to me then the height of refinement, he raised his cap above his head, and said:

"Will you excuse me, Natalya Nikolaevna?"

Karl Ivanitch, for the sake of not catching cold in his bald head, never took off his red cap; but each time he entered the drawing-room he begged permission to keep it on.

"Put on your cap, Karl Ivanitch. . . . I ask you if the children slept well?" said mamma, moving nearer to him, and speaking louder.

But again he heard nothing, covered his bald spot with his red cap, and smiled more amiably than ever.

"Stop a minute, Mimi," said mamma to Marya Ivanovna with a smile: "we can hear nothing."

Beautiful as was mamma's face, it became incomparably more lovely when she smiled, and seemed to enliven every thing about her. If in life's trying moments I could catch but a glimpse of that smile, I should not know what grief is. It seems to me that what is called beauty of face consists in the smile alone: if it does not alter the countenance, then the latter is ordinary; if it spoils it, then it is bad.

When greeting me, mamma took my head in both her hands, and bent it back, looked intently at me, and said:

"You have been crying this morning?"

I made no reply. She kissed me on the eyes, and asked in German:

"What were you crying about?"

When she spoke pleasantly to us, she always addressed us in that tongue, which she knew to perfection.

"I cried in my sleep, mamma," I said, recalling my fictitious dream with all the details, and I involuntarily shuddered at the thought.

Karl Ivanitch confirmed my statement, but held his peace about the dream. After discussing the weather, in which conversation Mimi also took part, mamma laid six pieces of sugar on the tray for some of the favored servants, and went to her embroidery-frame which stood in the window.

"Now go to your father, children, and tell him that he must come to me without fail before he goes to threshing-floor."

The music, counting, and black looks began again, and we went to papa. Passing through the room which had borne the title of the butler's pantry since grandfather's time, we entered the study.

CHAPTER III.

PAPA.

He was standing by his writing-table, and pointing to some envelopes, papers, and bundles of bank-notes. He was angry, and was discussing something sharply with the overseer, Yakov Mikhailof, who, standing in his usual place, between the door and the barometer, with his hands behind him, was moving his fingers with great vivacity in various directions.

The angrier papa grew, the more swiftly did the fingers move, and on the contrary, when papa ceased speaking, the fingers also stopped; but when Yakov began to talk himself, his fingers underwent the greatest disturbance, and jumped wildly about on all sides. It seemed to me that Yakov's secret thoughts might be guessed from their movements: but his face was always quiet; it expressed a sense of his own dignity and at the same time of subordination, that is to say, "I am right, but nevertheless have your own way!"

When papa saw us, he merely said:

"Wait, I'll be with you presently."

And he nodded his head towards the door, to indicate that one of us was to shut it.

"Ah, merciful God! what's to be done with you now, Yakov?" he went on, speaking to the overseer, shrugging his shoulders (which was a habit with him). "This envelope with an enclosure of eight hundred rubles . . ."

Yakov moved his abacus, counted off eight hundred rubles, fixed his gaze on some indefinite point, and waited for what was coming next.

"Is for the expenses of the farming during my absence. Do you understand? From the mill you are to receive one thousand rubles: is that so, or not? You are to receive back eight thousand worth of loans from the treasury; for the hay, of which, according to your own calculation, you can

sell seven thousand poods,[1] — at forty-five kopeks, I will say, — you will get three thousand: consequently, how much money will you have in all? Twelve thousand: is that so, or not?"

"Exactly, sir," said Yakov.

But I perceived from the briskness with which his fingers moved, that he wanted to answer back: papa interrupted him.

"Now, out of this money, you will send ten thousand rubles to the council at Petrovskoe. Now, the money which is in the office" continued papa (Yakov mixed up this twelve thousand, and told off twenty-one thousand), "you will bring to me, and charge to expenses on this present date." (Yakov shook up his abacus again, and turned it, indicating thereby, it is probable, that the twenty-one thousand would disappear also). "And this envelope containing money you will forward from me to its address."

I was standing near the table, and I glanced at the inscription. It read: "Karl Ivanitch Mauer."

Papa must have perceived that I had read what it was not necessary that I should know; for he laid his hand on my shoulder, and with a slight movement indicated that I was to go away from his table. I did not understand whether it was a caress or a hint; but, whatever it meant, I kissed the large, sinewy hand which rested on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," said Yakov. "And what are your orders with regard to the Khabarovka money?"

Khabarovka was mamma's village.

"Leave it in the office, and on no account make use of it without my orders."

Jakov remained silent for a few seconds, then his fingers twisted about with increased rapidity, and altering the expression of servile stupidity with which he had listened to his master's orders, to the expression of bold cunning which was natural to him, he drew the abacus towards him, and began to speak.

"Permit me to report, Piotr Alexandritch, that it shall be as you please, but it is impossible to pay the council on time. You said," he continued, his speech broken with pauses, "that we must receive money from the loans, from the mill, and from the hay." As he mentioned these statistics, he calculated them on the abacus. "I am afraid that we may

[1] A *pood* is about forty pounds.

be making some mistake in our reckoning," he added after a pause, glancing sharply at papa.

"How?"

"Please to consider: with regard to the mill, since the miller has been to me twice to ask for delay, and has sworn by Christ the Lord that he has no money . . . and he is here now. Will you not please to talk with him yourself?"

"What does he say?" asked papa, signifying by a motion of his head that he did not wish to speak with the miller.

"The same old story. He says that there was no grinding; that what little money he got, he put into the dam. If we take him away, sir, will it be of any advantage to us? With regard to the loans, as you were pleased to mention them, I think I have already reported that our money is sunk there, and we shall not be able to get at it very soon. I sent a load of flour into the city a few days ago, to Ivan Afanasitch, with a note about the matter; he replied that he would be glad to exert himself in Piotr Alexandrovitch's behalf, but the affair is not in my hands, and you will hardly receive your quittance under two months. You were pleased to speak of the hay: suppose it does sell for three thousand."

He marked off three thousand on his abacus, and remained silent for a moment, glancing first at his calculating frame and then at papa's eyes, as much as to say:

"You see yourself how little it is. Yes, and we will chaffer about the hay again if it is to be sold now, you will please to understand."

It was plain that he had a great store of arguments; it must have been for that reason that papa interrupted him.

"I shall make no change in my arrangements," he said; "but if any delay should actually occur in receiving this money, then there is nothing to be done; you will take what is necessary from the Khabarovka funds."

"Yes, sir."

It was evident from the expression of Jakov's face and fingers, that this last order afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

Yakov was a serf, and a very zealous and devoted man. Like all good overseers, he was extremely parsimonious on his master's account, and entertained the strangest possible ideas as to what was for his master's interest. He was eternally fretting over the increase of his master's property at the expense of that of his mistress, and tried to demonstrate

that it was indispensable to employ all the revenue from her estate upon Petrovskoe (the village in which we lived). He was triumphant at the present moment, because he had succeeded on this point.

Papa greeted us, and said that it was time to put a stop to our idleness: we were no longer small children, and it was time for us to study seriously.

"I think you already know that I am going to Moscow to-night, and I shall take you with me," he said. "You will live with your grandmother, and mamma will remain here with the girls. And you know that she will have but one consolation, —to hear that you are studying well, and that they are pleased with you."

Although we had been expecting something unusual, from the preparations which had been making for several days, this news surprised us terribly. Volodya turned red, and repeated mamma's message in a trembling voice.

"So that is what my dream foretold," I thought. "God grant there may be nothing worse!"

I was very, very sorry for mamma; and, at the same time, the thought that we were grown up afforded me pleasure.

"If we are going away to-night, we surely shall have no lessons. That's famous," I thought. "But I'm sorry for Karl Ivanovitch. He is certainly going to be discharged, otherwise that envelope would not have been prepared for him. It would be better to go on studying forever, and not go away, and not part from mamma, and not hurt poor Karl Ivanitch's feelings. He is so very unhappy!"

These thoughts flashed through my mind. I did not stir from the spot, and gazed intently at the black ribbons in my slippers.

After speaking a few words to Karl Ivanitch about the fall of the barometer, and giving orders to Jakov not to feed the dogs, in order that he might go out after dinner and make a farewell trial of the young hounds, papa, contrary to my expectations, sent us to our studies, comforting us, however, with a promise to take us on the hunt.

On the way up-stairs, I ran out on the terrace. Papa's favorite greyhound, Milka, lay blinking in the sunshine at the door.

"Milotchka," I said, petting her and kissing her nose, "we are going away to-day: good-by! We shall never see each other again."

My feelings overpowered me, and I burst into tears.

CHAPTER IV.

LESSONS.

KARL IVANITCH was very much out of sorts. This was evident from his frowning brows, and from the way he flung his coat into the commode, his angry manner of tying his girdle, and the deep mark which he made with his nail in the conversation-book to indicate the point which we must attain. Volodya studied properly; but my mind was so upset that I positively could do nothing. I gazed long and stupidly at the conversation-book, but I could not read for the tears which gathered in my eyes at the thought of the parting before us. When the time for recitation came, Karl Ivanitch listened with his eyes half shut (which was a bad sign); and just at the place where one says, "Where do you come from?" and the other answers, "I come from the coffee-house," I could no longer restrain my tears; and sobs prevented my uttering, "Have you not read the paper?" When it came to writing, I made such blots with my tears falling on the paper, that I might have been writing with water on wrapping-paper.

Karl Ivanitch became angry; he put me on his knees, declared that it was obstinacy, a puppet comedy (this was a favorite expression of his), threatened me with the ruler, and demanded that I should beg his pardon, although I could not utter a word for my tears. He must have recognized his injustice at length, for he went into Nikolai's room and slammed the door.

The conversation in dyadka's room was audible in the schoolroom.

"You have heard, Nikolai, that the children are going to Moscow?" said Karl Ivanitch as he entered.

"Certainly, I have heard that."

Nikolai must have made a motion to rise, for Karl Ivanitch said, "Sit still, Nikolai!" and then he shut the door. I emerged from the corner, and went to listen at the door.

"However much good you do to people, however much you are attached to them, gratitude is not to be expected, apparently, Nikolai," said Karl Ivanitch with feeling.

Nikolai, who was sitting at the window at his shoemaking, nodded his head affirmatively.

"I have lived in this house twelve years, and I can say before God, Nikolai," continued Karl Ivanitch, raising his eyes and his snuff-box to the ceiling, "that I have loved them, and taken more interest in them than if they had been my own children. You remember, Nikolai, when Volodenka had the fever, how I sat by his bedside, and never closed my eyes for nine days. Yes; then I was good, dear Karl Ivanitch; then I was necessary. But now," he added with an ironical smile, "now *the children are grown up; they must study in earnest.* Just as if they were not learning any thing here, Nikolai!"

"So they are to study more, it seems?" said Nikolai, laying down his awl, and drawing out his thread with both hands.

"Yes: I am no longer needed, I must be driven off. But where are their promises? Where is their gratitude? I revere and love Natalya Nikolaevna, Nikolai," said he, laying his hand on his breast. "But what is she? Her will is of no more consequence in this house than that;" hereupon he flung a scrap of leather on the floor with an expressive gesture. "I know whose doing this is, and why I am no longer needed; because I don't lie, and pretend not to see things, like *some people.* I have always been accustomed to speak the truth to every one," said he proudly. "God be with them! They won't accumulate wealth by getting rid of me; and God is merciful, — I shall find a bit of bread for myself, . . . shall I not, Nikolai?"

Nikolai raised his head and looked at Karl Ivanitch, as though desirous of assuring himself whether he really would be able to find a bit of bread; but he said nothing.

Karl Ivanitch talked much and long in this strain. He said they had been more capable of appreciating his services at a certain general's house, where he had formerly lived (I was much pained to hear it). He spoke of Saxony, of his parents, of his friend the tailor, Schönheit, and so forth, and so forth.

I sympathized with his sorrow, and it pained me that papa and Karl Ivanitch, whom I loved almost equally, did not

understand each other. I betook myself to my corner again, crouched down on my heels, and pondered how I might bring about an understanding between them.

When Karl Ivanitch returned to the schoolroom, he ordered me to get up, and prepare my copy-book for writing from dictation. When all was ready, he seated himself majestically in his arm-chair, and in a voice which appeared to issue from some great depth, he began to dictate as follows:

"'Of all pas-sions the most re-volt-ing is,' have you written that?" Here he paused, slowly took a pinch of snuff, and continued with renewed energy, — "'the most revolting is In-gra-ti-tude' . . . a capital *I*."

I looked at him after writing the last word, in expectation of more.

"Period," said he, with a barely perceptible smile, and made me a sign to give him my copy-book.

He read this apothegm, which gave utterance to his inward sentiment, through several times, with various intonations, and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction. Then he set us a lesson in history, and seated himself by the window. His face was not so morose as it had been; it expressed the delight of a man who had taken a proper revenge for an insult that had been put upon him.

It was quarter to one; but Karl Ivanitch had no idea of dismissing us, apparently: in fact, he gave out some new lessons.

Ennui and hunger increased in equal measure. With the greatest impatience, I noted all the signs which betokened the near approach of dinner. There came the woman with her mop to wash the plates; then I could hear the dishes rattle on the sideboard. I heard them move the table, and place the chairs; then Mimi came in from the garden with Liubotchka and Katenka (Katenka was Mimi's twelve-year-old daughter); but nothing was to be seen of Foka, the butler, who always came and announced that dinner was ready. Then only could we throw aside our books without paying any attention to Karl Ivanitch, and run down-stairs.

Then footsteps were audible on the stairs, but that was not Foka! I knew his step by heart, and could always recognize the squeak of his boots. The door opened, and a figure which was totally unknown to me appeared.

CHAPTER V.

THE FOOL.

INTO the room walked a man of fifty, with a long, pale, pock-marked face, with long gray hair and a sparse reddish beard. He was of such vast height, that in order to pass through the door, he was obliged to bend not only his head, but his whole body. He wore a ragged garment which resembled both a caftan and a cassock; in his hand he carried a huge staff. As he entered the room, he smote the floor with it with all his might; opening his mouth, and wrinkling his brows, he laughed in a terrible and unnatural manner. He was blind of one eye; and the white pupil of that eye hopped about incessantly, and imparted to his otherwise homely countenance a still more repulsive expression.

"Aha! I've found you!" he shouted, running up to Volodya with little steps: he seized his head, and began a careful examination of his crown. Then, with a perfectly serious expression, he left him, walked up to the table, and began to blow under the oil-cloth, and to make the sign of the cross over it. "O–oh, it's a pity! o–oh, it's sad! The dear children . . . will fly away," he said, in a voice quivering with tears, gazing feelingly at Volodya; and he began to wipe away the tears which were actually falling, with his sleeve.

His voice was coarse and hoarse; his movements hasty and rough; his talk was silly and incoherent (he never used any pronouns); but his intonations were so touching, and his grotesque yellow face assumed at times such a frankly sorrowful expression, that, in listening to him, it was impossible to refrain from a feeling of mingled pity, fear, and grief.

This was the fool and pilgrim Grischa.

Whence was he? Who were his parents? What had induced him to adopt the singular life which he led? No one

knew. I only knew that he had passed since the age of fifteen as a fool who went barefoot winter and summer, visited the monasteries, gave little images to those who struck his fancy, and uttered enigmatic words which some people accepted as prophecy; that no one had ever known him in any other aspect; that he occasionally went to grandmother's; and that some said he was the unfortunate son of wealthy parents, and a genuine fool; while others held that he was a simple peasant and lazy.

At length the long-wished-for and punctual Foka arrived, and we went down-stairs. Grischa, who continued to sob and talk all sorts of nonsense, followed us, and pounded every step on the stairs with his staff. Papa and mamma entered the drawing-room arm in arm, discussing something in a low tone. Marya Ivanovna was sitting with much dignity in one of the arm-chairs, symmetrically arranged at right angles close to the divan, and giving instructions in a stern, repressed voice to the girls who sat beside her. As soon as Karl Ivanitch entered the room, she glanced at him, but immediately turned away; and her face assumed an expression which might have been interpreted to mean: "I do not see you, Karl Ivanitch." It was plain from the girls' eyes, that they were very anxious to impart to us some extremely important news as soon as possible; but it would have been an infringement of Mimi's rules to jump up and come to us. We must first go to her, and say, "*Bonjour*, Mimi!" and give a scrape with the foot; and then it was permissible to enter into conversation.

What an intolerable creature that Mimi was! It was impossible to talk about any thing in her presence: she considered every thing improper. Moreover, she was constantly exhorting us to speak French, and that, as if out of malice, just when we wanted to chatter in Russian; or at dinner — you would just begin to enjoy a dish, and want to be let alone, when she would infallibly say, "Eat that with bread," or "How are you holding your fork?" — "What business is it of hers?" you think. "Let her teach her girls, but Karl Ivanitch is there to see to us." I fully shared his hatred for *some people*.

"Ask mamma to take us on the hunt," whispered Katenka, stopping me by seizing my round jacket, when the grown-up people had passed on before into the dining-room.

"Very good: we will try."

Grischa ate in the dining-room, but at a small table apart; he did not raise his eyes from his plate, made fearful grimaces, sighed occasionally, and said, as though speaking to himself: "It's a pity . . . she[1] has flown away . . . the dove will fly to heaven. . . . Oh, there's a stone on the grave!" and so on.

Mamma had been in a troubled state of mind ever since the morning; Grischa's presence, words, and behavior, evidently increased this perturbation.

"Ah, I nearly forgot to ask you about one thing," she said, handing papa a plate of soup.

"What is it?"

"Please have your dreadful dogs shut up: they came near biting poor Grischa when he passed through the yard. And they might attack the children."

Hearing himself mentioned, Grischa turned towards the table, and began to exhibit the torn tails of his garment, and to speak with his mouth full.

"They wanted to bite to death. . . . God did not allow it. . . . It's a sin to set the dogs on! Don't beat the bolschak[2] . . . why beat? God forgives — times are different now."

"What's that he's saying?" asked papa, gazing sternly and intently at him. "I don't understand a word."

"But I understand," answered mamma: "he is telling me that some huntsman set his dogs on him, on purpose, as he says, 'that they might bite him to death,' and he begs you not to punish the man for it."

"Ah! that's it," said papa. "How does he know that I mean to punish the huntsman? You know that I'm not over fond of these gentlemen," he added in French, "and this one in particular does not please me, and ought" —

"Ah, do not say that, my dear," interrupted mamma, as if frightened at something. "What do you know about him?"

"It seems to me that I have had occasion to learn these people's ways by heart: enough of them come to you. They're all of one cut. It's forever and eternally the same story."

It was plain that mamma held a totally different opinion on this point, but she would not dispute.

[1] It is indispensable to the sense in English to employ pronouns, occasionally. This may be considered a specimen of Grischa's prophecy, the pronoun being indicated by the termination of the verb.

[2] Elder of a village, family, or religious community.

"Please give me a patty," said she. "Are they good to-day?"

"Yes, it makes me angry," went on papa, taking a patty in his hand, but holding it at such a distance that mamma could not reach it; "it makes me angry, when I see sensible and cultivated people fall into the trap."

And he struck the table with his fork.

"I asked you to hand me a patty," she repeated, reaching out her hand.

"And they do well," continued papa, moving his hand farther away, "when they arrest such people. The only good they do is to upset the weak nerves of certain individuals," he added with a smile, perceiving that the conversation greatly displeased mamma, and gave her the patty.

"I have only one remark to make to you on the subject: it is difficult to believe that a man, who, in spite of his sixty years, goes barefoot summer and winter, and wears chains weighing two poods, which he never takes off, under his clothes, and who has more than once rejected a proposal to lead an easy life, — it is difficult to believe that such a man does all this from laziness."

"As for prophecy," she added, with a sigh, after a pause, "I have paid for my belief; I think I have told you how Kiriuscha foretold the very day and hour of papa's death."

"Ah, what have you done to me!" exclaimed papa, smiling and putting his hand to his mouth on the side where Mimi sat. (When he did this, I always listened with strained attention, in the expectation of something amusing.) "Why have you reminded me of his feet? I have looked at them, and now I shall not be able to eat any thing."

The dinner was nearing its end. Liubotchka and Katenka winked at us incessantly, twisted on their chairs, and evinced the greatest uneasiness. The winks signified: "Why don't you ask them to take us hunting?" I nudged Volodya with my elbow; Volodya nudged me, and finally summoned up his courage: he explained, at first in a timid voice, but afterwards quite firmly and loudly, that, as we were to leave on that day, we should like to have the girls taken to the hunt with us, in the carriage. After a short consultation among the grown-up people, the question was decided in our favor; and, what was still more pleasant, mamma said that she would go with us herself.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE HUNT.

DURING dessert, Jakov was summoned, and received orders with regard to the carriage, the dogs, and the saddle-horses, — all being given with the greatest minuteness, and every horse specified by name. Volodya's horse was lame: papa ordered the hunter to be saddled for him. This word "hunter" always sounded strange in mamma's ears: it seemed to her that it must be something in the nature of a wild beast, and that it would infallibly run away with and kill Volodya. In spite of the exhortations of papa and of Volodya, who with wonderful boldness asserted that that was nothing, and that he liked to have the horse run away extremely, poor mamma continued to declare that she should be in torments during the whole of the excursion.

Dinner came to an end; the big people went to the library to drink their coffee, while we ran into the garden, to scrape our feet along the paths covered with the yellow leaves which had fallen, and to talk. The conversation began on the subject of Volodya riding the hunter, and how shameful it was that Liubotchka ran more softly than Katenka, and how interesting it would be to see Grischa's chains, and so on: not a word was said about our separation. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, upon each of whose springs sat a servant boy. Behind the carriage came the huntsmen with the dogs; behind the huntsmen, Ignat the coachman, on the horse destined for Volodya, and leading my old nag by the bridle. First we rushed to the fence, whence all these interesting things were visible, and then we flew up-stairs shrieking and stamping, to dress ourselves as much like hunters as possible. One of the chief means to this end was tucking our trousers into our boots. We betook ourselves to this without delay, making haste to complete the operation, and run out upon the steps to enjoy the

sight of the dogs and horses, and the conversation with the huntsmen.

The day was warm. White clouds of fanciful forms had been hovering all the morning on the horizon; then the little breezes drove them nearer and nearer, so that they obscured the sun from time to time. But black and frequent as were these clouds, it was plain that they were not destined to gather into a thunder-storm, and spoil our enjoyment on our last opportunity. Towards evening they began to disperse again: some grew pale, lengthened out, and fled to the horizon; others, just overhead, turned into white transparent scales; only one large black cloud lingered in the east. Karl Ivanitch always knew where every sort of cloud went; he declared that this cloud would go to Maslovka, that there would be no rain, and that the weather would be fine.

Foka, in spite of his advanced years, ran down the steps very quickly and cleverly, cried, "Drive up!" and, planting his feet far apart, stood firm in the middle of the entrance, between the spot to which the carriage should be brought, and the threshold, in the attitude of a man who does not need to be reminded of his duty. The ladies followed, and after a brief dispute as to who should sit on which side, and whom they should cling to (although it seemed to me quite unnecessary to hold on), they seated themselves, opened their parasols, and drove off. When the lineika [1] started, mamma pointed to the hunter, and asked the coachman in a trembling voice:

"Is that the horse for Vladimir Petrovitch?"

And when the coachman replied in the affirmative, she waved her hand and turned away. I was very impatient: I mounted my horse, looked straight between his ears, and went through various evolutions in the court-yard.

"Please not to crush the dogs," said one of the huntsmen.

"Rest easy: this is not my first experience," I answered proudly.

Volodya mounted the hunter, not without some quaking in spite of his resolution of character, and asked several times as he patted him:

"Is he gentle?"

He looked very handsome on horseback, — just like a grown-up person. His thighs sat so well on the saddle that

[1] A particular sort of four-seated drozhky.

I was envious, — particularly as, so far as I could judge from my shadow, I was far from presenting so fine an appearance.

Then we heard papa's step on the stairs: the overseer of the young dogs drove up the scattered hounds; the huntsmen with greyhounds called in theirs, and began to mount. The groom led the horse to the steps; papa's leash of dogs, which had been lying about in various picturesque *poses*, ran to him. After him, in a bead collar jingling like iron, Milka sprang gayly out. She always greeted the male dogs when she came out; she played with some, smelled of others, growled a little, and hunted fleas on others.

Papa mounted his horse, and we set out.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HUNT.

The huntsman in chief, who was called Turka, rode in front on a dark-gray Roman-nosed horse; he wore a shaggy cap, a huge horn over his shoulder, and a knife in his belt. From the man's fierce and gloomy exterior, one would sooner imagine that he was going to deadly conflict than on a hunting expedition. About the hind heels of his horse ran the hounds, clustered together in a many-hued, undulating pack. It was pitiful to contemplate the fate which befell any unfortunate dog who took it into his head to linger behind. His companion was forced to drag him along with great effort; and when he had succeeded in this, one of the huntsmen who rode in the rear never failed to give him a cut with his whip, saying, "To the pack with you!" When we emerged from the gates, papa ordered us and the huntsmen to ride along the road, but he himself turned into a field of rye.

The grain harvest was in full swing. The shining yellow field, extending farther than the eye could reach, was closed in on one side only by a lofty blue forest which seemed to me then a very distant and mysterious place, behind which the world came to an end, or some uninhabited region began. The whole field was covered with shocks of sheaves and with people. Here and there amid the tall rye, on some spot that had been reaped, the bended back of a reaper was visible, the swing of the ears as she laid them between her fingers, a woman in the shade, bending over a cradle, and scattered sheaves upon the stubble strewn with cornflowers. In another quarter, peasants clad only in their shirts, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising a dust in the dry, hot fields. The starosta (overseer), in boots, and with his armyak[1] thrown on without the sleeves, and tally-

[1] A long, wide coat worn by peasants.

sticks in his hand, perceiving papa in the distance, took off his lamb's-wool cap, wiped his reddish head and beard with a towel, and shouted at the women. The sorrel horse which papa rode had a light, playful gait; now and then he dropped his head on his breast, pulled at the reins, and with his heavy tail brushed away the horse-flies and common flies which clung thirstily to him. Two greyhounds with their tails curved in the shape of a sickle lifted their legs high, and sprang gracefully over the tall stubble, behind the horse's heels; Milka ran in front, and, with head bent low, was watching for the scent. The conversation of the people, the noise of the horses and carts, the merry whistle of the quail, the hum of insects which circled in motionless swarms in the air, the scent of the wormwood, the straw, and the sweat of the horses, the thousands of varying hues and shadows which the glowing sun poured over the bright-yellow stubble field, the blue of the distant forest and the pale lilac of the clouds, the white spider's webs which floated through the air or lay upon the stubble, — all this I saw, heard, and felt.

When we reached Kalinovoe (viburnum) woods, we found the carriage already there, and, beyond all our expectations, a cart, in the midst of which sat the butler. In the shade we beheld a samovar, a cask with a form of ice-cream, and some other attractive parcels and baskets. It was impossible to make any mistake: there was to be tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open air. At the sight of the cart, we manifested an uproarious joy; for it was considered a great treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass, and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before.

Turka came to this little meadow-encircled wood, halted, listened attentively to papa's minute directions how to get into line, and where to sally forth (he never minded these directions, however, and did what seemed good to him), uncoupled the dogs, arranged the straps in a leisurely manner, mounted his horse, and disappeared behind the young birches. The first thing the hounds did on being released was to express their joy by wagging their tails, shaking themselves, putting themselves in order; and then, after a little scamper, they smelled each other, wagged their tails again, and set off in various directions.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked papa.

I pulled one from my pocket, and showed it to him.

"Well, take that gray dog on your handkerchief"—

"Zhiran?" I inquired with a knowing air.

"Yes; and run along the road. When you come to a little meadow, stop and look about you; don't come back to me without a hare."

I wound my handkerchief about Zhiran's shaggy neck, and started at a headlong pace for the spot indicated to me. Papa laughed and called after me:

"Faster, faster, or you'll be too late."

Zhiran kept halting, pricking up his ears, and listening to the sounds of the hunt. I had not the strength to drag him from the spot, and I began to shout, "Catch him! catch him!" Then Zhiran tore away with such force that I could hardly hold him, and I fell down more than once before I reached my post. Selecting a shady and level place at the root of a lofty oak, I lay down on the grass, placed Zhiran beside me, and waited. My imagination, as always happens in such cases, far outran reality. I fancied that I was already coursing my third hare, when the first hound burst from the woods. Turka's voice rang loudly and with animation through the forest; the hound was whimpering, and its voice was more and more frequently audible. Another voice, a bass, joined in, then a third and a fourth. These voices ceased, and again they interrupted each other. The sounds grew gradually louder and more unbroken, and at length merged into one ringing, all-pervading roar. The meadow-encircled clump of trees was one mass of sound, and the hounds were burning with impatience.

When I heard that, I stiffened at my post. Fixing my eyes upon the edge of the woods, I smiled foolishly; the perspiration poured from me in streams, and although the drops tickled me as they ran down my chin, I did not wipe them off. It seemed to me that nothing could be more decisive than this moment. This attitude of expectancy was too unnatural to last long. The hounds poured into the edge of the woods, then they retreated from me; there was no hare. I began to look about. Zhiran was in the same state; at first he tugged and whimpered, then lay down beside me, put his nose upon my knees and became quiet.

Around the bare roots of the oak tree under which I sat, upon the gray, parched earth, amid the withered oak-leaves, acorns, dry moss-grown sticks, yellowish-green moss, and the thin green blades of grass which pushed their way through

here and there, ants swarmed in countless numbers. They hurried after each other along the thorny paths which they had themselves prepared; some with burdens, some unladen. I picked up an acorn, and obstructed their way with it. You should have seen how some, despising the obstacle, climbed over it, while others, especially those who had loads, quite lost their heads and did not know what to do; they halted and hunted for a path, or turned back, or crawled upon my hand from the acorn, with the intention, apparently, of getting under the sleeve of my jacket. I was diverted from these interesting observations by a butterfly with yellow wings, which hovered before me in an extremely attractive manner. No sooner had I directed my attention to it than it flew away a couple of paces, circled about a nearly wilted head of wild white clover, and settled upon it. I do not know whether it was warming itself in the sun, or drawing the sap from this weed, but it was evident that it was enjoying itself. Now and then it fluttered its wings and pressed closer to the flower, and at last became perfectly still. I propped my head on both hands and gazed at it with pleasure.

All at once, Zhiran began to howl, and tugged with such force that I nearly fell over. I glanced about. Along the skirt of the woods skipped a hare, with one ear drooping, the other raised. The blood rushed to my head, and, forgetting every thing for the moment, I shouted something in a wild voice, loosed my dog, and set out to run. But no sooner had I done this than my repentance began. The hare squatted, gave a leap, and I saw no more of him.

But what was my mortification, when, following the hounds, who came baying down to the edge of the woods, Turka made his appearance from behind a bush! He perceived my mistake (which consisted in not *holding out*), and casting a scornful glance upon me, he merely said, "*Eh, barin!*"[1] But you should have heard how he said it. It would have been pleasanter for me if he had hung me to his saddle like a hare.

For a long time I stood in deep despair on the same spot. I did not call the dog, and only repeated as I beat my thighs, "Heavens, what have I done!"

I heard the hounds coursing in the distance; I heard them give tongue on the other side of the wood-island, and kill a hare, and Turka summoning the dogs with his long whip: but still I did not stir from the spot.

[1] Master.

CHAPTER VIII.

GAMES.

The hunt was at an end. A cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. Gavrilo, the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates, and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. The sun shone through the green branches of the young birches, and cast round quivering gleams upon the patterns of the tablecloth, upon my feet, and even upon Gavrilo's polished perspiring head. A light breeze fluttering through the leaves, upon my hair and my streaming face, was very refreshing.

When we had divided the ices and fruits, there was nothing more to be done at the cloth; and in spite of the sun's scorching, oblique rays, we rose and began to play.

"Now, what shall it be?" said Liubotchka, blinking in the sun, and dancing up and down upon the grass. "Let us have Robinson!"

"No, it's tiresome," said Volodya, rolling lazily on the turf, and chewing a leaf: "it's eternally Robinson! If you insist upon it, though, let's build an arbor."

Volodya was evidently putting on airs: it must have been because he was proud of having ridden the hunter, and he feigned to be very much fatigued. Possibly also, he had too much sound sense, and too little force of imagination, to fully enjoy a game of Robinson. This game consisted in acting a scene from the "Robinson Suisse,"[1] which we had read not long before.

"Now, please . . . why won't you do this to please us?" persisted the girls. "You shall be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like," said Katenka, trying to pull him from the ground by the sleeves of his jacket.

[1] The Swiss Family Robinson.

"I really don't want to: it's tiresome," said Volodya, stretching himself and smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"It's better to stay at home if nobody wants to play," declared Liubotchka through her tears.

She was a horrible cry-baby.

"Come along, then; only please don't cry. I can't stand it."

Volodya's condescension afforded us but very little satisfaction: on the contrary, his bored and lazy look destroyed all the illusion of the play. When we sat down on the ground, and, imagining that we were setting out on a fishing expedition, began to row with all our might, Volodya sat with folded hands, and in an attitude which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I remarked on this to him; but he retorted that we should gain nothing and do no good by either a greater or less flourish of hands, and should not travel any farther. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I made believe go hunting with a stick on my shoulder, and took my way to the woods, Volodya lay down flat on his back, with his hands under his head, and said it was all the same as though he went too. Such speeches and behavior cooled us towards this game, and were extremely unpleasant; the more so, as it was impossible not to admit in one's own mind that Volodya was behaving sensibly.

I knew myself that not only could I not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judge things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an armchair with a cloth, and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as coachman, the other as footman, and the girls sat in the middle, with three chairs for a troika of horses, and we set out on a journey. And how many adventures happened on the way! and how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there are no games, what is left?

CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING IN THE NATURE OF FIRST LOVE.

PRETENDING that she was plucking some American fruits from a tree, Liubotchka tore off a leaf with a huge caterpillar on it, flung it on the ground in terror, raised her hands, and sprang back as though she feared that something would spout out of it. The game came to an end: we all flung ourselves down on the ground with our heads together, to gaze at this curiosity.

I looked over Katenka's shoulder: she was trying to pick the worm up on a leaf which she placed in its way.

I had observed that many girls have a trick of twisting their shoulders, endeavoring by this movement to bring back their low-necked dresses, which have slipped down, to their proper place. I remember that this motion always made Mimi angry: "It is the gesture of a chambermaid," she said. Katenka made this motion as she bent over the worm, and at the same moment the wind raised her kerchief from her white neck. Her little shoulder was within two fingers' length of my lips. I no longer looked at the worm: I stared and stared at Katenka's shoulder, and kissed it with all my might. She did not turn round, but I noticed that her cheeks crimsoned up to her very ears. Volodya did not raise his head, but said scornfully:

"What tenderness!"

The tears came into my eyes.

I never took my eyes from Katenka. I had long been used to her fresh little blonde face, and I had always loved it. But now I began to observe it more attentively, and I liked it still better. When we went back to the grown-up people, papa announced, to our great joy, that, at mamma's request, our departure was postponed until the following day.

We rode back in company with the carriage. Volodya and I, desirous of outdoing each other in the art of horse-

manship and in boldness, galloped around it. My shadow was longer than before, and, judging from it, I imagined that I must present the effect of a very fine rider; but the feeling of self-satisfaction which I experienced was speedily destroyed by the following circumstance. Desiring to completely fascinate all who rode in the carriage, I fell behind a little; then, with the assistance of my whip, I started my horse forward, and assumed an attitude of careless grace, with the intention of dashing past them like a whirlwind on the side where Katenka sat. The only point I was in doubt about was: would it be better to gallop by in silence, or to cry out? But the hateful horse came to a standstill so unexpectedly when he came up with the carriage-horses, that I flew over the saddle upon his neck, and almost tumbled off his back.

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CHAPTER X.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN WAS MY FATHER?

He was a man of the last century, and possessed that indefinable chivalry of character which was common to the youth of that period. He looked with disdain upon the people of the present century; and this view proceeded quite as much from innate pride as from a secret feeling of vexation that he could not wield that influence or enjoy those successes in our age which he had enjoyed in his own. His two principal passions in life were cards and women: he had won several millions during his lifetime, and had had *liaisons* with an innumerable number of women of all classes.

A tall, stately figure, a strange, tripping gait, a habit of shrugging his shoulders, little eyes which were always smiling, a large aquiline nose, irregular lips which closed awkwardly but agreeably, a defect in speech resulting in a lisp, and a large bald spot extending all over his head — such was my father's appearance from the time I first recollect him, — an appearance by means of which he not only managed to make the reputation of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, but to be so, and to please every one without exception, — people of all classes and conditions, and especially those whom he desired to please.

He understood how to get the upper hand in all his dealings. Without ever having been a member of the *very highest society*, he had always had intercourse with individuals belonging to that circle, and of such a sort that he was always respected. He understood that extreme measure of pride and self-confidence which, without offending others, raised him in the estimation of the world. He was original, though not always, and employed his originality as an instrument which in some cases takes the place of worldly wisdom or wealth. Nothing in the world could arouse in him a sensation of wonder: however brilliant his position, he seemed born to it. He understood so well how to hide

from others, and put away from himself, that dark side of life which is familiar to every one, and filled with petty vexations and griefs, that it was impossible not to envy him.

He was a connoisseur of all things which afford comfort or pleasure, and understood how to make use of them. His hobby was his brilliant connections, which he possessed partly through my mother's relations and partly through the companions of his youth, with whom he was secretly enraged, because they had all risen to high official positions, while he had remained only a retired lieutenant in the Guards. Like all men who have once been in the army, he did not know how to dress fashionably: nevertheless, his dress was original and elegant. His clothes were always very loose and light, his linen of the most beautiful quality, his large cuffs and collars were turned back. And it all suited his tall figure, his muscular build, his bald head, and his calm, self-confident movements. He was sensitive, and even easily moved to tears. Often, when he came to a pathetic place while reading aloud, his voice would begin to tremble, the tears would come; and he would drop the book in vexation. He loved music, and sang, to his own piano accompaniment, the romances of his friend A., gypsy songs, and some airs from the operas; but he did not like scientific music, and said frankly, without heeding the general opinion, that Beethoven's sonatas drove him to sleep and *ennui;* and that he knew nothing finer than "Wake the young girl not," as sung by Madame Semenova, and "Not alone," as gypsy Taniuscha sang it. His nature was one of those to whose good deeds a public is indispensable. And he only considered that good which was so reckoned by the public. God knows whether he had any moral convictions. His life was so full of passions of every sort, that he never had any time to make an inventory of them, and he was so happy in his life that he saw no necessity for so doing.

A fixed opinion on things generally, and unalterable principles, formulated themselves in his mind as he grew older —but solely on practical grounds. Those deeds and that manner of life which procured him happiness and pleasure, he considered good; and he thought that every one should always do the same. He talked very persuasively; and this quality, it seems to me, heightened the flexibility of his principles: he was capable of depicting the same act as a charming bit of mischief, or as a piece of low-lived villany.

CHAPTER XI.

OCCUPATIONS IN THE LIBRARY AND THE DRAWING-ROOM.

It was already dark when we reached home. Mamma seated herself at the piano, and we children fetched our paper, pencils, and paints, and settled ourselves about the round table at our drawing. I had only blue paint; nevertheless, I undertook to depict the hunt. After representing, in very lively style, a blue boy mounted on a blue horse, and some blue dogs, I was not quite sure whether I could paint a blue hare, and ran to papa in his study to take advice on the matter. Papa was reading; and in answer to my question, "Are there any blue hares?" he said, without raising his head, "Yes, my dear, there are." I went back to the round table, and painted a blue hare; then I found it necessary to turn the blue hare into a bush. The bush did not please me either; I turned it into a tree, and the tree into a stack of hay, and the haystack into a cloud; and finally I blotted my whole paper so with blue paint, that I tore it up in vexation, and went to dozing in the big arm-chair.

Mamma was playing the Second Concerto of Field — her teacher. I dreamed, and light, bright, transparent recollections penetrated my imagination. She played Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, and my memories became painful, dark, burdensome. Mamma often played those two pieces; therefore I well remember the feeling which they aroused in me. It resembled memories: but memories of what? I seemed to remember something which had never happened.

Opposite me was the door into the study, and I saw Yakov enter, and some other people with caftans and beards. The door immediately closed behind them. "Now business has begun!" I thought. It seemed to me that nothing in the world could be more important than the business which was being transacted in that study; this idea of mine was confirmed by the fact that all who entered the study door

did so on tiptoe and exchanging whispers. Papa's loud voice was audible; and the smell of cigars, which always attracted me very much, I know not why, was perceptible. All at once, I was much surprised in my half slumber by the familiar squeak of boots in the butler's pantry. Karl Ivanitch walked up to the door on tiptoe, but with a gloomy and decided countenance, and some papers in his hand, and knocked lightly. He was admitted, and the door was slammed again.

"Some misfortune must have happened," I thought. "Karl Ivanitch is angry: he is ready for any thing."

And again I fell into a doze.

But no misfortune had occurred. In about an hour, the same squeaking boots woke me up. Karl Ivanitch emerged from the door, wiping away the tears which I espied on his cheeks, with his handkerchief, and went up-stairs, muttering something to himself. Papa came out after him, and entered the drawing-room.

"Do you know what I have just decided upon?" he said in a gay voice, laying his hand on mamma's shoulder.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I shall take Karl Ivanitch with the children. There is room for him in the britchka. They are used to him, and it seems that he is very much attached to them; and seven hundred rubles a year does not count for much: and then he is a very good sort of fellow at bottom."

I never could understand why papa scolded Karl Ivanitch.

"I am very glad," said mamma, "both for the children's sake and for his: he is a fine old fellow."

"If you could only have seen how much affected he was when I told him that he was to keep the five hundred rubles as a gift! But the most amusing thing of all is this account which he brought me. It's worth looking at," he added with a smile, handing her a list in Karl Ivanitch's handwriting: "it was delightful."

This was what the list contained: —

"Two fish-hooks for the children, seventy kopeks.

"Colored paper, gold binding, a press and stretcher for a little box for a present, six rubles fifty-five kopeks.

"Books and bows, presents to the children, eight rubles sixteen kopeks.

"Trousers for Nikolái, four rubles.

"The gold watch promised by Piotr Alexandrovitch,

to be got from Moscow in 18—, one hundred and forty rubles.

"Total due Karl Mauer, above his salary, one hundred and fifty-nine rubles seventy-nine kopeks."

After reading this list, in which Karl Ivanitch demanded payment of all the sums which he had expended for presents, and even the price of the gifts promised to himself, any one would think that Karl Ivanitch was nothing more than an unfeeling, covetous egoist — and he would be very much mistaken.

When he entered the study with this account in his hand, and a speech ready prepared in his head, he intended to set forth eloquently before papa all that he had endured in our house; but when he began to speak in that touching voice, and with the feeling intonations which he usually employed when dictating to us, his eloquence acted most powerfully on himself; so that when he reached the place where he said, "Painful as it is to me to part from the children," he became utterly confused, his voice trembled, and he was forced to pull his checked handkerchief from his pocket.

"Yes, Piotr Alexandritch," he said through his tears (this passage did not occur in the prepared speech): "I have become so used to the children, that I do not know what I shall do without them. It will be better for me to serve you without salary," he added, wiping away his tears with one hand, and presenting the bill with the other.

That Karl Ivanitch was sincere when he spoke thus, I can affirm with authority, for I know his kind heart; but how he reconciled that account with his words, remains a mystery to me.

"If it is painful for you, it would be still more painful for me to part with you," said papa, tapping him on the shoulder. "I have changed my mind."

Not long before supper Grischa entered the room. From the moment he had come to the house, he had not ceased to sigh and weep; which, according to the opinion of those who believed in his power of prophecy, presaged some evil to our house. He began to take leave, and said that he should proceed farther the next morning. I winked at Volodya, and went out.

"What is it?"

"If you want to see Grischa's chains, let's go up-stairs to

the men's rooms immediately. Grischa sleeps in the second chamber. We can sit in the garret perfectly well, and see every thing."

"Splendid! Wait here; I'll call the girls."

The girls ran out, and we betook ourselves up-stairs. It was settled, not without some disputing, however, who was to go first into the dark garret; and we sat down and waited.

CHAPTER XII.

GRISCHA.

The darkness oppressed all of us: we pressed close to each other, and did not speak. Grischa followed us almost immediately, with his quiet steps. In one hand he carried his staff, in the other a tallow candle in a brass candlestick. We held our breaths.

"Lord Jesus Christ! Most Holy Mother of God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" he repeated several times, with various intonations and abbreviations which are peculiar to those only who repeat these words often, as he drew the air into his lungs.

Having placed his staff in the corner, and inspected his bed during his prayer, he began to undress. He unfastened his old black belt, removed his tattered nankeen smock, folded it carefully, and laid it over the back of a chair. His face did not now express haste and stupidity, as usual: on the contrary, it was composed, melancholy, and even majestic. His movements were deliberate and thoughtful.

Clad in his underclothes alone, he sank gently down upon the bed, made the sign of the cross over it on all sides, and with an evident effort (for he frowned) he adjusted the chains beneath his shirt. After sitting there a while and anxiously examining several rents in his linen, he rose, lifted the candlestick on a level with the shrine in the corner, which contained several images, repeating a prayer meantime, crossed himself before them, and turned the candle upside down. It sputtered and went out.

The moon, which was almost full, shone in through the window, looking towards the forest. The long white figure of the fool was illuminated on one side by the pale, silvery rays of the moon: on the other it was in deep shadow; it fell on the floor and walls, and reached to the ceiling in company with the shadows from the window-frame. The watchman knocked on the copper plate in the court-yard.

Grischa folded his huge arms across his breast, bent his head, sighing heavily, and without intermission, and stood in silence before the images; then he knelt, with some difficulty, and began to pray.

At first he softly recited the familiar prayers, merely accentuating certain words; then he repeated them, but in a loud voice, and with much animation. He began to employ his own words, endeavoring, with evident effort, to express himself in Slavic style. His words were incoherent but touching. He prayed for all his benefactors (as he called those who entertained him), among them mamma, and us; he prayed for himself, besought God to forgive him his grievous sins, and said: "O God, forgive my enemies!" He rose with a groan, and, repeating the same words over and over, he fell to the ground again, and again rose, notwithstanding the weight of the chains, which emitted a harsh, sharp sound as they struck the floor.

Volodya gave me a painful pinch on my foot, but I did not even look round: I merely rubbed the spot with one hand, and continued to observe all Grischa's words and motions with a sentiment of childish wonder, pity, and reverence.

Instead of the merriment and laughter, upon which I had reckoned when I entered the garret, I felt a trembling and sinking at my heart.

Grischa remained in this state of religious exaltation for a long time, and improvised prayers. He repeated "*Lord have mercy*," several times in succession, but each time with fresh force and expression. Then he said: "*Forgive me, Lord; teach me what I should do; teach me what I should do, Lord!*" with an expression as though he expected an immediate response to his words; then several lamentable groans were audible. He rose to his knees, crossed his hands upon his breast, and became silent.

I put my head softly out of the door, and held my breath. Grischa did not stir; heavy sighs forced themselves from his breast; a tear stood in the dim pupil of his blind eye, which was illuminated by the moon.

"Thy will be done!" he cried suddenly, with an indescribable expression, fell with his forehead to the floor, and sobbed like a child.

A long time has passed since then; many memories of the past have lost all significance for me, and have become like

confused visions; even pilgrim Grischa has long ago taken his last journey: but the impression which he made upon me, and the feeling which he awakened, will never die out of my memory.

O great Christian Grischa! Thy faith was so strong, that thou didst feel the nearness of God; thy love was so great, that thy words poured from thy lips of themselves, — thou didst not revise them with thy judgment. And what lofty praise didst thou offer to His majesty, when, finding no words, thou didst fling thyself to the earth in tears!

The emotion with which I listened to Grischa could not last long; in the first place, because my curiosity was satisfied, and, in the second, because my legs were stiff with sitting in one position, and I wanted to join in the general whispering and movement which was audible behind me in the dark garret. Some one caught my hand, and said, "Whose hand is this?" It was perfectly dark, but I immediately recognized Katenka by the touch of the hand, and by the voice which was just above my ear.

It was quite without premeditation that I grasped her arm, on which the sleeve reached only to the elbow, and raised it to my lips. Katenka was evidently surprised at this, and pulled her hand away: this movement caused her to strike a broken chair which stood in the garret. Grischa raised his head, glanced quietly about, repeating a prayer, and began to make the sign of the cross on all the corners. We ran out of the garret whispering, and making a great commotion.

CHAPTER XIII.

NATALYA SAVISCHNA.

About the middle of the last century, a plump, red-cheeked, barefooted, but merry girl, Nataschka, used to run about the court-yard in the village of Khabarovka in a tattered dress. My grandfather had taken her *up-stairs* as one of grandmother's female servants, on account of the services of her father Savva, and at his request. *Nataschka*, as a maid, was distinguished for her gentleness of nature, and her zeal. When mamma was born, and a nurse was required, this service was intrusted to *Nataschka;* and in this new career she won both praises and rewards for her activity, faithfulness, and attachment to her young mistress.

But the powdered head, stockings, and buckles of the stout young butler Foka, who, in virtue of his office, was often brought in contact with Natalya, captivated her rough but loving heart. She even made up her mind to go herself to grandfather, and ask permission to marry Foka. Grandfather looked upon her request as ingratitude, turned her away, and sent poor Natalya to the cattle-farm, in a village of the steppe, to punish her. But within six months Natalya was restored to her former duty, since no one could fill her place. On returning from banishment, she entered grandfather's presence, threw herself at his feet, and besought him to restore her to favor and affection, and to forget the folly which had come upon her, and to which she swore not to return. And she kept her word.

From that day Nataschka became Natalya Savischna, and wore a cap. All the treasures of love which she possessed she transferred to her young mistress.

When, later on, a governess replaced her with mamma, she received the keys of the storehouse, and all the linen and provisions were given into her charge. She fulfilled these new duties with the same love and zeal. She had always

lived on the estate; she saw waste, ruin, robbery, on every side, and endeavored by every means in her power to counteract them.

When mamma married, desiring in some way to show her gratitude to Natalya Savischna for her labor and attachment of twenty years, she had her summoned; and, expressing in the most flattering terms all her love and obligations, she handed her a sheet of stamped paper, which declared that Natalya Savischna was a free woman; and she said that whether the latter should continue to serve in our house or not, she would always receive a yearly pension of three hundred rubles. Natalya Savischna listened to all this in silence; then taking the document in her own hands, she looked angrily at it, muttered something between her lips, and flew out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Not understanding the cause of this strange behavior, mamma, after waiting a little, went to Natalya's room. She was sitting on her chest, with tear-swollen eyes, twisting her handkerchief in her fingers, and intently regarding the tattered fragments of her emancipation paper, which were scattered over the floor before her.

"What is the matter, dearest Natalya Savischna?" asked mamma, taking her hand.

"Nothing, matuschka,"[1] she replied. "I must be repulsive to you in some way, that you drive me from the house. Well, I will go."

She pulled away her hand, and, with difficulty restraining her tears, she made a motion to leave the room. Mamma detained her, embraced her, and they both wept in company.

From the time when I can recollect any thing, I remember Natalya Savischna, her love and caresses; but only now am I able to appreciate their worth, — but then it never entered my mind to think what a rare and wonderful being that old woman was. Not only did she never speak, but she seemed never even to think, of herself: her whole life was love and self-sacrifice. I was so accustomed to her tender, unselfish love for us, that I did not even imagine that it could be otherwise; was not in the least grateful to her, and never asked myself, Is she happy? Is she content?

Sometimes, under the plea of imperative necessity, I would run away from my lessons to her room, and begin to dream aloud, not in the least embarrassed by her presence. She

[1] Little mother; a term of endearment.

was always busy over something; she was either knitting a stocking, or turning over the chests with which her room was filled, or taking account of the linen, and listening to all the nonsense which I uttered; how, "when I got to be a general, I would marry a wonderful beauty, buy myself a sorrel horse, build a glass house, and send for all Karl Ivanitch's relatives from Saxony," and so on; she would say, "Yes, batiuschka,[1] yes." Generally, when I rose and prepared to take my departure, she opened a blue chest, — on the inside of whose cover, as I now remember, there were pasted a picture of a hussar, a picture from a pomade-box, and a drawing by Volodya, — and took from it a stick of incense, lighted it, and said as she waved it about, —

"This, my dear, is incense. When your late grandfather — may the kingdom of heaven be his! — went against the Turks, he brought this back. This is the last bit," she added with a sigh.

Positively, there was every thing in the chests with which her room was filled. Whatever was needed, the cry always was, "We must ask Natalya Savischna;" and, in fact, she always found the article required, after a little rummaging, and said, "It's well that I hid it away." In those chests were thousands of things which nobody in the house, except herself, ever knew or troubled themselves about.

Once I was angry with her. This is how it was. I dropped the decanter when I was pouring myself some kvas at dinner, and spilled it on the tablecloth.

"Call Natalya Savischna, that she may take pride in her favorite," said mamma.

Natalya Savischna came, and on seeing the puddle which I had made, she shook her head; then mamma whispered something in her ear, and she went out, shaking her finger at me.

After dinner, I was on my way to the hall, and skipping about in the most cheerful frame of mind, when, all at once, Natalya Savischna sprang out from behind the door, with the tablecloth in her hand, caught me, and, in spite of desperate resistance on my part, began to rub my face with the wet place, crying, "Don't spot the tablecloth, don't spot the tablecloth!" I was so offended that I roared with rage.

"What!" I said to myself, as I walked up and down the

[1] Little father, my dear.

room and gulped down my tears, "Natalya Savischna, plain *Natalya*, calls *me thou*, and strikes me in the face with a wet tablecloth to boot, as if I were a servant boy! This is horrible!"

When Natalya Savischna saw that I was gasping with rage, she immediately ran off, and I went on pacing to and fro, and meditating how I might pay off that impudent Natalya for the insult which she had inflicted on me.

In a few minutes Natalya Savischna returned, approached me timidly, and began to exhort me.

"Enough, my dear, don't cry. Forgive me, I was foolish. I am in the wrong. You will forgive me, my dove. Here, this is for you."

From beneath her kerchief she drew a horn of red paper, in which were two caramels and one grape, and gave it to me with a trembling hand. I had not the strength to look the good old woman in the face; I turned away, took her gift, and my tears flowed still more abundantly, but from love and shame now, and no longer from anger.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARTING.

At twelve o'clock on the day following the events which I have described, the calash and britchka stood at the door. Nikolai was dressed for travelling; that is to say, his trousers were tucked into his boots, and his old coat was very closely belted. He stood by the britchka, packing the overcoats and cushions under the seat; when the pile seemed to him too high, he seated himself on the cushions, jumped up and down, and flattened them.

"For Heaven's sake, Nikolai Dmitritch, can't we put the master's strong box in?" said papa's panting valet, leaning out of the calash: "it is small."

"You should have said so before, Mikhei Ivanitch," answered Nikolai quickly and angrily, flinging a parcel with all his might on the floor of the britchka. "O Lord, my head is going round, and here you come with your box!" he added, pulling off his cap, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his burning brow.

Men-servants in coats, caftans, shirts, without hats, women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with children in their arms, and barefooted children stood about the steps, stared at the equipages, and talked among themselves. One of the post-boys — a bent old man in a winter-cap and armyak — held in his hand the pole of the calash, moved it back and forth, and thoughtfully surveyed its action; the other, a good-looking young fellow, clad only in a white smock with shoulder-gussets of red kumatch,[1] and a black lamb's-wool cap, which he tilted first over one ear and then over the other as he scratched his blonde curls, placed his armyak on the box, flung the reins there also, and, cracking his braided knout, gazed now at his boots, now at the coachmen who were greasing the britchka. One of them, after having fin-

[1] A red cotton material.

ished his labors, was straining himself and holding the steps; another was bending over the wheel, and carefully greasing axle and box, and even smearing it from below in a circle, in order that the oil upon his cloth might not be wasted. The broken-down post-horses of various colors stood at the fence, and brushed away the flies with their tails. Some of them planted their shaggy, swollen legs far apart, closed their eyes, and dozed; some scratched each other from *ennui*, or nipped the fronds and stalks of the harsh, dark-green ferns which grew beside the porch. Several greyhounds breathed heavily as they lay in the sun; others got into the shade beneath the calash and britchka, and licked the tallow around the axles. The whole atmosphere was filled with a kind of dusty mist; the horizon was of a grayish lilac hue, but there was not so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. The strong west wind raised pillars of dust from the roads and fields, bent the crests of the lofty lindens, and the birches in the garden, and bore far away the falling yellow leaves. I sat by the window, and awaited the completion of the preparations with impatience.

When all were assembled around the large table in the drawing-room, in order to spend a few minutes together for the last time, it never entered my mind what a painful moment was awaiting us. The most trivial thoughts wandered through my brain. I asked myself, Which post-boy will drive the calash, and which the britchka? who would travel with papa, and who with Karl Ivanitch? and why was it indispensable to wrap me up in a scarf and a long wadded overcoat?

"Am I so delicate? I shall not freeze. I wish they would get through this as quickly as possible! I want to get in and ride off."

"To whom shall I give the list of the children's linen?" asked Natálya Savischna, coming in with tear-swollen eyes and the list in her hand, as she turned to mamma.

"Give it to Nikolai, and come back to say good-by to the children."

The old woman tried to say something, but suddenly paused, covered her face with her handkerchief, and left the room with a wave of the hand.

My heart contracted with pain when I saw that motion; but impatience to start was stronger than that feeling, and I continued to listen indifferently to papa's conversation with

mamma. They talked of things which evidently interested neither of them: What was it necessary to purchase for the house? what was to be said to Princess Sophie and Madame Julie? and would the travelling be good?

Foka entered, and, halting on the threshold, said, "The horses are ready," in exactly the same tone with which he announced, "Dinner is served." I noticed that mamma shuddered and turned pale at this announcement, as though she had not expected it.

Foka was ordered to close all the doors of the room. I was very much amused "at their all hiding themselves from somebody."

When all sat down, Foka also seated himself on the edge of a chair; but no sooner had he done so than a door squeaked, and all glanced round. Natalya Savischna entered in haste, and, without raising her eyes, took refuge on the same chair with Foka. I seem now to see Foka's bald head and wrinkled, immovable face, and the kind, bent form in the cap beneath which the gray hair was visible. They crowded together on the one chair, and both felt awkward.

I remained unconcerned and impatient. The ten seconds during which we sat there with closed doors seemed a whole hour to me. At length we all rose, crossed ourselves, and began to take leave. Papa embraced mamma, and kissed her several times.

"Enough, my dear," said papa. "We are not parting forever."

"It is painful, nevertheless," said mamma in a voice which quivered with tears.

When I heard that voice, and beheld her trembling lips and her eyes filled with tears, I forgot every thing, and every thing seemed to me so sad and miserable and terrible that I would rather have run away than have said good-by to her. At that moment I realized that when she embraced papa, she had already taken leave of us.

She kissed and crossed Volodya so many times, that, supposing that she would now turn to me, I stepped forward. But she continued to bless him and to press him to her bosom. Finally I embraced her, and clinging to her I wept without a thought beyond my grief.

When we went out to get into the carriage, the tiresome servants stepped forward in the anteroom to say farewell. Their "Your hand, please, sir," their noisy kisses on our

shoulders, and the smell of the tallow on their heads, aroused in me a sentiment nearly akin to that of bitterness in irritable people. Under the influence of this feeling I kissed Natalya Savischna very coldly on her cap when, bathed in tears, she bade me farewell.

It is strange that I can even now see the faces of all those servants, and I could draw them with all the most minute details, but mamma's face and attitude have utterly escaped my mind; perhaps because during all that time I could not once summon up courage to look at her. It seemed to me that if I did so, her sorrow and mine must increase to the bounds of impossibility.

I flung myself first of all into the calash, and placed myself on the back seat. As the back was up, I could see nothing, but some instinct told me that mamma was still there.

"Shall I look at her again, or not? Well, for the last time, then!" I said to myself, and leaned out of the calash towards the porch. At that moment mamma had come to the other side of the carriage with the same intent, and called me by name. When I heard her voice behind me, I turned round, but I did it so abruptly that we bumped our heads together. She smiled mournfully, and kissed me long and warmly for the last time.

When we had driven several rods, I made up my mind to look at her. The breeze raised the blue kerchief which was tied about her head; with bended head, and face covered with her hands, she was entering the porch slowly. Foka was sustaining her.

Papa sat beside me, and said nothing. I was choking with tears, and something oppressed my throat so that I was afraid I should stifle. As we entered the highway, we saw a white handkerchief which some one was waving from the balcony. I began to wave mine, and this movement calmed me somewhat. I continued to cry, and the thought that my tears proved my sensitiveness afforded me pleasure and consolation.

After we had travelled a verst, I sat more composedly, and began to observe the nearest objects which presented themselves to my eyes, — the hind quarters of the side horse which was on my side. I noticed how this piebald animal flourished his tail, how he set one foot down after the other, how the post-boy's braided knout reached him, and his feet

began to leap together. I noticed how the harness leaped about on him, and the rings on the harness; and I gazed until the harness was covered around the tail with foam. I began to look about me, upon the undulating fields of ripe rye, on the dark waste land, on which here and there ploughs, peasants, and mares with their foals were visible; on the verst-stones; I even glanced at the carriage-box to find out which post-boy was driving us; and the tears were not dry on my face, when my thoughts were already far from the mother whom I had left perhaps forever. But every recollection led me to the thought of her. I recalled the mushroom which I had found the day before in the birch-alley, and remembered that Liubotchka and Katenka had disputed as to who should pluck it, and I remember how they had wept at parting from us.

I was sorry for them, and for Natalya Savischna, and the birch-alley, and Foka. I was even sorry for malicious Mimi. I was sorry for every thing, every thing! But poor mamma? And the tears again filled my eyes, but not for long.

CHAPTER XV.

CHILDHOOD.

Happy, happy days of youth which can never be recalled! How is it possible not to love it, to cherish memories of it? Those memories refresh and elevate my soul, and serve me as the fountain of my best enjoyment.

— You have run your fill. You sit at the tea-table, in your high chair; you have drunk your cup of milk and sugar long ago; sleep is gluing your eyes together, but you do not stir from the spot, you sit and listen. And how can you help listening? Mamma is talking with some one, and the sound of her voice is so sweet, so courteous. That sound alone says so much to my heart! With eyes dimmed with slumber, I gaze upon her face, and all at once she has become small, so small — her face is no larger than a button, but I see it just as plainly still. I see her look at me and smile. I like to see her so small. I draw my eyelids still closer together, and she is no larger than the little boys one sees in the pupils of the eyes; but I moved, and the illusion was destroyed. I close my eyes, twist about, and try in every way to reproduce it, but in vain.

I rise, tuck my feet under me, and settle myself comfortably in an easy-chair.

"You will go to sleep again, Nikolinka," says mamma; "you had better go up-stairs."

"I don't want to go to bed, mamma," you reply, and sweet, dim fancies fill your brain; the healthy sleep of childhood closes your lids, and in a moment you lose consciousness, and sleep until they wake you. You feel in your dreams that somebody's soft hand is touching you; you recognize it by that touch alone; and still sleeping you involuntarily seize it, and press it warmly, so warmly, to your lips.

Every one has already departed: one candle only burns in the drawing-room. Mamma has said that she would wake

me: it is she who has sat down on the chair in which I am sleeping, and strokes my hair with her wonderfully soft hand, and in my ears resounds the dear, familiar voice.

"Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed."

She is not embarrassed by any one's indifferent glances; she does not fear to pour out upon me all her tenderness and love. I do not move, but kiss her hand yet more earnestly.

"Get up, my angel."

She takes me by the neck with her other hand, and her slender fingers rouse me and tickle me; she touches me, and I am conscious of her perfume and her voice. All this makes me spring up, encircle her neck with my arms, press my head to her bosom with a sigh, and say, —

"Oh, dear, dear mamma, how I love you!"

She smiles, with her sad, bewitching smile, takes my head in both her hands, kisses my brow, and sets me on her knees.

"So you love me very much?" She is silent for a moment, then speaks: "See that you always love me, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, you will not forget her? you will not forget her, Nikolinka?"

She kisses me still more tenderly.

"Stop! don't say that, my darling, my precious one!" I cry, kissing her knees; and the tears stream in floods from my eyes, — tears of love and rapture.

After that, perhaps, when you go up-stairs, and stand before the images in your wadded dressing-gown, what a wonderful sensation you experience when you say, "O Lord! save papa and mamma!" In repeating the prayers which my mouth lisped for the first time after my beloved mother, the love of her and the love of God are united, in some strange fashion, in one feeling.

After your prayer you wrap yourself in the bedclothes, with a spirit light, bright, and inspiring; one dream succeeds another, but what are they all about? They are indescribable; but full of pure love, of hope and earthly happiness. You perhaps recall Karl Ivanitch and his bitter lot, — the only unhappy man I knew, — and you are so sorry for him, you love him so, that tears trickle from your eyes, and you think, "May God give him happiness; may He grant me power to help him, to lighten his sorrow; I am ready to sacrifice every thing for him." Then you thrust your favorite porcelain plaything — a dog and a hare — into the corner of

the down pillow, and it pleases you to think how warm and comfortable they will be there. You pray again, that God will grant happiness to all, that every one may be content, and that the weather to-morrow may be good for walking. You turn on the other side; your thoughts and dreams mingle confusedly, and intertwine, and you fall asleep quietly, calmly, with your face still wet with tears.

Will that freshness, that happy carelessness, that necessity for love and strength of faith, which you possessed in childhood, ever return? Can any time be better than that when the two greatest of virtues — innocent gayety, and unbounded thirst for love — were the only requirements in life?

Where are those burning prayers? Where is that best gift of all, those pure tears of emotion? The angel of comfort flew thither with a smile, and wiped away those tears, and instilled sweet visions into the uncorrupted imagination of infancy.

Has life left such heavy traces in my heart that those tears and raptures have deserted me forever? Do the memories alone abide?

CHAPTER XVI.

VERSES.

NEARLY a month after we removed to Moscow, I was sitting up-stairs in grandmamma's house, at a big table, writing. Opposite me sat the drawing-master, making the final corrections in a pencil-sketch of the head of some Turk or other in a turban. Volodya was standing behind the master, with outstretched neck, gazing over his shoulder. This little head was Volodya's first production in pencil; and it was to be presented to grandmamma that day, which was her saint's day.

"And you would not put any more shading here?" said Volodya, rising on tiptoe, and pointing at the Turk's neck.

"No, it is not necessary," said the teacher, laying aside the pencil and drawing-pen in a little box with a lock; "it is very good now, and you must not touch it again. Now for you, Nikolinka," he added, rising, and continuing to gaze at the Turk from the corner of his eye: "reveal your secret to us. What are you going to carry to your grandmother? To tell the truth, another head just like this would be the best thing. Good-by, gentlemen," said he, and, taking his hat and note, he went out.

I had been thinking myself, at the moment, that a head would be better than what I was working at. When it had been announced to us that grandmamma's name-day was near at hand, and that we must prepare gifts for the occasion, I had immediately made up a couple of verses, hoping soon to find the rest. I really do not know how such a strange idea for a child entered my mind; but I remember that it pleased me greatly, and that to all questions on the subject I replied that I would give grandmamma a present without fail, but that I would not tell any one of what it was to consist.

Contrary to my expectations, and in spite of all my efforts,

I could not compose any more than the two stanzas which I had thought out on the spur of the moment. I began to read the poems in our books; but neither Dmitrief nor Derzhavin afforded me any assistance. Quite the reverse: they but convinced me more thoroughly of my own incapacity. Knowing that Karl Ivanitch was fond of copying poetry, I went to rummaging among his papers on the sly; and among the German poems I found one Russian, which must have been the product of his own pen:

TO MADAME L.

Remember me near;
Remember me afar;
Remember me
Now and forever;
Remember even to my grave
How faithfully I can love.[1]

KARL MAUER.

PETROVSKOE, 1828, June 3.

This poem, transcribed in a handsome round hand, on a thin sheet of note-paper, pleased me because of the touching sentiment with which it was penetrated. I immediately learned it by heart, and resolved to take it for a pattern. The matter progressed much more easily then. On the name-day a congratulation in twelve verses was ready, and as I sat in the schoolroom, I was copying it on vellum paper.

Two sheets of paper were already ruined; not because I had undertaken to make any alterations in them, — the verses seemed to me very fine, — but from the third line on, the ends began to incline upwards more and more, so that it was evident, even at a distance, that it was written crookedly, and was fit for nothing.

The third sheet was askew like the others; but I was determined not to do any more copying. In my poem I congratulated grandmamma, wished her many years of health, and concluded thus:

"To comfort thee we shall endeavor,
And love thee like our own dear mother."

It seemed to be very good, yet the last line offended my ear strangely.

[1] It hardly comes under the head of poetry, even in the original. — TRANSLATOR.

I kept repeating it to myself, and trying to find a rhyme instead of "mother."[1] "Well, let it go. It's better than Karl Ivanitch's, anyway."

So I transcribed the last stanza. Then I read my whole composition over aloud in the bedroom, with feeling and gesticulations. The verses were entirely lacking in rhythm, but I did not pause over them; the last, however, struck me still more powerfully and unpleasantly. I sat down on the bed, and began to think.

"Why did I write *like our own dear mother?* She's not here, and it was not necessary to mention her. I love grandma, it's true; I reverence her, but still she is not the same. Why did I write that? Why have I lied? Suppose this is poetry: it was not necessary, all the same."

At this moment the tailor entered with a new jacket.

"Well, let it go," I said, very impatiently, thrust my verses under my pillow in great vexation, and ran to try on my Moscow clothes.

The Moscow coat proved to be excellent. The cinnamon-brown half-coat, with its bronze buttons, was made to fit snugly; not as they made them in the country. The black trousers were also tight; it was wonderful to see how well they showed the muscles, and set upon the shoes.

"At last I've got some trousers with real straps," I thought, quite beside myself with joy, as I surveyed my legs on all sides. Although the new garments were very tight, and it was hard to move in them, I concealed the fact from everybody, and declared, that, on the contrary, I was extremely comfortable, and that if there was any fault about the clothes, it was that they were, if any thing, a little too large. After that I stood for a long time before the glass, brushing my copiously pomaded hair: but, try as I would, I could not make the tuft where the hair parts on the crown lie flat; as soon as I ceased to press it down with the brush, in order to see if it would obey me, it rose, and projected in all directions, imparting to my face the most ridiculous expression.

Karl Ivanitch was dressing in another room; and his blue swallow-tailed coat, and some white belongings, were carried through the schoolroom to him. The voice of one of grandmamma's maids became audible at the door which led down-

[1] *Mat* (mother), as a rhyme to *utyeschat* (to comfort), is the difficulty. Nikolai tries to fit in *igrat* (to play) and *krovat* (bed), in elderly rhymester fashion.

stairs. I went out to see what she wanted. In her hand she held a stiffly starched shirt-front, which she told me she had brought for Karl Ivanitch, and that she had not slept all the previous night, in order that she might get it washed in season. I undertook to deliver it, and asked if grandmamma had risen.

"Yes indeed, sir! She has already drank her coffee, and the protopope[1] has arrived. How fine you are!" she added, glancing at my new suit with a smile.

This remark made me blush. I whirled round on one foot, cracked my fingers, and gave a leap; wishing by this means to make her feel that she did not thoroughly appreciate, as yet, how very grand I was.

When I carried the shirt-front to Karl Ivanitch, he no longer needed it; he had put on another, and, bending over before the little glass which stood on the table, he was holding the splendid ribbon of his cravat with both hands, and trying whether his clean-shaven chin would go into it easily and out again. After smoothing our clothes down on all sides, and requesting Nikolai to do the same for him, he led us to grandmamma. I laugh when I remember how strongly we three smelt of pomade as we descended the stairs.

Karl Ivanitch had in his hands a little box of his own manufacture, Volodya had his drawing, I had my verses; each one had upon his tongue the greeting with which he intended to present his gift. At the very moment when Karl Ivanitch opened the drawing-room door, the priest was putting on his robes, and the first sounds of the service resounded.

Grandmamma was already in the drawing-room: she was standing by the wall, supporting herself on the back of a chair, over which she bent, and was praying devoutly; beside her stood papa. He turned towards us, and smiled, as he saw us hide our gifts in haste behind our backs, and halt just inside the door, in our endeavor to escape being seen. The whole effect of unexpectedness upon which we had counted was ruined.

When the time came to go up and kiss the cross, I suddenly felt that I was under the oppressive influence of an ill-defined, benumbing timidity, and, realizing that I should never have courage to present my gift, I hid behind Karl Ivanitch, who, having congratulated grandmamma in the choicest language, shifted his box from his right hand to his

[1] Upper priest.

left, handed it to the lady whose name-day it was, and retreated a few paces in order to make way for Volodya. Grandmamma appeared to be in ecstasies over the box, which had gilt strips pasted on the edges, and expressed her gratitude with the most flattering of smiles. It was evident, however, that she did not know where to put the box, and it must have been for this reason that she proposed that papa should examine with what wonderful taste it was made.

After satisfying his curiosity, papa handed it to the protopope, who seemed exceedingly pleased with this trifle. He dandled his head, and gazed curiously now at the box, and again at the artist who could make such a beautiful object. Volodya produced his Turk, and he also received the most flattering encomiums from all quarters. Now it was my turn: grandmamma turned to me with an encouraging smile.

Those who have suffered from shyness know that that feeling increases in direct proportion to the time which elapses, and that resolution decreases in an inverse ratio; that is to say, the longer the sensation lasts, the more unconquerable it becomes, and the less decision there is left.

The last remnants of courage and determination forsook me when Karl Ivanitch and Volodya presented their gifts, and my shyness reached a crisis; I felt that the blood was incessantly rushing from my heart into my head, as though one color succeeded another on my face, and that great drops of perspiration broke out upon my nose and forehead. My ears burned; I felt a shiver and a cold perspiration all over my body; I shifted from foot to foot, and did not stir from the spot.

"Come, Nikolinka, show us what you have, — a box or a drawing," said papa. There was nothing to be done. With a trembling hand, I presented the crumpled, fateful parcel; but my voice utterly refused to serve me, and I stood before grandmamma in silence. I could not get over the thought, that, in place of the drawing which was expected, my worthless verses would be read before every one, including the words, *like our own dear mother*, which would clearly prove that I had never loved her and had forgotten her. How convey an idea of my sufferings during the time when grandmamma began to read my poem aloud, and when, unable to decipher it, she paused in the middle of a line in order to glance at papa with what then seemed to me a mocking smile; when she did not pronounce to suit me; and

when, owing to her feebleness of vision, she gave the paper to papa before she had finished, and begged him to read it all over again from the beginning? It seemed to me that she did it because she did not like to read such stupid and crookedly written verses, and in order that papa might read for himself that last line which proved so clearly my lack of feeling. I expected that he would give me a fillip on the nose with those verses, and say, "You good-for-nothing boy, don't forget your mother — take that!" But nothing of the sort happened: on the contrary, when all was read, grandmamma said, "Charming!" and kissed my brow.

The little box, the drawing, and the verses were laid out in a row, beside two cambric handkerchiefs and a snuff-box with a portrait of mamma, on the movable table attached to the arm-chair in which grandmamma always sat.

"Princess Varvara Ilinitchna," announced one of the two huge lackeys who accompanied grandmamma's carriage.

Grandmamma gazed thoughtfully at the portrait set in the tortoise-shell cover of the snuff-box, and made no reply.

"Will your excellency receive her?" repeated the footman.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCESS KORNAKOVA.

"Ask her in," said grandmamma, sitting back in her arm-chair.

The Princess was a woman of about forty-five, small, fragile, dry and bitter, with disagreeable grayish-green eyes, whose expression plainly contradicted that of the preternaturally sweet pursed-up mouth. Beneath her velvet bonnet, adorned with an ostrich plume, her bright red hair was visible; her eyebrows and lashes appeared still lighter and redder against the unhealthy color of her face. In spite of this, thanks to her unconstrained movements, her tiny hands, and a peculiar coldness of feature, her general appearance was rather noble and energetic.

The Princess talked a great deal, and by her distinct enunciation belonged to the class of people who always speak as though some one were contradicting them, though no one has uttered a word: she alternately raised her voice and lowered it gradually, and began all at once to speak with fresh animation, and gazed at the persons who were present but who took no part in the conversation, as though endeavoring to obtain support by this glance.

In spite of the fact that the Princess kissed grandmamma's hand, and called her *ma bonne tante* incessantly, I observed that grandmamma was not pleased with her: she twitched her brows in a peculiar manner while listening to her story, about the reason why Prince Mikhailo could not come in person to congratulate grandmamma, in spite of his ardent desire to do so; and, replying in Russian to the Princess's French, she said, with a singular drawl, "I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for your attention; and as for Prince Mikhailo not coming, it is not worth mentioning, he always has so much to do; and what pleasure could he find in sitting with an old woman?"

And without giving the Princess time to contradict her, she went on:

"How are your children, my dear?"

"Thank God, aunt, they are growing well, and studying and playing pranks, especially Etienne. He is the eldest, and he is getting to be so wild that we can't do any thing with him; but he's clever, — a promising boy. — Just imagine, cousin," she continued, turning exclusively to papa, because grandmamma, who took no interest in the Princess's children, and wanted to brag of her own grandchildren, had taken my verses from the box with great care, and was beginning to unfold them, — "just imagine, cousin, what he did the other day." And the Princess bent over papa, and began to relate something with great animation. When she had finished her tale, which I did not hear, she immediately began to laugh, and looking inquiringly at papa, said:

"That's a nice kind of boy, cousin? He deserved a whipping; but his caper was so clever and amusing, that I forgave him, cousin."

And, fixing her eyes on grandmamma, the Princess went on smiling, but said nothing.

"Do you *beat* your children, my dear?" inquired grandmamma, raising her brows significantly, and laying a special emphasis on the word *beat*.

"Ah, my good aunt," replied the Princess in a good-natured tone, as she cast a swift glance at papa, "I know your opinion on that point; but you must permit me to disagree with you in one particular: in spite of all my thought and reading, in spite of all the advice which I have taken on this subject, experience has led me to the conviction, that it is indispensable that one should act upon children through their fears. Fear is requisite, in order to make any thing out of a child; is it not so, my cousin? Now, I ask you, do children fear any thing more than the rod?"

With this, she glanced inquiringly at us, and I confess I felt rather uncomfortable at that moment.

"Whatever you may say, a boy of twelve, or even one of fourteen, is still a child; but a girl is quite another matter."

"How lucky," I thought to myself, "that I am not her son!"

"Yes, that's all very fine, my dear," said grandmamma, folding up my verses, and placing them under the box, as

though, after that, she considered the Princess unworthy of hearing such a production: "that's all very fine, but tell me, please, how you can expect any delicacy of feeling in your children after that."

And regarding this argument as unanswerable, grandmamma added, in order to put an end to the conversation:

"However, every one has a right to his own opinion on that subject."

The Princess made no reply, but smiled condescendingly, thereby giving us to understand that she pardoned these strange prejudices in an individual who was so much respected.

"Ah, pray make me acquainted with your young people," she said, glancing at us, and smiling politely.

We rose, fixed our eyes on the Princess's face, but did not in the least know what we ought to do in order to show that the acquaintance had been made.

"Kiss the Princess's hand," said papa.

"I beg that you will love your old aunt," she said, kissing Volodya on the hair: "although I am only a distant aunt, I reckon on our friendly relations rather than on degrees of blood relationship," she added, directing her remarks chiefly to grandmamma; but grandmamma was still displeased with her, and answered:

"Eh! my dear, does such relationship count for any thing nowadays?"

"This is going to be my young man of the world," said papa, pointing to Volodya; "and this is the poet," he added, just as I was kissing the Princess's dry little hand, and imagining, with exceeding vividness, that the hand held a rod, and beneath the rod was a bench, and so on, and so on.

"Which?" asked the Princess, detaining me by the hand.

"This little fellow with the tuft on his crown," answered papa, smiling gayly.

"What does my tuft matter to him? Is there no other subject of conversation?" I thought, and retreated into a corner.

I had the strangest possible conceptions of beauty. I even considered Karl Ivanitch the greatest beauty in the world; but I knew very well that I was not good-looking myself, and on this point I made no mistake: therefore any allusion to my personal appearance offended me deeply.

I remember very well, how once — I was six years old

at the time — they were discussing my looks at dinner, and mamma was trying to discover something handsome about my face: she said I had intelligent eyes, an agreeable smile, and at last, yielding to papa's arguments and to ocular evidence, she was forced to confess that I was homely; and then, when I thanked her for the dinner, she tapped my cheek and said:

"You know, Nikolinka, that no one will love you for your face; therefore you must endeavor to be a good and sensible boy."

These words not only convinced me that I was not a beauty, but also that I should, without fail, become a good sensible boy.

In spite of this, moments of despair often visited me; I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH.

When the Princess had heard the verses, and had showered praises upon the author, grandmamma relented, began to address her in French, ceased to call her *you*,[1] and *my dear*, and invited her to come to us in the evening, with all her children, to which the Princess consented; and after sitting a while longer, she took her departure.

So many visitors came that day with congratulations, that the court-yard near the entrance was never free, all the morning, from several carriages.

"Good-morning, cousin," said one of the guests, as he entered the room, and kissed grandmamma's hand.

He was a man about seventy years of age, of lofty stature, dressed in a military uniform, with big epaulets, from beneath the collar of which a large white cross was visible, and with a calm, frank expression of countenance. The freedom and simplicity of his movements surprised me. His face was still notably handsome, in spite of the fact that only a thin semicircle of hair was left on the nape of the neck, and that the position of his upper lip betrayed the lack of teeth.

Prince Ivan Ivanitch had enjoyed a brilliant career while he was still very young at the end of the last century, thanks to his noble character, his handsome person, his noteworthy bravery, his distinguished and powerful family, and thanks especially to good luck. He remained in the service, and his ambition was very speedily so thoroughly gratified that there was nothing left for him to wish for in that direction. From his earliest youth he had conducted himself as if preparing himself to occupy that dazzling station in the world in which fate eventually placed him. Therefore, although he encountered some disappointments, disenchantments, and bitterness

[1] That is to say, she called her *thou*.

in his brilliant and somewhat vain-glorious life, such as all people undergo, he never once changed his usual calm character, his lofty manner of thought, nor his well-grounded principles of religion and morality, and won universal respect, which was founded not so much on his brilliant position as upon his firmness and trustworthiness. His mind was small; but, thanks to a position which permitted him to look down upon all the vain bustle of life, his cast of thought was elevated. He was kind and feeling, but cold and somewhat haughty in his intercourse with others. This arose from the circumstance that he was placed in a position where he could be of use to many people, and he endeavored by his cold manner to protect himself against the incessant petitions and appeals of persons who only wished to take advantage of his influence. But this coldness was softened by the condescending courtesy of a man of *the very highest society.*

He was cultivated and well read; but his cultivation stopped at what he had acquired in his youth, that is to say, at the close of the last century. He had read every thing of note which had been written in France on the subject of philosophy and eloquence during the eighteenth century; he was thoroughly acquainted with all the best products of French literature, so that he was able to quote passages from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Molière, Montaigne, and Fénelon, and was fond of doing so; he possessed a brilliant knowledge of mythology, and had studied with profit the ancient monuments of epic poetry in the French translations; he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of history from Ségur; but he knew nothing at all of mathematics beyond arithmetic, nor of physics, nor of contemporary literature; he could maintain a courteous silence in conversation, or utter a few commonplaces, about Goethe, Schiller, and Byron, but he had never read them. In spite of this French and classical cultivation, of which so few examples still exist, his conversation was simple; and yet this simplicity concealed his ignorance of various things, and exhibited tolerance and an agreeable tone. He was a great enemy of all originality, declaring that originality is the bait of people of bad tone. Society was a necessity to him, wherever he might be living; whether in Moscow or abroad, he always lived generously, and on certain days received all the town. His standing in town was such that an invitation from him served as a passport to all drawing-rooms, and many young and pretty

women willingly presented to him their rosy cheeks which he kissed with a kind of fatherly feeling; and other, to all appearances, very important and respectable people were in a state of indescribable joy when they were admitted to the Prince's parties.

Very few people were now left, who, like grandmamma, had been members of the same circle, of the same age, possessed of the same education, the same view of matters; and for that reason he especially prized the ancient friendly connection with her, and always showed her the greatest respect.

I could not gaze enough at the Prince. The respect which every one showed him, his huge epaulets, the particular joy which grandmamma manifested at the sight of him, and the fact that he alone did not fear her, treated her with perfect ease, and even had the daring to address her as *ma cousine*, inspired me with a reverence for him which equalled if it did not excel that which I felt for grandmamma. When she showed him my verses, he called me to him, and said, —

"Who knows, cousin, but this may be another Derzhavin?"

Thereupon he pinched my cheek in such a painful manner that if I did not cry out it was because I guessed that it must be accepted as a caress.

The guests dispersed. Papa and Volodya went out: only the Prince, grandmamma, and I remained in the drawing-room.

"Why did not our dear Natalya Nikolaevna come?" asked Prince Ivan Ivanitch suddenly, after a momentary silence.

"Ah! *mon cher*," replied grandmamma, bending her head and laying her hand upon the sleeve of his uniform, "she certainly would have come had she been free to do as she wished. She writes to me that Pierre proposed that she should come, but that she had refused because they had had no income at all this year; and she writes: 'Moreover, there is no reason why I should remove to Moscow this year with the whole household. Liubotchka is still too young; and as for the boys who are to live with you, I am more easy about them than if they were to live with me.' All that is very fine!" continued grandmamma, in a tone which showed very plainly that she did not consider it fine at all. "The boys should have been sent here long ago, in order that they might

learn something, and become accustomed to society. What kind of education was it possible to give them in the country? Why, the eldest will soon be thirteen, and the other eleven. You have observed, cousin, that they are perfectly untamed here: they don't know how to enter a room."

"But I don't understand," replied the prince: "why these daily complaints of reduced circumstances? *He* has a very handsome property, and Nataschinka's Khabarovka, where I played in the theatre with you once upon a time, I know as well as the five fingers on my own hand. It's a wonderful estate, and it must always bring in a handsome revenue."

"I will tell you, as a true friend," broke in grandmamma, with an expression of sadness: "it seems to me that all excuses are simply for the purpose of allowing *him* to live here alone, to lounge about at the clubs, at dinners, and to do God knows what else. But she suspects nothing. You know what an angel of goodness she is; she believes *him* in every thing. He assured her that it was necessary to bring the children to Moscow, and to leave her alone with that stupid governess in the country, and she believed him. If he were to tell her that it was necessary to whip the children as Princess Varvara Ilinitchna whips hers, she would probably agree to it," said grandmamma, turning about in her chair, with an expression of thorough disdain. "Yes, my friend," pursued grandmamma, after a momentary pause, taking in her hand one of the two handkerchiefs, in order to wipe away the tear which made its appearance: "I often think that *he* can neither value her nor understand her, and that, in spite of all her goodness and love for him, and her efforts to conceal her grief, — I know it very well, — she cannot be happy with him; and mark my words, if he does not . . ."

Grandmamma covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Eh, my good friend," said the Prince reproachfully. "I see that you have not grown any wiser. You are always mourning and weeping over an imaginary grief. Come, are you not ashamed of yourself? I have known *him* for a long time, and I know him to be a good, attentive, and very fine husband, and, what is the principal thing, a perfectly honest man."

Having involuntarily overheard this conversation which I ought not to have heard, I took myself out of the room, on tiptoe, in violent emotion.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE IVINS.

"VOLODYA! Volodya! the Ivins!" I shouted, catching sight from the window of three boys in blue overcoats, with beaver collars, who were crossing from the opposite sidewalk to our house, headed by their young and dandified tutor.

The Ivins were related to us, and were of about our own age; we had made their acquaintance, and struck up a friendship soon after our arrival in Moscow.

The second Ivin, Serozha, was a dark-complexioned, curly-headed boy, with a determined, turned-up little nose, very fresh red lips, which seldom completely covered the upper row of his white teeth, handsome dark-blue eyes, and a remarkably alert expression of countenance. He never smiled, but either looked quite serious, or laughed heartily with a distinct, ringing, and very attractive laugh. His original beauty struck me at first sight. I felt for him an unconquerable liking. It was sufficient for my happiness to see him: at one time, all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this wish; when three or four days chanced to pass without my having seen him, I began to feel bored and sad even to tears. All my dreams, both waking and sleeping, were of him: when I lay down to sleep, I willed to dream of him; when I shut my eyes, I saw him before me, and cherished the vision as the greatest bliss. I could not have brought myself to confess this feeling to any one in the world, much as I prized it. He evidently preferred to play with Volodya and to talk with him, rather than with me, possibly because it annoyed him to feel my restless eyes constantly fixed upon him, or simply because he felt no sympathy for me: but nevertheless I was content; I desired nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice every thing for him. Besides the passionate attachment with which he inspired me, his presence aroused another feeling in a no less powerful degree, — a fear of paining or offending him in any

way, or of displeasing him. I felt as much fear for him as love, perhaps because his face had a haughty expression, or because, despising my own appearance, I valued the advantage of beauty too highly in others, or, what is most probable of all, because this is an infallible sign of love. The first time Serozha spoke to me, I lost my wits to such a degree at this unexpected bliss, that I turned pale, blushed, and could make no reply. He had a bad habit of fixing his eyes upon some one spot, when he was thinking, and of winking incessantly, at the same time twitching his nose and eyebrows. Every one thought that this trick spoiled him, but I thought it so charming that I involuntarily acquired the same habit; and a few days after I had become acquainted with him, grandmamma inquired, Did my eyes pain me, that I was blinking like an owl? Not a word about love was ever uttered between us; but he felt his power over me, and exercised it unconsciously but tyrannically in our childish intercourse. And, no matter how hard I tried to tell him all that was in my mind, I was too much afraid of him to resolve on frankness; I endeavored to seem indifferent, and submitted to him without a murmur. At times his influence appeared to me oppressive, intolerable; but it was not in my power to escape from it.

It saddens me to think of that fresh, beautiful feeling of unselfish and unbounded love, which died away without having found vent, or met with a return.

It is strange, how, when I was a child, I strove to be like a grown-up person, and how, since I have ceased to be a child, I have often longed to be like one.

How many times did this desire not to seem like a child in my intercourse with Serozha restrain the feeling which was ready to pour forth, and cause me to dissimulate! I not only did not dare to kiss him, which I very much wanted to do at times, to take his hand, to tell him that I was glad to see him, but I did not even dare to call him Serozha, but kept strictly to Sergiei. So it was settled between us. Every expression of sentiment betrayed childishness, and that he who permitted himself any thing of the sort was still a *little boy*. Without having, as yet, gone through those bitter trials which lead adults to caution and coldness in their intercourse with each other, we deprived ourselves of the pure enjoyment of tender, childish affection, simply through the strange desire to imitate *grown-up people*.

I met the Ivins in the anteroom, exchanged greetings with them, and then flew headlong to grandmamma. I announced that the Ivins had arrived; and, from my expression, one would have supposed that this news must render her completely happy. Then, without taking my eyes from Serozha, I followed him into the drawing-room, watching his every movement. While grandmamma was telling him that he had grown a great deal, and fixed her penetrating eyes upon him, I experienced that sensation of terror and hope which a painter must experience when he is awaiting the verdict upon his work from a judge whom he respects.

Herr Frost, the Ivins' young tutor, with grandmamma's permission, went into the front garden with us, seated himself on a green bench, crossed his legs picturesquely, placing between them a cane with a bronze head, and began to smoke his cigar with the air of a man who is very well satisfied with his own conduct.

Herr Frost was a German, but a German of a very different cut from our good Karl Ivanitch. In the first place, he spoke Russian correctly, he spoke French with a bad accent, and generally enjoyed, especially among the ladies, the reputation of being a very learned man; in the second place, he wore a red mustache, a big ruby pin in his black satin cravat, the ends of which were tucked under his suspenders, and light blue trousers with spring bottoms and straps; in the third place, he was young, had a handsome, self-satisfied exterior, and remarkably fine muscular legs. It was evident that he set a particular value on this last advantage; he considered its effect irresistible on members of the female sex, and it must have been with this view that he tried to exhibit his legs in the most conspicuous place, and, whether standing or sitting, always put his calves in motion. He was a type of the young Russian German, who aspires to be a gay fellow, and a lady's man.

It was very lively in the garden. Our game of robbers could not have been more successful; but one circumstance came near ruining every thing. Serozha was the robber: as he was hastening in pursuit of travellers, he stumbled, and in full flight struck his knee with so much force against a tree that I thought he had shivered it into splinters. In spite of the fact that I was the gendarme, and that my duty consisted in capturing him, I approached, and sympathetically inquired whether he had hurt himself. Serozha got angry

with me: he clinched his fists, stamped his foot, and in a voice which plainly betrayed that he had injured himself badly, he shouted at me, —

"Well, what's this? After this we'll have no more games! Come, why don't you catch me? why don't you catch me?" he repeated several times, glancing sideways at Volodya and the elder Ivin, who, in their character of travellers, were leaping and running along the path; and all at once he gave a shriek, and rushed after them with a loud laugh.

I cannot describe how this heroic conduct impressed and captivated me. In spite of the terrible pain, he not only did not cry, but he did not even show that he was hurt, and never for a moment forgot the game.

Shortly after this, when Ilinka Grap also joined our company, and we went up-stairs to wait for dinner, Serozha had another opportunity of enslaving and amazing me with his marvellous manliness and firmness of character.

Ilinka Grap was the son of a poor foreigner who had once lived at my grandfather's, was indebted to him in some way, and now considered it his imperative duty to send his son to us very often. If he supposed that an acquaintance with us could afford any honor or satisfaction to his son, he was entirely mistaken; for we not only did not make friends with Ilinka, but we only noticed him when we wanted to make fun of him. Ilinka Grap was a thin, tall, pale boy of thirteen, with a bird-like face, and a good-naturedly submissive expression. He was very poorly dressed, but his hair was always so excessively greased that we declared that, on sunny days, Grap's pomade melted and trickled down under his jacket. As I recall him now, I find that he was very willing to be of service, and a very quiet, kind boy; but at that time he appeared to me as a contemptible being, whom it was not necessary to pity or even to think of.

When the game of robbers came to an end, we went up-stairs and began to cut capers, and to show off various gymnastic tricks before each other. Ilinka watched us with a timid smile of admiration, and when we proposed to him to do the same, he refused, saying that he had no strength at all. Serozha was wonderfully charming. He took off his jacket. His cheeks and eyes were blazing; he laughed incessantly, and invented new tricks; he leaped over three chairs placed in a row, trundled all over the room like a wheel, stood on his head on Tatischef's lexicon, which he

placed in the middle of the room for a pedestal, and at the same time cut such funny capers with his feet that it was impossible to refrain from laughing. After this last performance he became thoughtful, screwed up his eyes, and went up to Ilinka with a perfectly sober face. "Try to do that; it really is not difficult." Grap, perceiving that general attention was directed to him, turned red, and declared, in a scarcely audible voice, that he could do nothing of the kind.

"And why won't he show off anyway? What a girl he is! he must stand on his head."

And Serozha took him by the hand.

"You must, you must stand on your head!" we all shouted, surrounding Ilinka, who at that moment was visibly terrified, and turned pale; then we seized his arms, and dragged him to the lexicon.

"Let me go, I'll do it myself! You'll tear my jacket," cried the unhappy victim. But these cries of despair imparted fresh animation to us; we were dying with laughter: the green jacket was cracking in every seam.

Volodya and the eldest Ivin bent his head down and placed it on the dictionary; Serozha and I seized the poor boy's thin legs, which he flourished in all directions, stripped up his trousers to the knee, and with great laughter turned them up; the youngest Ivin preserved the equilibrium of his whole body.

After our noisy laughter, we all became suddenly silent; and it was so quiet in the room, that the unfortunate Grap's breathing alone was audible. At that moment I was by no means thoroughly convinced that all this was so very laughable and amusing.

"There's a fine fellow, now," said Serozha, slapping him.

Ilinka remained silent, and in his endeavor to free himself flung his legs out in all directions. In one of these desperate movements, he struck Serozha in the eye with his heel in such a painful manner, that Serozha immediately released his leg, clasped his own eye, from which the unbidden tears were streaming, and pushed Ilinka with all his might. Ilinka, being no longer supported by us, went down on the floor with a crash, like some lifeless object, and all he could utter for his tears was:

"Why do you tyrannize over me so?"

The woful figure of poor Ilinka, with his tear-stained face,

disordered hair, and his tucked-up trousers, under which his dirty boot-legs were visible, impressed us: we did not speak, and we tried to smile in a constrained fashion.

Serozha was the first to recover himself.

"There's a woman, a bawler," he said, pushing him lightly with his foot: "it's impossible to joke with him. Come, enough of that; get up."

"I told you that you were a good-for-nothing little boy," said Ilinka angrily, and turning away he sobbed loudly.

"What! you use your heels, and then scold!" screamed Serozha, seizing the lexicon, and swinging it over the head of the wretched boy, who never thought of defending himself, and only covered his head with his hands.

"There! there! Let's drop him, if he can't understand a joke. Let's go down-stairs," said Serozha, laughing in an unnatural way.

I gazed with sympathy at the poor fellow, who lay on the floor, hiding his face on the lexicon, and crying so that it seemed as if he were on the point of dying of the convulsions which shook his whole body.

"Hey, Sergiei!" I said to him, "why did you do that?"

"That's good! I didn't cry, I hope, when I cut my knee nearly to the bone to-day."

"Yes, that's true," I thought; "Ilinka is nothing but a bawler; but there's Serozha, he is so brave. What a manly fellow he is!"

I had no idea that the poor boy was crying, not so much from physical pain, as from the thought that five boys, whom he probably liked, had all agreed, without any cause, in hating and persecuting him.

I really cannot explain to myself the cruelty of this conduct. Why did I not go to him, protect him, comfort him? What had become of that sentiment of pity, which had formerly made me cry violently at the sight of a young daw which had been thrown from its nest, or a puppy which was to be thrown out of the garden, or a chicken which the cook was carrying off for soup?

Had this beautiful feeling been destroyed in me, by love for Serozha, and the desire to appear as manly in his sight as he was himself? That love, and that desire to appear manly, were not enviable qualities. They were the cause of the only dark spots in the pages of my childish memories.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GUESTS ASSEMBLE.

JUDGING from the special activity perceptible in the pantry, the brilliant illumination which imparted a new and festive aspect to objects in the drawing-room and salon, which had long been familiar to me, and particularly judging from the fact that Prince Ivan Ivanitch would not have sent his music for nothing, a large number of guests were expected for the evening.

I ran to the window at the sound of every passing carriage, put the palms of my hand to my temples and against the glass, and gazed into the street with impatient curiosity. Through the darkness, which at first covered all objects from the window, there gradually appeared, across the way, a long familiar shop, with a lantern; in an oblique line, a large house with two lighted windows on the lower floor; in the middle of the street some *Vanka*,[1] with two passengers, or an empty calash returning home at a foot-pace; but now a carriage drove up to the porch, and in the full conviction that it was the Ivins, who had promised to come early, I ran down to meet them in the ante-room. Instead of the Ivins, two ladies made their appearance behind the liveried arm which opened the door: one was large, and wore a blue cloak with a sable collar; the other, who was small, was all wrapped up in a green shawl, beneath which her little feet, shod in fur boots, alone were visible. Paying no attention to my presence in the ante-room, although I considered it my duty to make my bow when these persons appeared, the little one walked up to the big one, and halted in front of her. The big one unwound the kerchief which covered the little one's head, unbuttoned her cloak, and when the liveried footman took charge of these things, and pulled off her little fur boots, there appeared from this much-wrapped-up indi-

[1] Local term for a poor rustic driver, who enters service for the winter in town.

vidual, a wonderful twelve-year-old little girl, dressed in a low-necked white muslin frock, white pantalettes, and tiny black slippers. There was a black velvet ribbon on her little white neck; her head was a mass of dark chestnut curls, which suited her lovely face admirably, and fell upon her white shoulders behind so beautifully, that I would not have believed Karl Ivanitch himself if he had told me that they curled so because they had been twisted up in bits of "The Moscow Gazette" ever since the morning, and pinched with hot irons. She seemed to have been born with that curly head.

A striking feature of her face was her unusually large, prominent, half-closed eyes, which formed a strange but agreeable contrast to her small mouth. Her lips were tightly closed; and her eyes had such a serious look, and the general expression of her face was such, that you would not look for a smile on it; and therefore a smile was all the more enchanting.

I crept to the door of the hall, endeavoring to remain unperceived, and decided that it would be well to walk back and forth feigning meditation, and that I was not aware that guests had arrived. When they had traversed half the apartment, I apparently came to myself, made my bow, and informed them that grandmamma was in the drawing-room. Madame Valakhina, whose face pleased me extremely, especially because I discerned in it a strong resemblance to her daughter Sonitchka, nodded graciously to me.

Grandmamma appeared to be very glad to see Sonitchka: she called her close to her, adjusted one of her curls which had fallen over her forehead, and, gazing attentively at her face, she said, "What a charming child!" Sonitchka smiled and blushed so prettily that I blushed also as I looked at her.

"I hope you will not be bored here, my little friend," said grandmamma, taking hold of her chin, and raising her little face. "I beg that you will be merry and dance as much as possible. Here is one lady and two cavaliers," she added, turning to Madame Valakhina, and touching me with her hand.

This bringing us together pleased me so much that it made me blush again.

Conscious that my shyness was increasing, and hearing the noise of another carriage as it drove up, I deemed it best

to make a retreat. In the ante-room I found Princess Kornakova with her son and an incredible number of daughters. The daughters were all exactly alike in countenance, — they resembled the Princess, and were ugly: therefore no one of them arrested my attention. As they took off their cloaks, and shook out their trains, they all began suddenly to talk in thin little voices as they fussed and laughed at something — probably because there were so many of them. Etienne was a tall, fleshy lad of fifteen, with a bloodless face, sunken eyes with blue circles beneath them, and hands and feet which were enormous for his age: he was awkward, had a rough and disagreeable voice, but appeared very well satisfied with himself, and according to my views he was precisely the sort of boy who gets whipped with a switch.

We stood for quite a while opposite each other, without uttering a word, examining each other attentively. Then we approached a little nearer, apparently with the desire to kiss each other, but we changed our minds for some reason or other after we had looked in each other's eyes. When the dresses of all his sisters rustled past us, I inquired, for the sake of beginning the conversation, whether they were not crowded in the carriage.

"I don't know," he answered carelessly, "for I never ride in the carriage, because just as soon as I take my seat I begin to feel ill, and mamma knows it. When we go anywhere in the evening, I always sit on the box. It's much jollier, you can see every thing; and Philip lets me drive, and sometimes I have the whip. Sometimes I do *so* to the passers-by," he added with an expressive gesture: "it's splendid!"

"Your excellency," said the footman, entering the ante-room, "Philip wants to know where you were pleased to put the whip?"

"What's the matter? I gave it to him."

"He says that you did not."

"Well, then I hung it on the lantern."

"Philip says that it is not on the lantern; and you had better say that you took it and lost it, or Philip will have to pay for your pranks out of his small wages," continued the angry footman with increasing animation.

The footman, who seemed to be a respectable but sullen man, appeared to take Philip's side, and was resolved to clear up this matter at any cost. From an involuntary feeling of

delicacy I stepped aside as though I had observed nothing. But the lackeys who were present behaved quite differently: they came nearer, and gazed approvingly at the old servant.

"Well, I lost it, I lost it," said Etienne, avoiding further explanations. "I'll pay him what the whip is worth. This is amusing!" he added, approaching me, and leading me towards the drawing-room.

"No, master, how will you pay? I know you have been eight months paying Marya Vasilievna twenty kopeks, and it's the same in my case, and it's two years since Petrushka"—

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the young prince, turning pale with rage. "I'll tell all about it."

"You'll tell all, you'll tell all!" went on the footman. "This is bad, your excellency," he added with a peculiar expression as we entered the drawing-room, and he went to the wardrobe with the cloaks.

"That's right, that's right!" said an approving voice behind us in the ante-room.

Grandmamma had a peculiar gift for expressing her opinion of people by adding to a certain tone on certain occasions the singular and plural pronouns of the second person. Although she employed *you* and *thou* in direct opposition to the generally received usage, these shades of meaning acquired an entirely different significance in her mouth. When the young prince approached her, she at first addressed a few words to him, calling him *you*, and regarding him with such an expression of scorn that had I been in his place I should have become utterly abashed. But evidently Etienne was not a boy of that stamp: he not only paid no heed to grandmamma's reception, but even to her person, and saluted the whole company, if not gracefully at least without constraint. Sonitchka occupied all my attention. I remember that when Volodya, Etienne, and I were talking together in a part of the room from which Sonitchka was visible, and she could see and hear us, I spoke with pleasure; when I had occasion to utter what seemed to me an amusing or manly remark, I spoke loudly, and glanced at the drawing-room door; but when we changed to another place from which it was impossible to be seen or heard from the drawing-room, I remained silent, and found no further pleasure in the conversation.

The drawing-room and salon gradually filled with guests. As always happens at children's parties, there were several large children among the number, who were not willing to

miss an opportunity of dancing and making merry, if only for the sake of pleasing the hostess.

When the Ivins arrived, instead of the pleasure which I generally experienced at meeting Serozha, I was conscious of a certain strange vexation because he would see Sonitchka and would show off to her.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE THE MAZURKA.

"Eh! you are evidently going to have dancing," said Serozha, coming from the drawing-room, and pulling a pair of new kid gloves from his pocket: "I must put on my gloves."

"What's that for? we have no gloves," I thought: "I must go up-stairs, and hunt for some."

But although I rummaged all the drawers, all I found was, in one, our green travelling mittens; in another, one kid glove which was of no service whatever to me, in the first place because it was very old and dirty, in the second because it was too large for me, and especially because the middle finger was wanting, having been cut off long ago, probably by Karl Ivanitch for a sore hand. Nevertheless I put this remnant of a glove upon my hand, and regarded intently that place upon my middle finger which was always smeared with ink.

"If Natalya Savischna were only here, she would surely find me some gloves." It was impossible to go down-stairs in such a plight, because, if they asked me why I did not dance, what could I say? To remain here was equally impossible, because I should infallibly be caught. "What am I to do?" I said, flourishing my hands.

"What are you doing here?" asked Volodya, running in: "go engage your lady, it will begin directly."

"Volodya," I said to him, displaying my hand, with two fingers sticking out of the dirty glove, and expressing in my voice that I was in a state which bordered on despair, — "Volodya, you never thought of this."

"Of what?" said he impatiently. "Ah! gloves," he added quite indifferently, catching sight of my hand. "No, I didn't, in fact. You must ask grandmamma. What will she say?" and, without pausing to reflect, he ran down-stairs.

The cold-bloodedness with which he expressed himself on a point which seemed to me so weighty, re-assured me, and I hastened to the drawing-room, totally oblivious of the grotesque glove on my left hand.

Approaching grandmamma's arm-chair with caution, and touching her mantle lightly, I said in a whisper:

"Grandmamma! what are we to do? We have no gloves!"

"What, my dear?"

"We have no gloves," I repeated, drawing nearer and nearer, and laying both hands on the arm of her chair.

"And what is this?" she said all at once, seeing my left hand. "See here, my dear," she went on, turning to Madame Valakhina, "this young man has made himself elegant in order to dance with your daughter."

Grandmamma held me firmly by the hand, and gazed seriously but inquiringly at her guests until all had satisfied their curiosity, and the laugh had become general.

I should have been very much troubled if Serozha had seen me during the time, when, frowning with shame, I vainly endeavored to tear my hand free; but I was not at all pained in the presence of Sonitchka, who laughed until her eyes were filled with tears, and all her curls fluttered about her rosy little face. I understood that her laugh was too loud and natural to be mocking: on the contrary, we laughed together, and seemed to come nearer to each other as we exchanged glances. This episode of the glove, although it might end badly, gained me this advantage, that it placed me on easy terms with a circle which had always seemed to me most terrible, — the drawing-room circle; I felt not the slightest timidity in the hall.

The sufferings of shy people arise from their uncertainty as to the opinion which people have formed of them: as soon as this opinion is openly demonstrated, — in whatever form it may occur, — this suffering ceases.

How charming Sonitchka Valakhina was, as she danced opposite me in the French quadrille with the clumsy young Prince! How sweetly she smiled when she gave me her little hand in the chain! How prettily her golden curls waved in measure, how naïvely she brought her tiny feet together! When, in the fifth figure, my partner left me and went to the other side, while I waited for the time and prepared to execute my solo, Sonitchka closed her lips seriously

and looked aside. But her fear for me was unnecessary. I boldly made my chassé to the front, chassé to the rear, and my glide; and when I approached her, I playfully showed her my glove with my two fingers sticking out. She laughed excessively, and her little feet tripped about upon the waxed floor more bewitchingly than ever. I still remember how, when we formed a circle and all joined hands, she bent her little head, and, without removing her hand from mine, scratched her little nose with her glove. I can still see all this as though it were directly before my eyes, and I still hear the quadrille from "The Maid of the Danube," to whose music all this took place.

The second quadrille arrived, and I danced it with Sonitchka. After seating myself beside her, I felt extremely awkward, and did not know in the least what to say to her. When my silence had lasted too long, I began to fear that she would take me for a fool; and I resolved to rescue her from any such error on my account, at any cost. "You are an inhabitant of Moscow?" I said to her, and after receiving an answer in the affirmative, I went on: "For my part, I have never yet frequented the capital," with a calculation as to the effect which the word "frequent" would produce. Nevertheless, I felt that although this was a very brilliant beginning, and fully proved my knowledge of the French tongue, I was incapable of continuing the conversation in this strain. Our turn to dance would not come very soon, but the silence was renewed. I gazed at her uneasily, desirous of knowing what impression I had produced, and awaiting her assistance. "Where did you find such a funny glove?" she inquired suddenly; and this question caused me the greatest pleasure and relief. I explained that the glove belonged to Karl Ivanitch, went into some rather ironical details concerning Karl Ivanitch's person, — how ridiculous he was when he took off his red cap; and how he had once fallen from a horse, when dressed in his green overcoat, straight into a puddle, and so forth. The quadrille passed off without our perceiving it. All this was very delightful; but why did I ridicule Karl Ivanitch? Should I have lost Sonitchka's good opinion if I had described him with the love and respect which I felt for him?

When the quadrille came to an end, Sonitchka said, "Thank you," with as sweet an expression as though I had really deserved her gratitude. I was in ecstasies. I was beside

myself with joy, and did not know myself whence I had obtained such daring, confidence, and even boldness. "Nothing can confuse me," I thought, promenading about the salon quite unembarrassed; "I am ready for any thing."

Serozha proposed to me to be his *vis-à-vis*. "Very well," said I, "I have no partner, but I will find one." Casting a decisive glance about the room, I perceived that all the ladies were engaged with the exception of one big girl, who was standing at the parlor door. A tall young man approached her with the intention, as I concluded, of inviting her to dance; he was within a couple of paces of her, but I was at the other end of the hall. In the twinkling of an eye, I flew across the space which separated her, sliding gracefully over the polished floor, and with a scrape of my foot and a firm voice, I invited her for the contra-dance. The big girl smiled patronizingly, gave me her hand, and the young man was left partnerless.

I was so conscious of my power, that I paid no heed to the young man's vexation; but I afterwards learned that he inquired who that frowsy boy was, who had jumped in front of him and taken away his partner.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAZURKA.

THE young man whom I had robbed of his lady, danced in the first couple of the mazurka. He sprang from his place, holding his lady by the hand, and, instead of making the *pas de Basques* as Mimi had taught us, he simply ran forward. When he had reached the corner, he halted, cracked his heels, turned around, and went skipping on farther.

As I had no partner for the mazurka, I sat behind grandmamma's high chair, and looked on.

"Why does he do that?" I pondered. "That's not at all as Mimi taught us. She declared that everybody danced the mazurka on their toes, bringing their feet round in a gliding circular form; and it turns out that they don't dance that way at all. There are the Ivins and Etienne and all of them dancing, and they are not doing the *pas de Basques*. And our Volodya has picked up the new fashion! It's not bad! And how lovely Sonitchka is! There she goes!"

I was very merry.

The mazurka was nearing its end. Several elderly ladies and gentlemen came up to take leave of grandmamma, and departed. The lackeys, skilfully keeping out of the way of the dancers, brought the dishes into the back room. Grandmamma was evidently weary, and seemed to speak unwillingly and in a very drawling way: the musicians indolently began the same air for the thirtieth time. The big girl with whom I had danced caught sight of me as she was going through a figure, and smiling treacherously, — she must have wanted to please grandmamma, — she led Sonitchka and one of the innumerable princesses up to me. "Rose or nettle?" said she.

"Ah, so you are here!" said grandmamma, turning round in her chair. "Go, my dear, go."

Although at that moment I would much rather have hid

my head under grandmamma's chair, than emerge from behind it, how could I refuse? I stood up, and said "Rose," as I glanced timidly at Sonitchka. Before I could recover myself, some one's hand in a white kid glove rested in mine, and the princess started forward with a pleasant smile, without the least suspicion that I did not in the least know what to do with my feet.

I knew that the *pas de Basques* was out of place, unsuitable, and that it might even put me to shame; but the well-known sounds of the Mazurka acting upon my ear, communicated a familiar movement to the acoustic nerves, which, in turn, communicated it to my feet; and the latter, quite involuntarily, and to the amazement of all beholders, began the fatal circular gliding step on the tips of the toes. As long as we proceeded straight ahead, we got on after a fashion; but when we turned I observed, that, unless I took some precautions, I should certainly get in advance. In order to avoid such a catastrophe I stopped short, with the intention of making the same kind of *knee* which the young man in the first couple made so beautifully. But at the very moment when I separated my feet, and was preparing to spring, the princess, circling hastily around me, looked down at my feet with an expression of stupid curiosity and amazement. That look finished me. I lost my self-command to such an extent, that instead of dancing I stamped my feet up and down in one spot in a fashion which resembled nothing on earth, and finally came to a dead stand-still. Every one stared at me, some with surprise, others with curiosity, with amusement, or sympathy; grandmamma alone looked on with complete indifference.

"You should not dance if you do not know how," said papa's angry voice in my ear; and thrusting me aside with a light push, he took my partner's hand, danced a turn with her in antique fashion, to the vast delight of the lookers-on, and led her to her seat. The mazurka immediately came to an end.

Lord! why dost thou chastise me so terribly?

. . . . . .

Everybody despises me, and will always scorn me. The paths to every thing, love, friendship, honor, are shut to me. All is lost! Why did Volodya make signs to me which every one saw, and which could render me no assistance? Why did that hateful princess look at my feet like

that? Why did Sonitchka — she was lovely, but why did she smile just then? Why did papa blush, and seize my hand? was even he ashamed of me? Oh, this was frightful! If mamma had been there, she would not have blushed for her Nikolinka. And my fancy bore me far away to this sweet vision. I recalled the meadow in front of the house, the tall linden-trees in the garden, the clear pond over which the swallows fluttered, the blue sky in which hung transparent white clouds, the perfumed stacks of fresh hay; and many other joyous, soothing memories were borne in upon my distracted imagination.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER THE MAZURKA.

At supper, the young man who had danced in the first couple sat down at our children's table, and paid special attention to me, which would have flattered my vanity not a little, if I had been capable of any sentiment whatever after the catastrophe which had occurred to me. But the young man seemed determined to cheer me up on any terms. He played with me, he called me a fine fellow; and when none of the grown-up people were looking at us, he poured me glasses of wine out of various bottles, and made me drink them. At the end of the supper, when the waiter poured me only a quarter of a glass of champagne from his napkin-wrapped bottle, and the young man insisted that he should pour it full, and made me swallow it at one gulp, I felt an agreeable warmth through all my body, and a special kindliness towards my jolly protector, and I laughed excessively over something.

All at once the sounds of the *grandfather dance* resounded from the salon, and the guests began to rise from the table. My friendship with the young man immediately came to an end; he went off to the big people, and I, not daring to follow, approached with a curiosity to hear what Madame Valakhina was saying to her daughter.

"Just another little half-hour," said Sonitchka entreatingly.

"It is really impossible, my angel."

"Come, for my sake, please," she said coaxingly.

"Will it make you happy if I am ill to-morrow?" said Madame Valakhina, and was so imprudent as to smile.

"Oh, you permit it! we may stay?" cried Sonitchka, dancing with joy.

"What is to be done with you? Well then, go, dance. Here's a cavalier for you," she said, pointing at me.

Sonitchka gave me her hand, and we ran into the salon.

The wine which I had drunk, Sonitchka's presence and gayety, caused me to completely forget my miserable scrape in the mazurka. I cut amusing capers with my feet; I imitated a horse, and went at a gentle trot, lifting my legs proudly, then I stamped on one spot like a ram who is angry at a dog, and laughed heartily, without caring in the least what impression I might produce upon the spectators. Sonitchka, too, never ceased to laugh; she laughed when we circled round hand in hand, she laughed when she looked at some old gentleman who lifted his feet with care and stepped over a handkerchief, pretending that it was very difficult for him to do it, and she nearly died of laughter when I leaped almost to the ceiling in order to display my agility.

As I passed through grandmamma's study, I glanced at myself in the mirror: my face was bathed in perspiration, my hair was in disorder, the tuft on the crown of my head stood up worse than ever; but the general expression of my countenance was so merry, kind, and healthy, that I was even pleased with myself.

"If I were always like this," I thought, "I might be able to please."

But when I glanced again at the very beautiful little face of my partner, there was in it, besides the expression of gayety, health, and freedom from care, which had pleased me in my own, so much gentle and elegant beauty, that I was vexed with myself. I comprehended how stupid it was of me to call the attention of such a wonderful being to myself. I could not hope for a reciprocal feeling, and, indeed, I did not think of it: my soul was filled with bliss independent of that. I did not understand that in return for the love which filled my soul with joy, still greater happiness might be demanded, and that something more was to be desired than that this feeling might never end. All was well with me. My heart fluttered like a dove, the blood poured into it incessantly, and I wanted to cry.

When we went through the corridor, past the dark storeroom under the stairs, I glanced at it, and thought: What bliss it would be if I could live forever with her in that dark storeroom! and if nobody knew that we lived there.

"It's very jolly now, isn't it?" I said in a quiet, trembling voice, and hastened my steps, frightened not so much at what I had said, but at what I had been minded to say.

"Yes, very," she replied, turning her little head towards me, with such a frank, kind expression that my fears ceased.

"Especially after supper. But if you only knew how sorry [I wanted to say *pained*, but did not dare] I am that you are going away so soon, and that we shall not see each other any more!"

"Why shall we not see each other?" said she, regarding intently the toes of her slippers, and drawing her fingers along the grated screen which we were passing. "Mamma and I go to the Tversky boulevard every Tuesday and Friday. Don't you go to walk?"

"I shall ask to go without fail on Tuesday; and if they won't let me go, I will run away alone, and without my hat. I know the way."

"Do you know," said Sonitchka suddenly, "I always say *thou* to some little boys who come to our house; let us call each other *thou*. Wilt thou?" she added throwing back her little head, and looking me straight in the eye.

At this moment we entered the salon, and the second, lively part of *grandfather* was beginning. "Do," I said at a point when the noise and music could drown my words.

"Say *thou*,"[1] corrected Sonitchka, with a laugh.

"Grandfather" ended, and I had not managed to utter a single phrase with *thou*, although I never ceased inventing such as would allow of several repetitions of that pronoun. I had not sufficient courage. "Wilt thou?" resounded in my ears, and produced a kind of intoxication. I saw nothing and nobody but Sonitchka. I saw them lift her locks, and tuck them behind her ears, disclosing portions of her brow and temples which I had not seen before; I saw them wrap her up in the green shawl so closely, that only the tip of her little nose was visible; I observed that if she had not made a little aperture near her mouth with her rosy little fingers, she would infallibly have suffocated; and I saw how she turned quickly towards us, as she descended the stairs with her mother, nodded her head, and disappeared through the door.

Volodya, the Ivins, the young Prince, and I were all in love with Sonitchka, and we followed her with our eyes as we stood on the stairs. I do not know to whom in particular she nodded her little head; but at that moment I was firmly convinced that it was done for me.

[1] Nikolai used *davai-te*, the second person plural. Sonitchka said *davai*, second person singular.

As I took leave of the Ivins, I conversed and shook hands quite unconstrainedly, and even rather coldly, with Serozha. If he understood that on that day he had lost my love, and his power over me, he was surely sorry for it, though he endeavored to appear quite indifferent.

For the first time in my life I had changed in love, and for the first time I experienced the sweetness of that feeling. It delighted me to exchange a worn-out sentiment of familiar affection for the fresh feeling of a love full of mystery and uncertainty. Moreover, to fall out of love and into love at the same time means loving with twice the previous fervor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN BED.

"How could I love Serozha so passionately, and so long?" I meditated, as I lay in bed. "No, he never understood, he never was capable of prizing my love, and he was never worthy of it. And Sonitchka? how charming! 'Wilt thou?' 'It is thy turn to begin.'"

I sprang up on all fours, as I pictured to myself her little face in lively colors, covered my head with the coverlet, tucked it under me on all sides, and when no opening remained anywhere, I lay down, and, with a pleasant sensation of warmth, buried myself in sweet visions and memories. Fixing my gaze immovably upon the lining of the wadded quilt, I saw her as clearly as I had seen her an hour before; I conversed with her mentally, and that conversation, though utterly lacking in sense, afforded me indescribable delight, because *thee*, to *thee*, and *thine* occurred in it constantly.

These visions were so clear that I could not sleep for sweet emotion, and I wanted to share my superabundance of bliss with some one.

"The darling!" I said almost aloud, turning abruptly on the other side. "Volodya! are you awake?"

"No," he replied in a sleepy voice: "what is it?"

"I am in love, Volodya. I am decidedly in love with Sonitchka."

"Well, what of it?" he answered, stretching himself.

"O Volodya! you cannot imagine what is going on within me; here I was just now lying tucked up in the coverlet, and I saw her so plainly, so plainly, and I talked with her: it was simply marvellous! And, do you know, when I lie and think of her I grow sad, and I want to weep dreadfully, God knows why."

Volodya moved.

"There's only one thing I wish," I went on: "that is, to

be always with her, to see her always, and nothing else. And are you in love? Confess the truth, Volodya!"

It's odd, but I wanted everybody to be in love with Sonitchka, and then I wanted them all to tell me.

"What is that to you?" said Volodya, turning his face towards me, — "perhaps."

"You don't want to sleep; you were making believe!" I cried, perceiving by his shining eyes that he was not thinking of sleep in the least; and I flung aside the coverlet. "Let's discuss her. She's charming, isn't she? So charming that if she were to say to me: 'Nikolascha! jump out of the window, or throw yourself into the fire,' — well, I swear I should do it immediately," said I, "and with joy. Ah, how bewitching!" I added, as I called her before me in imagination, and in order to enjoy myself in this manner to the fullest extent, I rolled abruptly over on the other side, and thrust my head under the pillow. "I want to cry dreadfully, Volodya!"

"What a fool!" said he smiling, and then was silent for a while. "I'm not a bit like you: I think that, if it were possible, I should like at first to sit beside her and talk."

"Ah! so you are in love too?" I interrupted.

"And then," continued Volodya, smiling tenderly, "then I would kiss her little fingers, her eyes, her lips, her nose, her tiny feet, — I would kiss all."

"Nonsense!" cried I from under the pillow.

"You don't understand any thing about it," said Volodya contemptuously.

"Yes, I do understand, but you don't, and you're talking nonsense," I said through my tears.

"Well, there's nothing to cry about. She's a genuine girl!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LETTER.

On the 16th of April, nearly six months after the day which I have described, father came up-stairs to us, during our lesson hour, and announced to us that we were to set out for the country with him that night. My heart contracted at this news, and my thoughts turned at once to my mother.

The following letter was the cause of our unexpected departure: —

PETROVSKOE, April 12.

I have but just received your kind letter of April 3d, at ten o'clock in the evening, and, in accordance with my usual custom, I answer it immediately. Fedor brought it from town last night, but, as it was late, he gave it to Mimi. And Mimi, under the pretext that I was ill and unnerved, did not give it to me for a whole day. I really have had a little fever, and, to tell the truth, this is the fourth day that I have been too ill to leave my bed.

Pray do not be alarmed, my dear; I feel very well, and if Ivan Vasilitch will permit me, I intend to get up to-morrow.

On Friday of last week, I went to ride with the children; but the horses stuck in the mud close to the entrance to the highway, near that very bridge which has always frightened me. The day was very fine, and I thought I would go as far as the highway on foot, while they pulled the calash out. When I reached the chapel, I was very much fatigued, and sat down to rest; and about half an hour elapsed while they were summoning people to drag the carriage out. I felt cold, particularly in my feet, for I had on thin-soled shoes, and they were wet through. After dinner I felt a chill and a hot turn, but I continued to walk according to the usual programme, and after tea I sat down to play a duet with Liubotchka. (You would not recognize her, she has made such progress!) But imagine my surprise, when I found that I could not count the time. I began to count several times, but my head was all in confusion, and I felt a strange noise in my ears. I counted one, two, three, then all at once eight and fifteen; and the chief point was that I saw that I was lying, and could not correct myself. Finally Mimi came to my assistance, and put me to bed, almost by force. This, my dear, is a circumstantial account of how I became ill, and how I myself am to blame. The

next day, I had quite a high fever, and our good old Ivan Vasilitch came: he still lives with us, and promises to set me free speedily in God's world once more. A wonderful old man is that Ivan Vasilitch! When I had the fever, and was delirious, he sat beside my bed all night, without closing his eyes; and now he knows that I am writing, he is sitting in the boudoir with the girls, and from my bedroom I can hear him telling them German tales, and them dying with laughter as they listen.

La belle Flamande, as you call her, has been staying with me for two weeks past, because her mother has gone off visiting somewhere, and she evinces the most sincere affection by her care for me. She intrusts me with all her secrets of the heart. If she were in good hands, she might turn out a very fine girl, with her beautiful face, kind heart, and youth; but she will be utterly ruined in the society in which she lives, judging from her own account. It has occurred to me, that, if I had not so many children, I should be doing a good deed in taking charge of her.

Liubotchka wanted to write to you herself; but she has already torn up the third sheet of paper, and says: "I know what a scoffer papa is; if you make a single mistake, he shows it to everybody." Katenka is as sweet as ever, Mimi as good and stupid.

Now I will talk to you about serious matters. You write that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that it is indispensable that you should take the money from Khabarovka. It surprises me that you should even ask my consent to that. Does not what belongs to me belong equally to you?

You are so kind and good, that you conceal the real state of things, from the fear of troubling me: but I guess that you have probably lost a great deal at play, and I assure you that I am not angry at you; therefore, if the matter can only be arranged, pray do not think too much of it, and do not worry yourself needlessly. I have become accustomed not to count upon your winnings for the children, but even (excuse me) on your whole estate. Your winnings cause me as little pleasure as your losses cause pain: the only thing which does pain me is your unhappy passion for gambling, which deprives me of a portion of your tender attachment, and makes me tell you such bitter truths as I tell you now; and God knows how this hurts me! I shall not cease to pray God for one thing, that he will save you, not from poverty (what is poverty?), but from that frightful situation, when the interests of the children, which I am bound to protect, shall come into conflict with ours. Heretofore the Lord has fulfilled my prayer: you have not passed the line beyond which we must either sacrifice our property, — which no longer belongs to us, but to our children, — or — and it is terrible to think of, but this horrible misfortune continually threatens us. Yes, it is a heavy cross which the Lord has sent to both of us.

You write about the children, and return to our old dispute: you ask me to consent to send them to some educational institution. You know my prejudices against such education.

I do not know, my dear friend, whether you will agree with me; but I beseech you, in any case, to promise, out of love for me, that as long as I live, and after my death, if it shall please God to part us, never to do this.

You write that it is indispensable that you should go to Petersburg

about our affairs. Christ be with you, my friend; go and return as speedily as possible. It is so wearisome for all of us without you! The spring is wonderfully beautiful. The balcony door has already been taken down, the paths to the orangery were perfectly dry four days ago, the peach-trees are in full bloom, the snow lingers in a few spots only, the swallows have come, and now Liubotchka has brought me the first spring flowers. The doctor says I shall be quite well in three days, and may breathe the fresh air, and warm myself in the April sun. Farewell, dear friend: pray do not worry about my illness, nor about your losses; finish your business as speedily as possible, and come to us with the children for the whole summer. I am making famous plans for passing it, and you alone are lacking to their realization.

The remaining portion of the letter was written in French, in a cramped and uneven hand, on a second scrap of paper. I translate it word for word: —

Do not believe what I wrote to you about my illness; no one suspects how serious it is. I alone know that I shall never rise from my bed again. Do not lose a moment: come and bring the children. Perhaps I may be able to embrace them once again, and bless them: that is my last wish. I know what a terrible blow I am dealing you; but it matters not: sooner or later you would receive it from me, or from others. Let us try to bear this misfortune with firmness, and hope in God's mercy. Let us submit to His will.

Do not think that what I write is the raving of a delirious imagination: on the contrary, my thoughts are remarkably clear at this moment, and I am perfectly composed. Do not comfort yourself with vain hopes, that these are but the dim deceitful presentiments of a timid soul. No, I feel, I know — and I know because God was pleased to reveal this to me — that I have not long to live.

Will my love for you and the children end with this life? I know that this is impossible. I feel too strongly at this moment to think that this feeling, without which I cannot conceive of existence, could ever be annihilated. My soul cannot exist without its love for you; and I know that it will exist forever, from this one thing, that such a sentiment as my love could never arise, were it ever to come to an end.

I shall not be with you, but I am firmly convinced that my love will never leave you; and this thought is so comforting to my heart, that I await my fast approaching death, calmly, and without terror.

I am calm, and God knows that I have always regarded death, and still regard it, as a passage to a better life; but why do tears crush me? Why deprive the children of their beloved mother? Why deal you so heavy, so unlooked-for a blow? Why must I die, when your love has rendered life boundlessly happy for me?

May His holy will be done!

I can write no more for tears. Perhaps I shall not see you. I thank you, my precious friend, for all the happiness with which you have surrounded me in this life; I shall pray God there, that he will reward you. Farewell, dear friend; remember, when I am no more, that my love will never abandon you, wherever you may be. Farewell Volodya, farewell my angel, farewell Benjamin, my Nikolinka.

Will they ever forget me?

This letter enclosed a note in French, from Mimi, which read as follows: —

The sad presentiments of which she speaks are but too well confirmed by the doctor's words. Last night she ordered this letter to be taken to the post at once. Thinking that she said this in delirium, I waited until this morning, and then made up my mind to open it. No sooner had I done so, than Natalya Nikolaevna asked me what I had done with the letter, and ordered me to burn it if it had not been sent. She keeps speaking of it and declares that it will kill you. Do not delay your coming, if you wish to see this angel while she is still left with us. Excuse this scrawl. I have not slept for three nights. You know how I love her!

Natalya Savischna, who had passed the entire night of the 11th of April in mamma's chamber, told me, that, after writing the first part of the letter, mamma laid it on the little table beside her, and went to sleep.

"I confess," said Natalya Savischna, "that I dozed in the arm-chair myself, and my stocking fell from my hands. But, about one o'clock, I heard in my dreams, that she seemed to be conversing with some one; I opened my eyes, and looked: she was sitting up in bed, my little dove, with her little hands folded thus, and her tears were flowing in streams. 'So all is over?' she said, and covered her face with her hands. I sprang up and began to inquire, 'What is the matter with you?'

"'Ah, Natalya Savischna, if you only knew what I have just seen!'

"But in spite of all my questions, she would say no more; she merely ordered me to bring the little table, wrote something more, commanded me to seal the letter in her presence, and send it off immediately. After that, things grew worse and worse."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT AWAITED US IN THE COUNTRY.

On the 25th of April we descended from the travelling carriage at the porch of the Petrovskoe house. Papa had been very thoughtful when we left Moscow, and when Volodya asked him whether mamma was not ill, he looked sadly at him, and nodded in silence. During the journey he evidently grew more composed; but as we approached home his face assumed a more and more mournful expression, and when, on alighting from the calash, he asked Foka, who ran panting out, "Where is Natalya Nikolaevna?" his voice was not firm, and there were tears in his eyes. Good old Foka glanced at us, dropped his eyes, and, opening the door of the anteroom, he turned aside and answered:

"She has not left her room in six days."

Milka, who, as I afterwards learned, had not ceased to howl mournfully since the very day that mamma was taken ill, sprang joyously at papa, leaped upon him, whined, and licked his hands; but he pushed her aside, and went into the drawing-room, thence into the boudoir, from which a door led directly into the bedroom. The nearer he came to the room, the more evident became his disquiet, as was shown by all his movements: as he entered the boudoir, he walked on tiptoe, hardly drew his breath, and crossed himself before he could make up his mind to grasp the handle of the closed door. At that moment Mimi, dishevelled and tear-stained, ran in from the corridor. "Ah, Piotr Alexandrovitch," she said in a whisper, with an expression of genuine despair, and then, observing that papa was turning the handle, she added almost inaudibly, "it is impossible to pass here; the spring is gone."

Oh, how sadly this affected my childish imagination, which was attuned to sorrow, with a fearful foreboding!

We went to the maids' room. In the corridor we en-

countered Akim, the little fool, who always amused us with his grimaces; but at that moment he not only did not seem laughable to me, but nothing struck me so painfully as his mindless, indifferent face. In the maids' room two maids, who were sitting over their work, rose in order to courtesy to us, with such a sorrowful expression that I was frightened. Traversing Mimi's room next, papa opened the door of the bedroom, and we entered. To the right of the door were two windows, hung with cloths; at one of them sat Natalya Savischna, with her spectacles on her nose, knitting a stocking. She did not kiss us as she generally did, but merely rose, looked at us through her spectacles, and the tears poured down her face in streams. I did not like it at all to have people begin to cry as soon as they looked at us, when they had been quite calm before.

At the left of the door stood a screen, and behind the screen the bed, a little table, a little cabinet spread with medicines, and the big arm-chair in which dozed the doctor; beside the bed stood a young, extremely fair, and remarkably pretty girl, in a white morning dress, who, with her sleeves turned back, was applying ice to mamma's head, which I could not see at that moment. This girl was *la belle Flamande*, of whom mamma had written, and who, later on, played such an important rôle in the life of the whole family. As soon as we entered, she removed one hand from mamma's head, and arranged the folds on the bosom of her gown, then said in a whisper, "She is unconscious."

I was very wretched at that moment, but I involuntarily noted all these trifles. It was nearly dark in the room, it was hot, and there was a mingled odor of mint, cologne-water, chamomile, and Hoffmann's drops. This odor impressed me to such a degree that when I smell it, or when I even recall it, fancy immediately bears me back to that dark, stifling chamber, and reproduces every detail, even the most minute, of that terrible moment.

Mamma's eyes were open, but she saw nothing. Oh, I shall never forget that dreadful look! It expressed so much suffering.

They led us away.

When I afterwards asked Natalya Savischna about mamma's last moments, this is what she told me:

"After you were taken away, my dear one was restless for a long time as though something oppressed her, then she

dropped her head on her pillow, and dozed as quietly and peacefully as an angel from heaven. I only went out to see why they did not bring her drinks. When I returned my darling was throwing herself all about, and beckoning your papa to her; he bent over her, and it was evident that he lacked the power to say what he wished to; she could only open her lips, and begin to groan, 'My God! Lord! The children, the children!' I wanted to run and fetch you, but Ivan Vasilitch stopped me and said, 'It will excite her more, it is better not.' After that she only raised her hand and dropped it again. What she meant by that, God only knows. I think that she was blessing you in your absence, and it was plain that the Lord did not grant her to see her little children before the end. Then my little dove raised herself, made this motion with her hand, and all at once she spoke in a voice which I cannot bear to think of, 'Mother of God, do not desert them!' Then the pain attained her heart; it was evident from her eyes that the poor woman was suffering tortures; she fell back on the pillows, caught the bed-clothes in her teeth, and her tears flowed, my dear."

"Well, and then?" I asked.

Natalya Savischna said no more; she turned away and wept bitterly.

Mamma died in terrible agony.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SORROW.

LATE in the evening of the following day I wanted to see her once more. I overcame the involuntary feeling of terror, opened the door gently, and entered the hall on tiptoe.

In the middle of the room, upon a table, stood the coffin, and around it stood lighted candles in tall silver candlesticks. In a distant corner sat the dyachok,[1] reading the Psalter in a low, monotonous voice.

I paused at the door, and gazed; but my eyes were so swollen with weeping, and my nerves were so unstrung, that I could distinguish nothing. Every thing ran together in a strange fashion, — lights, brocade, velvet, the great candelabra, the rose-colored pillow bordered with lace, the frontlet,[2] the cap with ribbons, and the transparent light of the wax candles. I climbed upon a chair in order to see her face, but in the place where it was the same pale-yellowish transparent object presented itself to me. I could not believe that that was her face. I began to examine it attentively, and little by little I began to recognize the dear familiar features. I shivered with terror when I had convinced myself that it was she; but why were the closed eyes so sunken? Why that dreadful pallor, and the blackish spot beneath the skin on one cheek? Why was the expression of the whole face so stern and cold? Why were the lips so pale, and their outline so very beautiful, so majestic, and so expressive of an unearthly calm that a cold shudder ran down my back and through my hair when I looked upon it?

I gazed, and felt that some incomprehensible, irresistible power was drawing my eyes to that lifeless face. I did not take my eyes from it, and imagination sketched me a picture

[1] Clerk-ecclesiastical.

[2] The *ryentchik* is made of satin or paper, with pictures of Christ, Mary, and St. John, and laid upon the brow of the corpse, in the Russian Church. — TR.

of blooming life and happiness. I forgot that the dead body which lay before me, and upon which I stupidly gazed, as upon an object which had nothing in common with me, was *she*. I fancied her now in one, now in another situation—alive, merry, smiling. Then all at once some feature in the pale face upon which my eyes rested struck me. I recalled the terrible reality, shuddered, but did not cease my gaze. And again visions usurped the place of reality, and again the consciousness of the reality shattered my visions. At length imagination grew weary, it ceased to deceive me; the consciousness of reality also vanished, and I lost my senses. I do not know how long I remained in this state, I do not know in what it consisted; I only know, that, for a time, I lost consciousness of my existence, and experienced an exalted, indescribably pleasant and sorrowful delight.

Perhaps, in flying hence to a better world, her beautiful soul gazed sadly back upon that in which she left us; she perceived my grief, took pity upon it, and descended to earth on the pinions of love, with a heavenly smile of compassion, in order to comfort and bless me.

The door creaked, a dyachók entered the room to relieve the other. This noise roused me; and the first thought which occurred to me was that since I was not crying, and was standing on a chair, in an attitude which had nothing touching about it, the dyachók might take me for an unfeeling boy, who had climbed on the chair out of pity or curiosity. I crossed myself, made a reverence, and began to cry.

As I now recall my impressions, I find that that moment of self-forgetfulness was the only one of genuine grief. Before and after the burial, I never ceased to weep, and was sad; but it puts me to shame to recall that sadness, because a feeling of self-love was always mingled with it; at one time a desire to show that I was more sorry than anybody else; again, solicitude as to the impression which I was producing upon others; at another time, an aimless curiosity which caused me to make observations upon Mimi's cap and the faces of those present. I despised myself, because the feeling I experienced was not exclusively one of sorrow, and I tried to conceal all others; for this reason my regret was insincere and unnatural. Moreover, I experienced a sort of pleasure in knowing that I was unhappy. I tried to arouse my consciousness of unhappiness; and this egotistical feeling, more than all the rest, stifled genuine grief within me.

After passing the night in a deep and quiet sleep, as is always the case after great sorrow, I awoke with my tears dried and my nerves calm. At ten o'clock we were summoned to the mass for the dead, which was celebrated before the body was taken away. The room was filled with house-servants and peasants, who came in tears to take leave of their mistress. During the service I cried in proper fashion, crossed myself, and made reverences to the earth; but I did not pray in spirit, and was tolerably cold-blooded. I was worrying because my new half-coat, which they had put on me, hurt me very much under the arms. I meditated how not to spot the knees of my trousers too much; and I took observations, on the sly, of all those who were present. My father stood at the head of the coffin. He was as pale as his handkerchief, and restrained his tears with evident difficulty. His tall figure in its black coat, his pale, expressive face, his movements, graceful and assured as ever, when he crossed himself, bowed, touching the ground with his hand, took the candle from the hand of the priest, or approached the coffin, were extremely effective. But, I do not know why, the fact that he could show himself off so effectively at such a moment was precisely what did not please me. Mimi stood leaning against the wall, and appeared hardly able to keep her feet. Her dress was crumpled and flecked with down; her cap was pushed on one side; her swollen eyes were red; her head shook. She never ceased to sob in a voice that rent the soul, and she incessantly covered her face with her hands and her handkerchief. It seemed to me that she did this in order to hide her countenance from the spectators, and to rest for a moment after her feigned sobs. I remembered how she had told papa, the day before, that mamma's death was such a terrible shock to her that she had no hope of living through it; that it deprived her of every thing; that that angel (as she called mamma) had not forgotten her before her death, and had expressed a desire to secure her future and Katenka's forever from care. She shed bitter tears as she said this, and perhaps her grief was genuine, but it was not pure and exclusive. Liubotchka, in her black frock, with mourning trimmings, was all bathed in tears, and dropped her little head, glancing rarely at the coffin, and her face expressed only childish terror. Katenka stood beside her mother, and, in spite of the long face she had put on, was as rosy as ever. Volodya's frank nature was frank even in his

grief. He stood at times with his thoughtful, immovable glance fixed on some object; then his mouth began suddenly to twitch, and he hastily crossed himself, and bowed in reverence. All the strangers who were present at the funeral were intolerable to me. The phrases of consolation which they uttered to father, that she would be better off there, that she was not for this world, aroused a kind of anger in me.

What right had they to speak of her and mourn for her? Some of them in speaking of us called us *orphans*. As if we did not know without their assistance that children who have no mother are called by that name! It evidently pleased them to be the first to bestow it upon us, just as they generally make haste to call a young girl who has just been married, *Madame* for the first time.

In the far corner of the hall, almost concealed by the open door of the pantry, knelt a bowed and gray-haired woman. With clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she neither wept nor prayed. Her soul aspired to God, and she besought him to let her join the one whom she loved more than all on earth, and she confidently hoped that it would be soon.

"There is one who loved her truly!" thought I, and I was ashamed of myself.

The mass came to an end; the face of the dead woman was uncovered, and all present, with the exception of ourselves, approached the coffin one by one and kissed it.

One of the last to draw near and take leave of her was a peasant woman, leading a beautiful five-year-old girl, whom she had brought hither God only knows why. At that moment, I unexpectedly dropped my moist handkerchief, and stooped to pick it up. But I had no sooner bent over, than a frightful piercing shriek startled me: it was so full of terror that if I live a hundred years I shall never forget it, and when I recall it a cold chill always runs all over my body. I raised my head: on a tabouret beside the coffin, stood the same peasant woman, holding in her arms with difficulty the little girl, who with her tiny hands thrust out before her, her frightened little face turned aside, and her staring eyes fastened upon the face of the corpse, was shrieking in a wild and dreadful voice. I uttered a shriek in a tone which I think must have been even more terrible then the one which had startled me, and ran out of the room.

It was only at that moment that I understood whence came that strong, heavy odor, which, mingling with the odor of the incense, filled the room; and the thought that that face, which a few days before had been full of beauty and tenderness, that face which I loved more than any thing in the world, could excite terror, seemed for the first time to reveal to me the bitter truth, and filled my soul with despair.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST SAD MEMORIES.

MAMMA was dead, but our life pursued its usual course. We went to bed and got up at the same hours, and in the same rooms; morning and evening tea, dinner, supper, all took place at the usual time; the tables and chairs stood in the same places; nothing was changed in the house or in our manner of life, only — she was no more.

It seemed to me, that, after such unhappiness, all must change: our ordinary manner of life appeared to me an insult to her memory, and recalled her absence too vividly.

After dinner, on the evening before the funeral, I wanted to go to sleep; and I went to Natalya Savischna's room, intending to install myself in her bed, on the soft feather-bed, and beneath the warm wadded coverlet. When I entered, Natalya Savischna was lying on her bed, and was probably asleep; hearing the noise of my footsteps, she rose up, flung aside the woollen cloth which protected her head from the flies, and, adjusting her cap, seated herself on the edge of the bed.

"What is it? They have sent you to get some rest, my dear? Lie down."

"What is the matter with you, Natalya Savischna?" I said, holding her hand. "That is not it at all. I just came, and you are weary yourself; you had better lie down."

"No, batiuschka, I have slept enough," she said (I knew that she had not slept for three days, for grief.) "And besides, I am not sleepy now," she added with a deep sigh.

I wanted to discuss our misfortune with Natalya Savischna. I knew her honesty and love, and it would have been a comfort to me to weep with her.

"Natalya Savischna," I said, seating myself on the bed, after a brief silence, "did you expect this?"

The old woman looked at me in amazement and curiosity,

probably because she did not understand why I asked her that.

"Who could expect this?" I repeated.

"Ah, my dear," said she, casting a glance of the tenderest sympathy upon me, "it was not to be expected, and I cannot believe it even now. Such an old woman as I ought to have laid her old bones in the grave long ago. The old master, Prince Nikolai Mikhailovitch, your grandfather (may his memory be eternal!) had two brothers, and a sister Annuchka; and I have buried them all, and they were all younger than I am, batiuschka; and now, for my sins evidently, it is my fate to outlive her. His holy will be done! He took her because she was worthy, and He wants good people there."

This simple thought impressed me as a comfort, and I moved nearer Natalya Savischna. She folded her hands on her bosom, and looked upwards; her sunken, tearful eyes expressed great but quiet suffering. She cherished a firm hope that God would not long part her from her upon whom she had for so many years concentrated all the power of her love.

"Yes, my dear, it does not seem long since I was her nurse, and dressed her, and she called me Nascha. She would run to me, seize me with her plump little hands, and begin to kiss me, and to say:

"'My Naschik, my beauty, my little turkey!'

"And I would say in jest:

"'It's not true, matuschka, you do not love me; wait until you grow up, and marry, and forget your Nascha.' She would begin to reflect. 'No,' she would say, 'it will be better not to marry, if I cannot take Nascha with me; I will never desert Nascha.' And now she has deserted me, and has not waited for me. And she loved me, the dear dead woman! And, in truth, who was there that she did not love? Yes, batiuschka, it is impossible for you to forget your mamma. She was not a human being, but an angel from heaven. When her soul reaches the kingdom of heaven, it will love you there, and rejoice over you."

"Why do you say, when she reaches the kingdom of heaven, Natalya Savischna?" I asked. "Why, I think she is there now."

"No, batiuschka," said Natalya Savischna, lowering her voice, and sitting closer to me on the bed: "her soul is here

now," and she pointed upwards. She spoke almost in a whisper, and with so much feeling and conviction that I involuntarily raised my eyes, and inspected the cornice in search of something. "Before the soul of the just goes to paradise, it undergoes forty changes, my dear, and it can stay in its home for forty days."

She talked long in this strain, and with as much simplicity and faith as though she were relating the most every-day occurrences, which she had witnessed herself, and on the score of which it would never enter any one's head to entertain the slightest doubt. I held my breath as I listened to her; and although I did not understand very well what she said, I believed her entirely.

"Yes, batiuschka, she is here now; she is looking at us; perhaps she hears what we are saying," said Natalya Savischna, in conclusion.

She bent her head, and became silent. She wanted a handkerchief to wipe her falling tears; she rose, looked me straight in the face, and said, in a voice which trembled with emotion:

"The Lord has brought me many degrees nearer to him through this. What is left for me here now? Whom have I to live for? Whom have I to love?"

"Don't you love us?" I said reproachfully, hardly restraining my tears.

"God knows how I love you, my darlings; but I have never loved any one as I loved her, and I never can love any one in that way."

She could say no more, but turned away, and sobbed loudly.

I no longer thought of sleeping: we sat opposite each other in silence, and wept.

Foka entered the room; perceiving our condition, and probably not wishing to disturb us, he glanced at us timidly and in silence, and paused at the door.

"What do you want, Fokascha?" asked Natalya Savischna, wiping her eyes.

"A pound and a half of raisins, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice, for the *kutya*."[1]

"Immediately, immediately, batiuschka," said Natalya Savischna, taking a hasty pinch of snuff; and she went to her cupboard with brisk steps. The last traces of the grief

[1] A dish which is carried to the church at the mass in memory of a dead person.

called forth by our conversation had vanished when she set about her duty, which she considered as extremely important.

"What are the four pounds for?" she grumbled, as she took out the sugar, and weighed it in the scales. "Three and a half will be enough," and she took several bits from the scales. "Who ever heard the like? I gave out eight pounds of rice yesterday, and now more is demanded. You will have it so, Foka Demiditch, but I won't let you have the rice. That Vanka is glad because the house is upside down: he thinks no one will notice. No, I won't shut my eyes to attempts on my master's goods. Now, was such a thing ever seen, as eight pounds?"

"What is to be done? He says that it's all gone."

"Well, there, take it, there! Let him have it!"

I was surprised at this transition from the affecting sentiment with which she had talked with me, to this grumbling and petty calculation. On reflecting upon the subject afterwards, I saw, that, in spite of what was going on in her soul, she retained sufficient presence of mind to busy herself with her affairs, and the force of habit drew her to her customary employments. Sorrow acted so powerfully upon her, that she did not find it necessary to dissemble, and she was able to occupy herself with extraneous objects: she would not even have been able to understand how such a thought could occur to any one.

Vanity is a feeling which is utterly incompatible with genuine grief; and, at the same time, this feeling is so strongly interwoven with the nature of many, that even the deepest woe rarely expels it. Vanity exhibits itself in sorrow by the desire to appear sad, or unhappy, or firm; and these low desires, which we do not acknowledge, but which rarely forsake us even in the deepest trouble, deprive it of force, dignity, and truth. But Natalya Savischna was so deeply wounded by her unhappiness, that not a single desire lingered in her soul, and she only lived from habit.

After giving Foka the provisions he had asked for, and reminding him of the pasty which must be prepared for the entertainment of the clergy, she dismissed him, took her stocking, and seated herself beside me again.

The conversation turned again upon the same subject as before; and again we wept, and again dried our eyes.

These conversations with Natalya Savischna were repeated

every day; her quiet tears and calm, devout words brought me comfort and consolation.

But we were soon parted. Three days after the funeral, the whole household removed to Moscow, and I was fated never to see her more.

Grandmother only received the terrible news on our arrival, and her grief was extraordinary. We were not admitted to her presence, because she lay unconscious for a whole week, and the doctor feared for her life, the more so as she not only would not take any medicine, but would speak to no one, did not sleep, and took no nourishment. Sometimes, as she sat alone in her chamber, in her arm-chair, she suddenly broke into a laugh, then began to sob, but shed no tears; then she was seized with convulsions, and uttered frightful and incoherent words in a voice of madness. She felt the need of blaming some one for her misery; and she said terrible things, spoke to some invisible person with unusual energy, sprang from her chair, paced the room in long and rapid strides, and then fell senseless.

I entered her room on one occasion. She was sitting in her arm-chair, as usual, and was calm to all appearances, but her glance startled me. Her eyes were very wide open, but their gaze was wavering and stupid; she looked straight at me, but she could not have seen me. Her lips began a slow smile, and she spoke in a voice of touching gentleness: "Come here, my dear; come here, my angel." I thought that she was addressing me, and approached nearer; but she did not look at me. "Ah, if you only knew, my love, what torments I have suffered, and how glad I am that you have come!" Then I understood that she fancied she saw mamma, and halted. "They told me you were dead," she went on, with a frown. "What nonsense! Could you die before me?" and she gave a dreadful hysteric laugh.

Only people who are capable of loving strongly can also suffer great sorrow; but this same necessity of loving serves to counteract their grief, and heals them. For this reason the moral nature of man is more active than the physical. Grief never kills.

After the lapse of a week, grandmamma could weep, and her condition improved. Her first thought, when she came to herself, was of us; and her love for us increased. We never left her arm-chair; she cried softly, spoke of mamma, and tenderly caressed us.

It could not enter the mind of any one who looked upon grandmamma's grief, that she was exaggerating it, and the expressions of that grief were forcible and touching; but I do not know why I sympathized more with Natalya Savischna, and to this day I am convinced that no one loved and mourned mamma so purely and so sincerely as that simple, affectionate creature.

The happy days of childhood ended for me with mamma's death, and a new epoch began, — the epoch of boyhood; but as my recollections of Natalya Savischna, whom I never saw again, and who exercised such a powerful and beneficent influence over my career and the development of my sensibility, belong to the first epoch, I will say a few words more about her and her death.

After our departure, as we were afterwards informed, she remained in the village, and found the time hang heavy on her hands from lack of occupation. Although all the clothes-presses were still in her hands, and she never ceased to turn over their contents, alter the arrangement, hang things up, and pack them away again, yet she missed the noise and turmoil of a country house which is inhabited by its owners, to which she had been accustomed from her childhood. Grief, the change in her manner of life, the absence of responsibilities, speedily developed an old complaint to which she had long been inclined. Just a year after mamma's death, dropsy made its appearance, and she took to her bed.

It was hard, I think, for Natalya Savischna to live alone, and still harder for her to die alone, in the great empty house at Petrovskoe, without relatives or friends. Every one in the house loved and revered Natalya Savischna; but she entertained no friendship with any one, and was proud of it. She considered that in her position of a housekeeper who enjoyed the confidence of her master, and had in her charge so many chests filled with all sorts of property, a friendship with any one would infallibly lead to partiality and a criminal condescension. For that reason, or, possibly, because she had nothing in common with the other servants, she held herself aloof from all, and said that she had neither gossips nor cronies in the house, and she would not countenance any attacks upon her master's property.

She sought and found consolation by confiding her feeling to God in fervent prayer; but sometimes, in those moments of weakness to which we are all subject, when man finds his

best comfort in the tears and sympathy of a living being, she put her little dog on her bed (it licked her hand, and fixed its yellow eyes upon her), talked to it, and wept softly as she petted it. When the poodle began to howl piteously, she endeavored to quiet it, and said, "Stop; I know, without your telling me, that I shall die soon."

A month before her death, she took from her chest some white calico, white muslin, and pink ribbons; with the assistance of her maid she made herself a white dress and a cap, and arranged every thing which was requisite for her funeral, down to the most minute detail. She also sorted over the chests belonging to her master, and transferred them with the greatest precision, in writing, to the overseer. There remained to her two silk dresses, an old shawl which grandmamma had given her at some time or other, and grandfather's military uniform which had also been given to her for her own. Thanks to her care, the embroidery and galloon on the uniform were perfectly fresh, and the cloth had not been touched by the moths.

Before her death, she expressed a wish that one of these dresses, the pink one, should be given to Volodya for a dressing-gown or jacket, and the other, the brown checked one, to me for the same purpose, and the shawl to Liubotchka. The uniform she bequeathed to whichever of us should first become an officer. All the rest of her property, and her money, with the exception of forty rubles which she laid aside for her funeral and masses, she left to her brother. Her brother, who had received his freedom long before, resided in some distant government, and led a very dissipated life; hence she had had no intercourse with him during her lifetime.

When Natalya Savischna's brother presented himself to receive his inheritance, and the deceased's entire property proved to consist of twenty-five rubles in bills, he would not believe it, and said that it could not be that the old woman, who had lived for sixty years in a wealthy family, and had had every thing in her hands, had lived in a miserly way all her life, and had fretted over every scrap, had left nothing. But this was actually the case.

Natalya Savischna suffered for two months from her complaint, and bore her pain with a truly Christian patience; she did not grumble or complain, but merely prayed incessantly, as was her custom. She confessed with joy, and re-

ceived the communion and extreme unction, an hour before her death.

She begged forgiveness of all the house-servants for any injuries which she might have done them, and besought her priest, Father Vasili, to say to all of us, that she did not know how to express her thanks for all our kindness, and prayed us to pardon her if she had pained any one by her stupidity; "but I never was a thief, and I can say that I never cheated my masters out of a thread." This was the only quality in herself which she valued.

Having put on the wrapper and cap which she had prepared, and propped herself up on the pillows, she never ceased until the moment of death to converse with the priest. She reminded him that she had not left any one poor, gave him ten rubles, and begged him to distribute it in the parish. Then she crossed herself, lay back, sighed for the last time, and uttered the name of God in a joyous tone.

She quitted life without regret; she did not fear death, but accepted it as a blessing. This is often said, but how rarely is it true! Natalya Savischna could not fear death, because she died firm in the faith and fulfilling the law of the Gospels. Her whole life had been pure, unselfish love and self-sacrifice.

What if her creed might have been more lofty, if her life might have been devoted to higher aims? is this pure soul any the less deserving of love and admiration on that account?

She accomplished the best and grandest deed in this life: she died without regret or fear.

She was buried, in accordance with her wish, not far from the chapel which stood upon mamma's grave. The hillock, overgrown with brambles and burdock, beneath which she lies, is enclosed within an black iron paling; but I never forget to go from the chapel to that railing, and bow myself to the earth in reverence.

Sometimes I pause silent, midway between the chapel and that black fence. Painful reminiscences suddenly penetrate my soul. The thought comes to me: Did Providence connect me with these two beings merely in order that I might be made to mourn for them forever?

PART II.—BOYHOOD.

A NOVEL.

BOYHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

A JOURNEY WITHOUT RELAYS

Two equipages were again brought to the porch of the Petrovskoe house: one was a coach in which sat Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and the maid, with the clerk Yakov on the box; the other was a britchka, in which rode Volodya and I, and the footman Vasili who had recently been taken from *obrok*.[1]

Papa, who was to follow us to Moscow in a few days, stands on the porch without his hat, and makes the sign of the cross upon the window of the coach and the britchka.

"Well, Christ be with you! drive on!" Yakov and the coachman (we are travelling in our own carriage) take off their hats, and cross themselves. "*No! No!* In God's name!"

The bodies of the carriage and britchka begin to jolt over the uneven road, and the birches along the great avenue fly past us one by one. I am not at all sad; my mental gaze is fixed, not upon what I am leaving, but upon what awaits me. In proportion as the objects connected with the painful memories which have filled my mind until this moment retreat into the distance, these memories lose their force, and are speedily replaced by a sense of acquaintanceship with life, which is full of force, freshness, and hope.

Rarely have I spent days so — I will not say merrily, for

[1] A sum paid to the proprietor by a serf in lieu of personal service. Many serfs of both sexes exercised various trades in the cities, and their *obrok* often yielded their masters quite a sum.

I was still rather conscience-stricken at the idea of yielding to merriment — but so agreeably, so pleasantly, as the four during which our journey lasted.

I had no longer before my eyes the closed door of mamma's room, which I could not pass without a shudder; nor the closed piano, which no one approached, but which every one regarded with a sort of fear; nor the mourning garments (we all had on simple travelling suits), nor any of those things, which, by recalling to me vividly my irrevocable loss, made me avoid every appearance of life, from the fear of offending *her* memory in some way. Here, on the other hand, new and picturesque spots and objects arrest and divert my attention, and nature in its spring garb fixes firmly in my mind the cheering sense of satisfaction in the present, and bright hopes for the future.

Early, very early in the morning, pitiless Vasili, who was over-zealous as people always are in new situations, pulls off the coverlet, and announces that it was time to set out, and that every thing is ready. Snuggle and rage and contrive as you will to prolong even for another quarter of an hour the sweet morning slumber, you see by Vasili's determined face that he is inexorable, and prepared to drag off the coverlet twenty times: so you jump up, and run out into the court to wash yourself.

The samovar is already boiling in the ante-room, and Mitka the out-rider is blowing it until he is as red as a crab. It is damp and dark out of doors, as though the steam were rising from an odoriferous dung-heap; the sun illuminates the eastern sky with a bright cheerful light, and the straw roofs of the ample sheds surrounding the court-yard, which are sparkling with dew. Beneath them our horses are visible, hitched about the fodder, and the peaceful sound of their mastication is audible.

A shaggy black dog who has lain down upon a dry heap of manure before dawn, stretches lazily, and betakes himself to the other side of the yard at a gentle trot, wagging his tail the while. The busy housewife opens the creaking gates, drives the meditative cows into the street, where the tramp, lowing and bleating of herds is already audible, and exchanges a word with her sleepy neighbor. Philip, with the sleeves of his shirt stripped up, draws the bucket from the deep well, all dripping with clear water, by means of the wheel, and empties it into an oaken trough, about which wide-

awake ducks are already splashing in the pool; and I gaze with pleasure upon Philip's handsome face with its great beard, and at the thick sinews and muscles which are sharply defined upon his bare, hairy arms when he makes any exertion.

Behind the screen where Mimi slept with the girls, and over which we had conversed in the evening, a movement was audible. Mascha runs past us repeatedly with various objects which she endeavors to conceal from our curiosity with her dress; and finally she opens the door, and calls us to drink our tea.

Vasili, in a fit of superfluous zeal, runs into the room incessantly, carries out first one thing, then another, beckons to us, and in every way exhorts Marya Ivanovna to set out as speedily as possible. The horses are harnessed, and express their impatience by jingling their bells every now and then; the trunks, chests, caskets, and dressing-cases are again packed away, and we take our seats. But each time we find a mountain inside the britchka instead of a seat, so that it is impossible to understand how all this had been arranged the day before, and how we are going to sit now. One walnut-wood tea-caddy with a triangular cover, in particular, which is intrusted to us in the britchka, is placed under me, and enrages me extremely. But Vasili says that will settle down, and I am forced to believe him.

The sun has but just risen above the dense white clouds which veil the east, and all the country round about is illuminated with a quietly cheerful light. All is so very beautiful about me, and I am so tranquil and light of heart. The road winds away in front like a wide, unconfined ribbon, amid fields of dry stubble, and herbage sparkling with dew. Here and there by the roadside we come upon a gloomy willow, or a young birch with small sticky leaves, casting a long, motionless shadow upon the dry clayey ruts and the short green grass of the highway. The monotonous sound of the wheels and bells does not drown the song of the larks, who circle close to the very road. The smell of moth-eaten cloth, of dust, and a certain sourness, which characterize our britchka, is overpowered by the perfume of the morning; and I feel a joyous uneasiness in my soul, a desire to do something, which is a sign of true enjoyment.

I had not managed to say my prayers at the post-house;

but as I have more than once observed that some misfortune happens to me on the day when, from any circumstance, I forget to fulfil this ceremony, I make an effort to repair my mistake. I take off my cap, turn to the corner of the britchka, recite some prayers, and cross myself under my jacket so that no one may see it. But a thousand different objects distract my attention; and I repeat the same words of the prayer several times over, in my absence of mind.

Yonder on the footpath which winds beside the road, some slowly moving figures are visible; they are pilgrims. Their heads are enveloped in dirty cloths; sacks of birch-bark are bound upon their backs; their feet are wrapped in dirty, tattered footbands, and shod in heavy bast shoes. Swaying their staves in unison, and hardly glancing at us, they move on with a heavy deliberate tread, one after the other; and questions take possession of my mind, — whither are they going, and why? will their journey last long? and will the long shadows which they cast upon the road, soon unite with the shadow of the willow which they must pass? Here a calash with four post-horses comes rapidly to meet us. Two seconds more, and the faces which looked at us with polite curiosity at a distance of two arshins[1] have already flashed past; and it seems strange that these faces have nothing in common with me, and that, in all probability I shall never behold them again.

Here come two shaggy, perspiring horses, galloping along the side of the road in their halters, with the traces knotted up to the breech strap; and behind, with his long legs and huge shoes dangling on each side of a horse, over whose forelock hangs the *dug*,[2] and who jingles his little bells almost inaudibly now and then, rides a young lad of a postilion, with his lamb's-wool cap cocked over one ear, drawling a long-drawn-out song. His face and attitude are expressive of so much lazy, careless content, that it seems to me it would be the height of bliss to be a post-boy, to ride the horses home, and sing some melancholy songs. Yonder, far beyond the ravine, a village church with its green roof is visible against the bright blue sky; yonder is a hamlet, the red roof of a gentleman's house, and a green garden. Who lives in this house? Are there children in it, father, mother, tutor? Why should we not go to this house, and make the

[1] An arshin is twenty-eight inches.

[2] Arch over the middle horse of a *troika*, or three horses harnessed abreast.

acquaintance of the owner? Here is a long train of huge wagons harnessed to troikas of well-fed, thick-legged horses, which we are obliged to turn out to pass. "What are you carrying?" inquires Vasili of the first carter, who, with his big feet hanging from the board which forms his seat, and flourishing his whip, regards us for a long time with an intent, mindless gaze, and only makes some sort of reply when it is impossible for him not to hear. "With what wares do you travel?" Vasili asks, turning to another team, upon whose railed-in front lies another carter beneath a new rug. A blonde head, accompanied by a red face and a reddish beard, is thrust out from beneath the rug for a moment; it casts a glance of indifferent scorn upon us, and disappears again; and the thought occurs to me that these carters surely cannot know who we are and whither we are going.

Absorbed in varied meditations, for an hour and a half I pay no heed to the crooked numbers inscribed upon the verst-stones. But now the sun begins to warm my head and back with more fervor, the road grows more dusty, the triangular cover of the tea-caddy begins to discommode me greatly, and I change my position several times. I am becoming hot and uncomfortable and bored. My whole attention is directed to the verst-stones, and the figures upon them. I make various mathematical calculations as to the time it will take us to reach the station.

"Twelve versts make one-third of thirty-six, and it is forty-one to Lipetz: consequently we have travelled only one-third and how much?" and so forth.

"Vasili," I say, when I observe that he is beginning to nod upon the box, "let me come on the box, that's a dear." Vasili consents; we change places; he immediately begins to snore and roll about so that there is no room left for any one in the britchka; and before me, from the height which I occupy, the most delightful picture presents itself, — our four horses, Nerutchinskaya, the Deacon, Lyevaya, the pole-horse, and Apothecary, all of whom I know by heart in the most minute details and shades of each quality.

"Why is the Deacon on the right side to-day instead of on the left, Philip?" I inquired with some diffidence.

"Deacon?"

"And Nerutchinskaya is not drawing at all," I say.

"It is impossible to harness the Deacon on the left," says Philip, paying no attention to my last remark. "He is not

the kind of a horse which can be harnessed on the left; on the left a horse is needed which is a horse, in one word, and he's not such a horse as that."

And with these words Philip bends over to the right, and, pulling on the reins with all his might, he begins to whip poor Deacon on the tail and legs, in a peculiar manner, from below; and in spite of the fact that Deacon tries with all his might, and drags the whole britchka along, Philip ceases this manœuvre only when he finds it necessary to take a rest and to tip his hat over on one side, for some unknown reason, although it was sitting very properly and firmly on his head already. I take advantage of this favorable opportunity, and beg Philip to let me drive. At first Philip gives me one rein, then another; and finally all six reins and the whip are transferred to my hands and, I am perfectly happy. I endeavor in every way to imitate Philip; I ask him whether *that* is right: but it generally ends in his leaving me dissatisfied; he says that one horse is pulling a great deal, and that another is not pulling at all, thrusts his elbow out in front of my breast, and takes the reins away from me. The heat increases continually. The little white clouds, which we call sheep, begin to puff up higher and higher, like soap-bubbles, then unite and take on a dark-gray tint. A hand, holding a bottle and a little package, emerges from the coach window. Vasili leaps from the box with wonderful agility, while we are in motion, and brings us little cheesecakes and kvas.

We all alight from the carriages at a sharp descent, and have a race to the bridge, while Vasili and Yakov put on the brakes, and support the coach on both sides with their hands as though they were able to restrain it if it fell. Then, with Mimi's permission, either I or Volodya seat ourselves in the coach, and Liubotchka or Katenka takes the place in the britchka. These changes afford the girls great pleasure, because, as they justly decide, it is jollier in the britchka. Sometimes, when it is hot and we are passing through the woods, we linger behind the coach, tear off green boughs, and build an arbor in the britchka. This moving arbor overtakes the coach, and Liubotchka pipes up in the most piercing of voices, which she never forgets to do on any occasion which affords her pleasure.

But here is the village where we are to dine and rest. We have already smelled the village, the smoke, tar, lamb-skins. We have heard the sound of conversation, steps and wheels;

the bells already sound differently from what they did in the open fields; and *izbás* (cottages) appear on either side with their thatched roofs, carved wooden porches, and little windows with red and green shutters, between which the face of a curious woman peeps out. Here are the little peasant boys and girls, clad only in thin little smocks, who open their eyes wide, and throw out their hands and stand motionless on one spot, or run swiftly with their little bare feet through the dust, after the carriages, and try to climb upon the trunks, in spite of Philip's menacing gestures. The blonde inhabitants hasten up to the carriages from every direction, and endeavor, with alluring words and gestures, to entice the travellers from each other. Tpru! the gate creaks, the splinter-bar catches on the gate-posts, and we enter the court-yard. Four hours of rest and freedom!

CHAPTER II.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

The sun declined towards the west, and burned my neck and cheeks intolerably with its hot, slanting rays. It was impossible to touch the scorching sides of the britchka. The dust rose thickly in the road, and filled the air. There was not the slightest breeze to carry it away. In front of us, and always at the same distance, rolled the tall, dusty body of the coach and the splinter-bar, from behind which, now and then, the knout was visible as the coachman flourished it, as well as his hat and Yakov's cap. I did not know what to do with myself; neither Volodya's face, which was black with dust, as he dozed beside me, nor the movements of Philip's back, nor the long shadow of our britchka, which followed us beneath the oblique rays of the sun, afforded me any diversion. My entire attention was directed to the verst-stones, which I perceived in the distance, and to the clouds, which had before been scattered over the sky, and had now collected into one big, dark mass. From time to time, the thunder rumbled afar. This last circumstance, more than all the rest, increased my impatience to reach the post-house as speedily as possible. A thunder-storm occasioned me an indescribably oppressive sensation of sadness and terror.

It was still ten versts to the nearest; but the great, dark, purple cloud which had collected, God knows whence, without the smallest breeze, was moving swiftly upon us. The sun, which is not yet hidden by the clouds, brightly illumines its dark form, and the gray streaks which extend from it to the very horizon. From time to time, the lightning flashes in the distance; and a faint, dull roar is audible, which gradually increases in volume, approaches, and changes into broken peals which embrace the whole heavens. Vasili stands upon the box, and raises the cover of the britchka. The coachmen put on their armyaks, and, at every clap of thun-

der, remove their hats and cross themselves. The horses prick up their ears, puff out their nostrils as if smelling the fresh air which is wafted from the approaching thunder-cloud, and the britchka rolls faster along the dusty road. I feel oppressed, and am conscious that the blood courses more rapidly through my veins. But the advance guard of clouds already begins to conceal the sun ; now it has peeped forth for the last time, has illumined the terribly dark portion of the horizon, and vanished. The entire landscape suddenly undergoes a change, and assumes a gloomy character. The ash woods quiver ; the leaves take on a kind of dull whitish hue, and stand out against the purple background of cloud, and rustle and flutter ; the crowns of the great birches begin to rock, and tufts of dry grass fly across the road. The water and white-breasted swallows circle about the britchka, and fly beneath the horses, as though with the intention of stopping us ; daws with ruffled wings fly sideways to the wind : the edges of the leather apron, which we have buttoned up, begin to rise, and admit bursts of moist wind, and flap and beat against the body of the carriage. The lightning seems to flash in the britchka itself, dazzles the vision, and for a moment lights up the gray cloth, the border gimp, and Volodya's figure cowering in a corner. At the same moment, directly above our heads, a majestic roar resounds, which seems to rise ever higher and higher, and to spread ever wider and wider, in a vast spiral, gradually gaining force, until it passes into a deafening crash, which causes one to tremble and hold one's breath involuntarily. The wrath of God ! how much poetry there is in this conception of the common people !

The wheels whirl faster and faster. From the backs of Vasily and Philip, who is flourishing his reins, I perceive that they are afraid. The britchka rolls swiftly down the hill, and thunders over the bridge of planks. I am afraid to move, and momentarily await our universal destruction.

Tpru ! the trace is broken, and in spite of the unceasing, deafening claps of thunder, we are forced to halt upon the bridge.

I lean my head against the side of the britchka, and, catching my breath with a sinking of the heart, I listen despairingly to the movements of Philip's fat black fingers, as he slowly ties a knot, and straightens out the traces, and strikes the side horse with palm and whip-handle.

The uneasy feelings of sadness and terror increase within me with the force of the storm; but when the grand moment of silence arrives, which generally precedes the thunder-clap, these feelings had reached such a point, that, if this state of things had lasted a quarter of an hour, I am convinced that I should have died of excitement. At the same moment, there appears from beneath the bridge a human form, clothed in a dirty, ragged shirt, with a bloated senseless face, a shaven, wagging, totally uncovered head, crooked, nerveless legs, and a shining red stump in place of a hand, which he thrusts out directly at the britchka.

"Ba-a-schka![1] Help-a-cripple-for-Christ's-sake!" says the beggar, beginning to repeat his petition by rote, in a weak voice, as he crosses himself at every word, and bows to his very belt.

I cannot describe the feeling of chill terror which took possession of my soul at that moment. A shudder ran through my hair, and my eyes were riveted on the beggar, in a stupor of fright.

Vasili, who bestows the alms on the journey, is giving Philip directions how to strengthen the trace; and it is only when all is ready, and Philip, gathering up the reins, climbs upon the box, that he begins to draw something from his side pocket. But we have no sooner started than a dazzling flash of lightning, which fills the whole ravine for a moment with its fiery glare, brings the horses to a stand, and is accompanied, without the slightest interval, by such a deafening clap of thunder that it seems as though the whole vault of heaven were falling in ruins upon us. The wind increases; the manes and tails of the horses, Vasily's cloak, and the edges of the apron, take one direction, and flutter wildly in the bursts of the raging gale. A great drop of rain fell heavily upon the leather hood of the britchka, then a second, a third, a fourth; and all at once it beat upon us like a drum, and the whole landscape resounded with the regular murmur of falling rain. I perceive, from the movement of Vasili's elbow, that he is untying his purse; the beggar, still crossing himself and bowing, runs close to the wheel, so that it seems as if he would be crushed. "Give-for-Christ's-sake!" At last a copper groschen flies past us, and the wretched creature halts with surprise in the middle of the road; his smock, wet through and through, and clinging to

[1] Imperfect pronunciation of *batiuschka*, little father.

his lean limbs, flutters in the gale, and he disappears from our sight.

The slanting rain, driving before a strong wind, poured down as from a bucket; streams trickled from Vasili's frieze back into the puddle of dirty water which had collected on the apron. The dust, which at first had been beaten into pellets, was converted into liquid mud, through which the wheels splashed; the jolts became fewer, and turbid brooks flowed in the ruts. The lightning-flashes grew broader and paler; the thunder-claps were no longer so startling after the uniform sound of the rain.

Now the rain grows less violent; the thunder-cloud begins to disperse; light appears in the place where the sun should be, and a scrap of clear azure is almost visible through the grayish-white edges of the cloud. A moment more, and a timid ray of sunlight gleams in the pools along the road, upon the sheets of fine, perpendicular rain which fall as if through a sieve, and upon the shining, newly washed verdure of the wayside grass.

The black thunder-cloud overspreads the opposite portion of the sky in equally threatening fashion, but I no longer fear it. I experience an inexpressibly joyous feeling of hope in life, which has quickly taken the place of my oppressive sensation of fear. My soul smiles, like Nature, refreshed and enlivened.

Vasily turns down his coat-collar, takes off the apron, and shakes it. I lean out of the britchka, and eagerly drink in the fresh, perfumed air. The shining, well-washed body of the coach, with its cross-bar and trunks, rolls along in front of us; the backs of the horses, the breeching and reins, the tires of the wheels, all are wet, and glitter in the sun as though covered with lacquer. On one side of the road, a limitless field of winter wheat, intersected here and there by shallow channels, gleams with damp earth and verdure, and spreads in a carpet of varying tints to the very horizon; on the other side an ash grove, with an undergrowth of nut-bushes and wild cherry, stands as in an overflow of bliss, quite motionless, and slowly sheds the bright rain-drops from its well-washed branches upon last year's dry leaves. Crested larks flutter about on all sides with joyous song and fall; in the wet bushes, the uneasy movements of little birds are audible, and the note of the cuckoo is wafted distinctly from the heart of the wood. The marvellous perfume of the

forest is so enchanting after this spring thunder-storm, the scent of the birches, the violets, the dead leaves, the mushrooms, the wild-cherry trees, that I cannot sit still in the britchka, but jump from the step, run to the bushes, and in spite of the shower of rain-drops I tear off branches of the fluttering cherry-trees, switch my face with them, and drink in their wondrous perfume.

Without heeding the fact that great clods of mud adhere to my boots, and that my stockings were wet through long ago, I splash through the mud, at a run, to the window of the coach.

"Liubotchka! Katenka!" I cry, handing in several branches of cherry, "see how beautiful!"

The girls pipe up, and cry "ah!" Mimi screams that I am to go away, or I shall infallibly be crushed.

"Smell how sweet it is!" I shout.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW VIEW.

KATENKA was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression, which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhof, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding-thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me: she raised her head, and turned towards me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And we are all to live there?"

"Of course: we shall live up-stairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together down-stairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic — and cross."

"No-o! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross: on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name-day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall" —

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows'" —

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.'"

"Yes, it's a pity that you were not there: there were ever so many guests, — forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am: you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No: you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned towards her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in every thing, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you; and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us"—

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes, when I gave utterance to a long-repressed, tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to know us."

"Well, it's impossible to remain the same always; one must change some time," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining every thing by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarrelling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl*, she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise: some people must be stupid." But this reply, that a change was necessary sometimes, did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries:

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's back. "My mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part some day, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katya. It seemed to me, that, since Mimi and Katya had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share every thing equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich, that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical intinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress.

"No: I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a monastery, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed: as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another side to you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first

time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head, that not our family alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life for people who have nothing in common with us, who care nothing for us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one such family as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance, — the question entered my mind for the first time, what could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question, others arose: how and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

CHAPTER IV.

IN MOSCOW.

On our arrival in Moscow, the change in my views of things, people, and my own relations to them, became still more sensible. When, at my first meeting with grandmamma, I saw her thin wrinkled face and dim eyes, the feeling of servile reverence and terror which I had entertained for her changed to one of sympathy. It made me uncomfortable to see her sorrow at meeting us. I recognized the fact that we, of ourselves, were nothing in her eyes; that we were dear to her as memories. I felt that this thought was expressed in every one of the kisses with which she covered my cheeks: "She is dead; she is gone; I shall never see her more."

Papa, who had next to nothing to do with us in Moscow, and, with ever-anxious face, came to us only at dinner-time, in a black coat or dress-suit, lost a great deal in my eyes, along with his big flaring collars, his dressing-gown, his stewards, his clerks, and his expeditions of the threshing-floor and hunting. Karl Ivanitch, whom grandmamma called *dyadka*, and who had suddenly taken it into his head, God knows why, to exchange his respectable and familiar baldness for a red wig with a parting almost in the middle of his head, seemed to me so strange and ridiculous, that I wondered how I could have failed to remark it before.

Some invisible barrier also made its appearance between the girls and us. Both they and we had our own secrets. They seemed to take on airs before us over their petticoats, which grew longer, and we were proud of our trousers with straps. And Mimi appeared at the first Sunday dinner in such an elegant gown, and with such ribbons on her head, that it was at once apparent that we were not in the country, and that every thing was to be different now.

CHAPTER V.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

I was only a year and some months younger than Volodya: we had grown up, studied and played together always. The distinction of elder and younger was not made between us. But just about the time of which I am speaking I began to comprehend that Volodya was not my comrade in years, inclinations, and qualities. It even seemed to me that Volodya recognized his superiority, and was proud of it. This conviction, possibly a false one, inspired me with self-love, which suffered at every encounter with him. He stood higher than I in every thing, — in amusements, in studies, in quarrels, in the knowledge of how to conduct himself; and all this removed me to a distance from him, and caused me to experience moral torments which were incomprehensible to me. If, on the first occasion when Volodya put on linen shirts with plaits, I had said plainly that I was vexed at not having the same, I am sure that I should have been more comfortable, and it would not have seemed, every time that he adjusted his collar, that it was done solely in order to hurt my feelings.

What tormented me most of all was, that Volodya understood me, as it seemed to me at times, but tried to hide it.

Who has not remarked those secret, wordless relations which are shown in an imperceptible smile, a motion or a glance, between people who live together constantly, brothers, friends, husband and wife, master and servant, and particularly when these people are not in every respect frank with each other! How many unuttered desires, thoughts, and fears — of being understood — are expressed in one casual glance when our eyes meet timidly and irresolutely!

But possibly I was deceived on this point by my excessive sensibility, and tendency to analysis; perhaps Volodya did not feel at all as I did. He was impetuous, frank, and in-

constant in his impulses. He was carried away by the most diverse objects, and he entered into them with his whole soul.

At one time a passion for pictures took possession of him; he took to drawing himself, spent all his money on it, begged of his drawing-master, of papa and of grandmamma; then it was a passion for articles with which he decorated his table, and he collected them from all parts of the house; then a passion for romances, which he procured on the sly, and read all day and all night. I was involuntarily carried away by his hobbies; but I was too proud to follow in his footsteps, and too young and too little self-dependent to select a new path. But there was nothing which I envied so much as Volodya's happy, frank, and noble character, which was displayed with special clearness in the quarrels which took place between us. I felt that he behaved well, but could not imitate him.

Once, during the greatest fervor of his passion for ornamental articles, I went up to his table, and unintentionally broke an empty variegated little smelling-bottle.

"Who asked you to touch my things?" said Volodya, as he entered the room, and perceived the havoc which I had wrought in the symmetry of the varied ornaments of his table; "and where's that little smelling-bottle? you must have" —

"I dropped it unintentionally: it broke. Where's the harm?"

"Please never to *dare* to touch my things," he said, putting the bits of the broken bottle together, and regarding them sorrowfully.

"Please *don't give any orders*," I retorted. "I broke it, that's the end of it: what's the use of talking about it?"

And I smiled, although I had not the least desire to smile.

"Yes, it's nothing to you, but it's *something* to me," went on Volodya, making that motion of shrugging his shoulders which he had inherited from papa: "he has broken it, and yet he laughs, this intolerable *little boy!*"

"I am a little boy, but you are big and stupid."

"I don't mean to quarrel with you," said Volodya, giving me a slight push: "go away."

"Don't you push me!"

"Go away!"

"I tell you, don't you push me!"

Volodya took me by the hand, and tried to drag me away from the table; but I was irritated to the highest degree. I seized the table by the leg, and tipped it over. "Take that!" and all the ornaments of porcelain and glass were shivered in pieces on the floor.

"You disgusting little boy!" shrieked Volodya, attempting to uphold the falling ornaments.

"Well, every thing is at an end between us now!" I thought, as I quitted the room: "we have quarrelled forever."

We did not speak to each other until evening: I felt myself in the wrong, was afraid to look at him, and could not occupy myself with any thing all day long. Volodya, on the contrary, studied well, and chatted and laughed with the girls after dinner, as usual.

As soon as our teacher had finished his lessons, I left the room. I was too afraid, awkward, and conscience-stricken to remain alone with my brother. After the evening lesson in history, I took my note-book, and started towards the door. As I passed Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to go up to him, and make peace, I pouted, and tried to put on an angry face. Volodya raised his head just at that moment, and with a barely perceptible, good-naturedly derisive smile, looked boldly at me. Our eyes met, and I knew that he understood me, and also that I understood that he understood me; but an insuperable feeling made me turn away.

"Nikolinka!" he said, in his usual simple and not at all pathetic voice: "you've been angry long enough. Forgive me if I insulted you."

And he gave me his hand.

All at once, something rose higher and higher in my breast, and began to oppress me, and stop my breath: tears came to my eyes, and I felt better.

"For-give me, Vol-dya!" I said, squeezing his hand.

But Volodya looked at me as though he could not at all comprehend why there were tears in my eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

MASCHA.

But not one of the changes which took place in my views of things was so surprising to me myself, as that in consequence of which I ceased to regard one of our maids as a servant of the female sex, and began to regard her as a *woman*, on whom my peace and happiness might, in some degree, depend.

From the time when I can remember any thing, I recall Mascha in our house; and never, until the occasion which altered my view of her completely, and which I will relate presently, did I pay the slightest attention to her. Mascha was twenty-five when I was fourteen; she was very pretty. But I am afraid to describe her. I fear lest my fancy should again present to me the enchanting and deceitful picture which existed in it during the period of my passion for her. In order to make no mistake, I will merely say, that she was remarkably white, luxuriantly developed, and was a woman; and I was fourteen years old.

At one of those moments when, with lesson in hand, you busy yourself with a promenade up and down the room, endeavoring to step only on one crack in the floor, or with the singing of some incoherent air, or the smearing of the edge of the table with ink, or the repetition, without the application of any thought, of some phrase, — in a word, at one of those moments when the mind refuses to act, and the imagination, assuming the upper hand, seeks an impression, — I stepped out of the schoolroom, and went down to the landing, without any object whatever.

Some one in slippers was ascending the next turn of the stairs. Of course I wanted to know who it was; but the sound of the footsteps suddenly ceased, and I heard Mascha's voice:

"Now, what are you playing pranks for? Will it be well when Marya Ivanovna comes?"

"She won't come," said Volodya's voice in a whisper, and then there was some movement, as if Volodya had attempted to detain her.

"Now what are you doing with your hands? you shameless fellow!" and Mascha ran past me with her neckerchief pushed to one side, so that her plump white neck was visible beneath it.

I cannot express the degree of amazement which this discovery caused me; but the feeling of amazement soon gave way to sympathy with Volodya's caper. What surprised me was not his behavior, but how he had got at the idea that it was pleasant to behave so. And involuntarily I began to want to imitate him.

I sometimes spent whole hours on that landing, without a single thought, listening with strained attention to the slightest movement which proceeded from above; but I never could force myself to imitate Volodya, in spite of the fact that I wanted to do it more than any thing else in the world. Sometimes, having concealed myself behind a door, I listened with envy and jealousy to the commotion which arose in the maids' room, and the thought occurred to me, What would be my position if I were to go up-stairs, and, like Volodya, try to kiss Mascha? What should I, with my broad nose and flaunting tuft of hair, say when she asked me what I wanted? Sometimes I heard Mascha say to Volodya, "Take that to punish you! Why do you cling to me? Go away, you scamp! Why doesn't Nikolai Petrovitch ever come here and make a fool of himself?" She did not know that Nikolai Petrovitch was at that moment sitting on the stairs, and would have given every thing in the world in order to be in the place of the scamp Volodya.

I was modest by nature, but my modesty was further increased by the conviction of my own ugliness. And I am sure that nothing has such a decisive influence upon a man's course as his personal appearance, and not so much his appearance as his belief in its attractiveness or unattractiveness.

I was too egotistical to become accustomed to my position, and consoled myself, like the fox, by assuring myself that the grapes were still green; that is to say, I endeavored to despise all the pleasures derived from the pleasing exterior which Volodya enjoyed in my eyes, and which I envied with all my soul, and I strained every nerve of my mind and imagination to find solace in proud solitude.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOT.

"My God, powder!" screamed Mimi, panting with emotion. "What are you doing? Do you want to burn the house down, and ruin us all?"

And, with an indescribable expression of firmness, Mimi commanded all to retire, walked up to the scattered shot with long and determined strides, and, despising the danger which might result from a premature explosion, she began to stamp it out with her feet. When, in her opinion, the danger was averted, she called Mikhei, and ordered him to fling all that *powder* as far away as possible, or, what was better still, into the water; and, proudly smoothing her cap, she betook herself to the drawing-room. "They are well looked after, there's no denying that," she grumbled.

When papa came from the wing, and we accompanied him to grandmamma, Mimi was already seated near the window in her room, gazing threateningly at the door with a certain mysteriously official expression. She held something enveloped in paper in her hand. I guessed that it was the shot, and that grandmamma already knew every thing.

In grandmamma's room there were, besides Mimi, Gascha the maid, who, as was evident from her red and angry face, was very much put out; and Dr. Blumenthal, a small, pock-marked man, who was vainly endeavoring to calm Gascha by making mysterious and pacifying signs to her with his eyes and head.

Grandmamma herself was sitting rather sideways, and laying out her "patience," the *Traveller*, which always indicated an extremely unpropitious frame of mind.

"How do you feel to-day, mamma? have you slept well?" said papa, as he respectfully kissed her hand.

"Very well, my dear; I believe you know that I am always well," replied grandmamma in a tone which seemed to

indicate that papa's question was as misplaced and insulting as it could be. "Well, are you going to give me a clean handkerchief?" she continued, turning to Gascha.

"I have given it to you," replied Gascha, pointing to a cambric handkerchief, as white as snow, which lay on the arm of the chair.

"Take away that dirty thing, and give me a clean one, my dear."

Gascha went to the *chiffonier*, pulled out a drawer, and slammed it in again with such force that all the glass in the room rattled. Grandmamma glanced round with a threatening look at all of us, and continued to watch the maid's movements attentively. When the latter gave her what appeared to me to be the same handkerchief, grandmamma said:

"When will you grind my snuff, my dear?"

"When there's time, I'll do it."

"What did you say?"

"I'll do it to-day."

"If you don't wish to serve me, my dear, you might have said so; I would have discharged you long ago."

"If you discharge me, I sha'n't cry," muttered the maid in a low tone.

At that moment the doctor tried to wink at her; but she looked at him with so much anger and decision that he immediately dropped his eyes, and busied himself with his watch-key.

"You see, my dear," said grandmamma, turning to papa, when Gascha, still muttering, had left the room, "how people speak to me in my own house."

"If you will permit me, mamma, I will grind your snuff," said papa, who was evidently very much embarrassed by this unexpected behavior.

"No, I thank you; she is impudent because she knows that no one but herself understands how to grind snuff as I like it. You know, my dear," went on grandmamma, after a momentary pause, "that your children came near setting the house on fire to-day?"

Papa gazed at grandmamma with respectful curiosity.

"This is what they play with. — Show him," she said, turning to Mimi.

Papa took the shot in his hand, and could not forbear a smile.

"Why, this is shot, mamma," said he; "it's not at all dangerous."

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear, for teaching me, only I'm too old."

"Nerves! nerves," whispered the doctor.

And papa immediately turned to us.

"Where did you get that? and how dare you play pranks with such things?"

"Don't ask them any thing; you must ask their dyadka,"[1] said grandmamma, pronouncing the word *dyadka* with particular contempt, "what he is looking after."

"Voldemar said that Karl Ivanitch himself gave him this *powder*," put in Mimi.

"Now you see what he is good for," continued grandmamma. "And where is he, that *dyadka*, what's his name? Send him here."

"I gave him leave to go out and make a visit," said papa.

"There's no sense in that; he ought to be here all the time. The children are not mine, but yours, and I have no right to advise you, because you are wiser than I," pursued grandmamma; "but it does seem as though it were time to engage a tutor for them, and not a *valet*, a German peasant, — yes, a stupid peasant, who can teach them nothing except bad manners and Tyrolese songs. Is it extremely necessary, now, I ask you, that children should know how to sing Tyrolese songs? However, nobody thinks of this *now*, and you can do as you please."

The word "now" meant that they had no mother, and called up sad memories in grandmamma's heart. She dropped her eyes on her snuff-box, with its portrait, and became thoughtful.

"I have long been meditating that," papa hastened to say, "and I wanted to advise with you, mamma. Shall we not invite St. Jerôme, who is now giving them lessons by the day?"

"You will be doing extremely well, my friend," said grandmamma, and no longer in the dissatisfied tone in which she had spoken before. "St. Jerôme is at least a tutor who knows how children of good family should be trained, and not a paltry *valet*, who is good for nothing but to take them to walk."

"I will speak with him to-morrow," said papa.

And, in fact, two days after this conversation, Karl Ivanitch yielded his place to the young French dandy.

[1] Valet.

CHAPTER VIII.

KARL IVANITCH'S HISTORY.

LATE on the evening which preceded the day which Karl Ivanitch was to leave us forever, he stood beside the bed in his wadded gown and red cap, bending over his trunk, and carefully packing his effects.

Karl Ivanitch's intercourse with us had been peculiarly dry of late. He seemed to avoid all connection with us; so when I now entered the room, he glanced askance at me, and went on with his work. I lay down on my bed, but Karl Ivanitch, who had in former times strictly prohibited this, said nothing to me; and the thought that he would never more scold us or stop us, that he had no concern with us now, reminded me vividly of the approaching separation. I was sorry that he had ceased to love us, and wanted to express this feeling to him. "Let me help you, Karl Ivanitch," I said, going up to him. Karl Ivanitch glanced at me, and again turned aside; but in the fleeting look which he cast at me, I read not the indifference with which he explained his coldness, but genuine, concentrated grief.

"God sees all, and knows all; and may His holy will be done in all things!" he said, drew himself up to his full height, and sighed heavily. "Yes, Nikolinka," he went on, perceiving the expression of unfeigned sympathy with which I regarded him, "it is my fate to be unhappy from my very infancy to my coffin. I have always been repaid with evil for the good which I have done to people; and my reward is not here, but yonder," he said, pointing toward heaven. "If you only knew my history, and all that I have undergone in this life! I have been a shoemaker, I have been a soldier, I have been a *deserter*, I have been a workman, I have been a teacher, and now I am nothing; and, like the Son of God, I have nowhere to lay my head," he concluded, and, closing his eyes, he fell into a chair.

Perceiving that Karl Ivanitch was in that sensitive state of mind in which he uttered his dearest thoughts for his own satisfaction, without heeding the hearer, I seated myself on the bed in silence, and without removing my eyes from his kind face.

"You are not a child, you can understand. I will tell you my story, and all that I have endured in this life. Some day you will recall the old friend, who loved you very much, children."

Karl Ivanitch leaned his elbow on the table which stood beside him, took a pinch of snuff, and, rolling his eyes heavenward, began his tale in that peculiar, measured, throat voice, in which he usually dictated to us.

"*I was unhappy even before I was born*,"[1] he said with great feeling.

As Karl Ivanitch related his history to me more than once afterwards, in exactly the same terms, and always with the same identical intonations, I hope to be able to reproduce it almost word for word, the faults of language, of course, excepted, of which the reader can form his own judgment from the first sentence. Whether it really was his history, or a production of the imagination, which had had its birth during his lonely life in our house, or whether he only colored the real events of his life with fantastic facts, I have not been able to decide to this day. On the one hand, he related his story with too much of that lively feeling and methodical sequence which constitute the chief proofs of veracity, to permit one to doubt it: on the other hand, there was too much poetic beauty about his history, so that this very beauty evoked doubts.

"In my veins flows the noble blood of the counts of Sommerblatt. I was born six weeks after the marriage. My mother's husband (I called him papa) was a farmer under Count Sommerblatt. He could never forget my mother's shame, and did not love me. I had a little brother Johann and two sisters; but I was a stranger in the midst of my own family. When Johann committed any follies, papa used to say, 'I never have a moment's peace with that child Karl!' and then I was scolded and punished. When my sisters got angry with each other, papa said, 'Karl will never be an obedient boy!' and I was scolded and punished.

1 "*Unglück verfolgte mich schon im Schoosse meiner Mutter.*" The Russian is also incorrect.

"My good mamma alone loved me and petted me. She often said to me, 'Karl, come here, to my room,' and then she kissed me on the sly. 'Poor, poor Karl!' she said, 'no one loves you, but I would not change you for any one. One thing your mamma begs of you,' she said to me: 'study well, and always be an honorable man, and God will not desert you.' And I tried. When I was fourteen, and could go to communion, mamma said to papa, 'Karl is a big boy now, Gustav: what shall we do with him?' And papa said, 'I don't know.' Then mamma said, 'Let us send him to Herr Schultz in the town, and let him be a shoemaker.' And papa said, 'Very good.' Six years and seven months I lived in the town, with the master shoemaker, and the master loved me. He said, 'Karl is a good workman, and he shall soon be my partner.' But man proposes, and God disposes. In 1796 a conscription was appointed, and all who could serve, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, must assemble in the town.

"Papa and brother Johann came to town, and we went together to draw lots to see who should be and who should not be a soldier. Johann drew a bad number: he must become a soldier. I drew a good number: I was not obliged to become a soldier. And papa said, 'I had one son, and I must part with him.'

"I took his hand, and said, 'Why did you say that, papa? Come with me, I will tell you something.' And papa went. Papa went, and we seated ourselves at a little table. 'Give us a couple of jugs of beer,' I said, and they were brought. We drank them glass for glass, and brother Johann drank also.

"'Papa,' I said, 'do not say that you had one son, and you must part with him. My heart wants to *leap out* when I hear *that*. Brother Johann shall not serve: I will be a soldier. No one needs Karl here, and Karl will be a soldier.'

"'You are an honest man, Karl Ivanitch,' said papa to me, and he kissed me.

"And I became a soldier.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING.

"THAT was a terrible time, Nikolinka," continued Karl Ivanitch. "Napoleon was alive then. He wanted to conquer Germany, and we defended our fatherland to the last drop of blood!

"I was at Ulm, I was at Austerlitz, I was at Wagram."

"Did you fight too?" I asked, gazing at him in amazement. "Did you also kill people?"

Karl Ivanitch immediately relieved my mind on that score.

"Once a French grenadier lingered behind his comrades, and fell by the way. I ran up with my gun, and was about to transfix him; but the Frenchman threw away his weapons, and begged for mercy, and I let him go.

"At Wagram, Napoleon chased us to the islands, and surrounded us so that there was no safety anywhere. For three days we had no provisions, and we stood in the water up to our knees.

"The miscreant Napoleon would neither take us nor leave us.

"On the fourth day, thank God, we were taken prisoners, and led off to the fortress. I had on blue trousers, a uniform of good cloth, fifteen thalers in money, and a silver watch, the gift of my papa. A French soldier took all from me. Fortunately, I had three ducats left, which mamma had sewed into my doublet. Nobody found them.

"I did not wish to remain long in the fortress, and decided to run away. Once on a great festival day, I told the sergeant who looked after us, 'Herr sergeant, this is a solemn festival, and I want to observe it. Please fetch two bottles of Madeira, and we will drink them together.' And the sergeant said, 'Very good.' When the sergeant brought the Madeira, and we had drank it in a wineglass, turn and turn about, I took him by the hand, and said, 'Herr ser-

geant, do you happen to have a father and mother?' He said, 'Yes, Herr Mauer.' — 'My father and mother,' said I, 'have not seen me for eight years, and do not know whether I am alive or whether my bones are lying in the damp earth. O Herr sergeant! I have two ducats, which were in my doublet: take them, and let me go. Be my benefactor, and my mamma will pray to Almighty God for you all her life.'

"The sergeant drank a glass of Madeira, and said, 'Herr Mauer, I love and pity you extremely; but you are a prisoner, and I am a soldier.' I pressed his hand, and said, 'Herr sergeant!'

"And the sergeant said, 'You are a poor man, and I will not take your money; but I will help you. When I go to bed, buy a bucket of brandy for the soldiers, and they will sleep. I will not watch you.'

"He was a good man. I bought the bucket of brandy; and when the soldiers were drunk, I put on my boots and my old cloak, and went out of the door. I went to the wall, with the intention of jumping over; but there was water there, and I would not spoil my last remaining clothes. I went to the gate.

"The sentry was marching up and down with his gun,[1] and he looked at me. 'Qui vive?' he said for the first time, and I made no answer. 'Qui vive?' said he the second time, and I made no answer. 'Qui vive?' he said for the third time, *and I ran away. I sprang into the water, climbed out on the other side, and took my departure.*

"All night I ran along the road; but when it began to dawn, I was afraid that they would recognize me, and I hid in the tall rye. Then I knelt, folded my hands, and thanked our heavenly Father for saving me, and fell asleep with a tranquil mind.

"I woke in the evening, and proceeded farther. All at once, a great German wagon with two black horses overtook me. In the wagon sat a handsomely dressed man, who was smoking a pipe, and looking at me. I walked slowly, in order that the wagon might pass me; but when I went slowly, the wagon went more slowly still, and the man stared at me. I sat down by the roadside; the man stopped his horses, and looked at me. 'Young man,' said he, 'whither are you going so late?' I said, 'I am going

[1] Karl Ivanitch's language is an extraordinary mixture of bad Russian and German, which it is impossible to reproduce without much tiresome repetition. — TR.

to Frankfort.' — 'Get into my wagon; there's room, and I will take you there. Why have you nothing with you? why is your beard unshaved? and why are your clothes muddy?' he said to me, when I had seated myself by him. 'I am a poor man,' I said. 'I want to hire out somewhere as a workman; and my clothes are muddy because I fell down in the road.' — 'You are telling an untruth, young man,' said he: 'the road is dry now.'

"And I remained silent.

"'Tell me the whole truth,' said the good man to me. 'Who are you, and whence come you? Your face pleases me, and if you are an honest man I will help you.'

"And I told him all. He said, 'Very good, young man. Come to my rope-factory. I will give you work, clothes, and money, and you shall live with me.'

"And I said, 'Very well.'

"We went to the rope-factory, and the good man said to his wife, 'Here is a young man who has fought for his country, and escaped from captivity; he has neither home, clothes, nor bread. He will live with me. Give him some clean linen, and feed him.'

"I lived at the rope-factory for a year and a half, and my master became so fond of me that he would not let me go. I was a handsome man then; I was young, tall, with blue eyes, and a Roman nose; and Madame L. (I cannot tell her name), the wife of my master, was a young and pretty woman, and she fell in love with me.

"When she saw me, she said, 'Herr Mauer, what does your mamma call you?' I said, 'Karlchen.'

"And she said, 'Karlchen, sit here beside me.'

"I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Karlchen, kiss me!'

"I kissed her, and she said, 'Karlchen, I love you so, that I cannot endure it any longer,' and she trembled all over."

Here Karl Ivanitch made a prolonged pause; and rolling up his kind blue eyes, he rocked his head, and began to smile, as people do when under the influence of pleasant recollections.

"Yes," he began again, settling himself in his arm-chair, and folding his dressing-gown about him, "I have been through a great deal, both of good and bad, in my life; but He is my witness," he said, pointing to a figure of the Saviour, worked on canvas, which hung over his bed, "nobody

can say that Karl Ivanitch has been a dishonorable man! I would not repay the kindness which Herr L. had shown me, by black ingratitude; and I resolved to run away from him. In the evening, when all had gone to bed, I wrote a letter to my master, laid it on the table in my room, took my clothes and three thalers in money, and stepped quietly out into the street. No one saw me, and I walked along the road.

CHAPTER X.

CONTINUATION.

"I HAD not seen my mamma for nine years; and I did not know whether she was alive, or whether her bones were already lying in the damp earth. I returned to my father-land. When I reached the town, I inquired where Gustav Mauer lived, who had been farmer to Count Sommerblatt; and they told me, 'Count Sommerblatt is dead; and Gustav Mauer lives in the high street, and keeps a liquor-shop.' I put on my new vest, a handsome coat (a gift of the manufacturer), brushed my hair well, and went to my papa's liquor-shop. My sister Mariechen was sitting in the shop, and inquired what I wanted. I said, 'May I drink a glass of liquor?' and she said, 'Father, a young man is asking for a glass of liquor.' And papa said, 'Give the young man a glass of liquor.' I sat down at the table, drank my glass of liquor, smoked my pipe, and looked at papa, Mariechen, and Johann, who had also entered the shop. During the conversation, papa said to me, 'You probably know, young man, where our army stands now?' I said, 'I have come from the army myself, and it is near Vienna.' —'Our son,' said papa, 'was a soldier, and it is nine years since he has written to us, and we do not know whether he is alive or dead. My wife is always weeping for him.' I smoked away at my pipe, and said, 'What was your son's name, and where did he serve? Perhaps I know him.'—'He was called Karl Mauer, and he served in the Austrian *Jägers*,' said papa. 'He was a tall, handsome man, like you,' said sister Mariechen.

"'I know your Karl,' said I. 'Amalia!' cried my father suddenly, 'come here! here is a young man who knows our Karl.' *And my dear mamma comes through the rear door. I immediately recognize her.* '*You know our Karl?*' *she said, looked at me, turned very pale, and began*

to tremble! 'Yes, I have seen him,' said I, and did not dare to lift my eyes to her; my heart wanted to *leap*. 'My Karl is alive!' said mamma, 'thank God! Where is he, my dear Karl? I should die in peace if I could see him once more, my beloved son; but it is not God's will,' and she began to cry. *I could not bear it.* 'Mamma,' said I, 'I am your Karl,' *and she fell into my arms.*"

Karl Ivanitch closed his eyes, and his lips trembled.

"'Mother,' said I, 'I am your son, I am your Karl,' and she fell into my arms," he repeated, becoming somewhat calmer, as he wiped away the big tears which trickled down his cheeks.

"But it was not God's pleasure that I should end my days in my own country. I was destined to ill luck. Misfortune followed me everywhere. I lived in my native land only three months. One Sunday I was in a coffee-house buying a jug of beer, smoking my pipe, and talking politics with my acquaintances, and about the Emperor Franz, about Napoleon and the war, and each one was expressing his opinion. Near us sat a strange gentleman, in a gray overcoat, who drank his coffee, smoked his pipe, and said nothing to us. When the night watchman cried ten o'clock, I took my hat, paid my reckoning, and went home. About midnight some one knocked at the door. I woke up and said, 'Who's there?'—'Open!' I said, 'Tell me who you are, and I will open.'—'Open in the name of the law!' came the answer from outside the door, and I opened. Two soldiers with guns stood at the door; and the strange man in the gray overcoat, who had been sitting near us in the coffee-house, entered the room. He was a spy. 'Come with me,' said the spy. 'Very good,' said I. I put on my boots and trousers, buckled my suspenders, and walked about the room. I was raging at heart. I said, 'He is a villain.' When I reached the wall where my sword hung, I suddenly seized it, and said, '*You are a spy: defend yourself!*' I gave him a cut on the right, a cut on the left, *and one on the head. The spy fell!* I seized my portmanteau and my money, and leaped out of the window. I got to Ems; there I made the acquaintance of General Sazin. He took a fancy to me, got a passport from the ambassador, and took me to Russia with him to teach his children. When General Sazin died, your mamma called me to her. 'Karl Ivanitch,' she said, 'I give my children into your charge: love them, and I will

never discharge you; I will make your old age comfortable.' Now she is dead, and all is forgotten. After twenty years of service I must now go out into the street, in my old age, to seek a crust of dry bread. *God sees it and knows it, and His holy will be done: only I am sorry for you, children!*" said Karl Ivanitch in conclusion, drawing me to him by the hand, and kissing me on the head.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE.

By the conclusion of the year of mourning, grandmamma had somewhat recovered from the grief which had prostrated her, and began to receive guests now and then, especially children, boys and girls of our own age.

On Liubotchka's birthday, the 13th of December, Princess Kornakova and her daughters, Madame Valakhina and Sonitchka, Ilinka Grap, and the two younger Ivin brothers, arrived before dinner.

The sounds of conversation, laughter, and running about ascended to us from below, where all this company was assembled; but we could not join them until our morning lessons were finished. On the calendar which was suspended in the schoolroom was inscribed: "Monday, from 2 to 3, teacher of history and geography;" and it was that master of history whom we were obliged to wait for, listen to, and get rid of, before we should be free. It was twenty minutes past two, but nothing had yet been heard of the teacher of history; he was not even to be seen in the street which he must traverse, and which I was inspecting with a strong desire of never beholding him.

"Lebedeff does not appear to be coming to-day," said Volodya, tearing himself for a moment from Smaragdoff's book, in which he was preparing his lesson.

"God grant, God grant he may not! but I know nothing. But he seems to be coming yonder," I added in a sorrowful voice.

Volodya rose, and came to the window.

"No, that is not he; it is some *gentleman*," said he. "Let's wait until half-past two," he added, stretching himself and scratching his head, as he was in the habit of doing in moments of respite from work; "if he has not come by half-past two, then we can tell St. Jerôme to take away the note-books."

"I don't see what he wants to co-o-o-me for," I said, stretching also, and shaking Kaidanoff's book, which I held in both hands, above my head.

For lack of something to do, I opened the book at the place where our lesson was appointed, and began to read. The lesson was long and difficult. I knew nothing about it, and I perceived that I should not succeed in remembering any thing about it, the more so as I was in that state of nervous excitement in which one's thoughts refuse to concentrate themselves on any subject whatever.

After the last history lesson, which always seemed to me the very stupidest, on the most wearisome of all subjects, Lebedeff had complained to St. Jerôme about me; and two marks were placed against me in the books, which was considered very bad. St. Jerôme told me then, that, if I got less than three at the next lesson, I should be severely punished. Now this next lesson was imminent, and I confess that I felt very much of a coward.

I was so carried away with the perusal of the lesson which I did not know, that the sound of galoshes being removed in the ante-room startled me all at once. I had hardly had time to cast a glance in that direction, when the pock-marked face which was so antipathetic to me, and the awkward, far too well known figure of the teacher, in its blue coat closely fastened with learned buttons, made their appearance in the doorway.

The teacher slowly deposited his hat on the window, his note-books on the table, pulled aside the tails of his swallow-tailed coat (as though it were very important), and seated himself, panting, in his place.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, rubbing one perspiring hand over the other: "let us first review what was said at the last lesson, and then I will endeavor to acquaint you with succeeding events of the Middle Ages."

That meant: Say your lesson.

At the moment when Volodya was answering him with the freedom and confidence peculiar to a person who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, I went out on the stairs, without any object whatever; and, since it was impossible for me to go down, it was very natural that I should find myself, quite unexpectedly to myself, on the landing. But just as I was about to install myself in my customary post of observation, behind a door, Mimi, who had always

been the cause of my misfortunes, suddenly ran against me. "You here?" said she, looking threateningly at me, then at the door of the maids' room, and then at me again.

I felt thoroughly guilty, both because I was not in the schoolroom, and because I was in a place where I had no business to be. So I held my tongue, and, hanging my head, exhibited in my person the most touching expression of penitence. "Well, who ever saw the like!" said Mimi. "What have you been doing here?" I remained silent. "No, things shall not be left in this state," she repeated, rapping her knuckles against the stair-railings: "I shall tell the Countess all about it."

It was already five minutes to three, when I returned to the schoolroom. The teacher was explaining the following lesson to Volodya, as though he had remarked neither my absence nor my presence. When he had finished his exposition, he began to put his note-books together, and Volodya went into the other room to fetch the lesson-ticket; and the cheering thought occurred to me, that all was over, and that I had been forgotten.

But all at once the teacher turned to me with a malicious half smile.

"I hope you have learned your lesson, sir," he said, rubbing his hands.

"I have learned it, sir," I answered.

"Try to tell me something about St. Louis's crusade," said he, shifting about in his chair, and gazing thoughtfully at his feet. "You may tell me first the causes which induced the French King to take the cross," said he, raising his brows, and pointing his finger at the ink-bottle. "Then you may explain to me the general and characteristic traits of that expedition," he added, making a movement with his wrist, as though endeavoring to catch something. "And, finally, the influence of this crusade upon European sovereignty in general," said he, striking the left side of the table with his note-books. "And upon the French monarchy in particular," he concluded, striking the right side of the table, and inclining his head to the right.

I gulped down my spittle a few times, coughed, bent my head on one side, and remained silent. Then seizing a pen, which lay upon the table, I began to pluck it to pieces, still maintaining my silence.

"Permit me to take that pen," said the teacher, extending his hand; "it is good for something. Now, sir!"

"Lou — King — St. Louis — was — was — was — a good and wise emperor."

"What, sir?"

"An emperor. He conceived the idea of going to Jerusalem, and *transferred the reins of government* to his mother."

"What was her name?"

"B — B — lanka."

"What, sir? Bulanka?"[1]

I laughed rather awkwardly, and with constraint.

"Well, sir, do you know any thing else?" he said sarcastically.

There was nothing for me to lose, so I coughed, and began to utter whatever lies came into my head. The teacher, who sat silently flicking the dust from the table, with the quill pen which he had taken away from me, gazed straight past my ear, and repeated, "Good, very good, sir." I was conscious that I knew nothing, that I was not expressing myself at all as I should; and it pained me frightfully to see that the teacher did not stop me, or correct me.

"Why did he conceive the idea of going to Jerusalem?" said he, repeating my words.

"Because — for the reason — for the purpose, because" — I stopped short, uttered not another word, and felt that if that villanous teacher were to hold his tongue for a whole year, and gaze inquiringly at me, I should not be in a condition to emit another sound. The teacher stared at me for three minutes; then an expression of deep sorrow appeared on his face, and he said to Volodya, who had just entered the room, in a feeling tone:

"Please hand me the record-book."

Volodya gave him the book, and carefully laid the ticket beside it.

The teacher opened the book, and, cautiously dipping his pen, he put down five, in his beautiful hand, for Volodya, under the head of recitations and behavior. Then he stopped his pen over the column in which my delinquencies were inscribed, looked at me, flirted off the ink, and pondered.

All at once his hand made an almost imperceptible movement, and there appeared a handsomely shaped one and a period; another movement, and in the conduct column stood another one and a dot.

Carefully closing the record-book, the teacher rose and

[1] Name for a cream-colored horse.

went to the door, as though he did not perceive my glance, in which despair, entreaty, and reproach were expressed.

"Mikhail Ilarionovitch," said I.

"No," said he, understanding at once what I wanted to say to him; "it's impossible to teach in that way. I won't receive money for nothing."

The teacher put on his galoshes and his camelot cloak, and knotted his scarf with great care. As if any one could care for any thing after what had happened to me! A movement of the pen for him, but the greatest misfortune for me.

"Is the lesson ended?" inquired St. Jerôme, entering the room.

"Yes."

"Was your teacher satisfied with you?"

"Yes," said Volodya.

"How many did you get?"

"Five."

"And Nicholas?"

I said nothing.

"Four, apparently," said Volodya.

He knew that it was necessary to save me, if only for that day. If I were to be punished, let it not be to-day, when there were guests in the house.

"Let us see, gentlemen [St. Jerôme had a way of saying "let us see" (*voyons*) at every other word], make your toilets, and we will go down-stairs."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE KEY.

We had hardly got down-stairs and exchanged salutations with all the guests, when we were summoned to the table. Papa was very gay (he was winning money just then), presented Liubotchka with a handsome silver service, and, after dinner, remembered that he had also a bonbon box in his wing for the birthday girl.

"There's no use in sending a man; better go yourself, Koko," he said to me. "The keys are lying on the large table, in the shell, you know. Take them, and with the very largest key, open the second drawer on the right. There you will find the box and some bonbons in a paper; and you are to bring them all here."

"And shall I bring you some cigars?" I asked, knowing that he always sent for them after dinner.

"Bring them, but see that you don't touch any thing in my rooms," he called after me.

I found the keys in the place designated, and was about to open the drawer, when I was stopped by a desire to know what a very small key, which hung on the same bunch, opened.

On the table, amid a thousand varied objects, and near the railing, lay an embroidered portfolio, with a padlock; and I took a fancy to try whether the little key would fit it. My experiment was crowned with complete success; the portfolio opened, and in it I found a whole heap of papers. A feeling of curiosity counselled me with such conviction to find out what those papers were, that I did not succeed in hearkening to the voice of conscience, and set to work to examine what was in the portfolio.

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The childish sentiment of unquestioning respect towards all my elders, and especially towards papa, was so strong within me, that my mind involuntarily refused to draw any

conclusions whatever from what I saw. I felt that papa must live in a totally different sphere, which was very beautiful, unattainable, and incomprehensible to me, and that to attempt to penetrate the secrets of his life, would be something in the nature of sacrilege on my part.

Therefore the discovery which I had almost unconsciously made in papa's portfolio, left in me no clear conception, except a dim knowledge that I had behaved badly. I was ashamed and uncomfortable.

Under the influence of this feeling, I desired to close the portfolio as speedily as possible, but I was evidently fated to endure every possible kind of misfortune upon that memorable day. Placing the key in the keyhole of the padlock, I turned it the other way; supposing that the lock was closed, I pulled out the key, and — oh, horror! the head of the key only remained in my hand. In vain did I endeavor to unite it with the half in the lock, and release it by means of some magic. I was forced at length to accustom myself to the frightful thought, that I had committed a fresh crime, which must be discovered this very day, when papa returned to his study.

Mimi's complaint, the one mark, and that little key! Nothing worse could have happened. Grandmamma on account of Mimi's complaint, St. Jerome about the one mark, papa, about that key; and all these would overwhelm me, and not later than that very evening.

"What will become of me? Oh, what have I done?" I said aloud, as I paced the soft carpet of the study. "Eh," I said to myself, as I got the bonbons and cigars, "*what will be, will be*," and I ran into the house.

This fatalistic adage, which I had heard from Nikolai in my childhood, produced a beneficial and temporarily soothing effect upon me at all difficult crises in my life. When I entered the hall, I was in a somewhat excited and unnatural but extremely merry mood.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAITRESS.

After dinner, games began, and I took the most lively interest in them. While playing at *cat and mouse*[1] I awkwardly ran against the Kornakoff's *governess*, who was playing with us, stepped on her dress unintentionally, and tore it. Perceiving that it afforded all the girls, and Sonitchka in particular, great satisfaction to see the governess retire with a perturbed countenance, to the maids' room, to mend her dress, I resolved to procure them that pleasure once more. In consequence of this amiable intention, the governess had no sooner returned to the room, than I began to gallop round her, and I kept up this evolution until I found a favorable opportunity to catch my heel once more in her skirt, and tear it. Sonitchka and the Princesses could hardly restrain their laughter, which flattered my vanity very agreeably; but St. Jerôme, who must have been observing my pranks, came up to me, and said with a frown (which I could not endure) that I evidently was not merry in a good way, and that if I were not more discreet he would make me repent of it, even though it was a festive day.

But I was in the state of excitement of a man who has gambled away more than he has in his pocket, and who fears to reckon up his accounts, and continues to bet on desperate cards without any hope of redeeming himself, and only for the purpose of not giving himself time to think. I smiled impudently, and walked away from him.

After the game of "cat and mouse," some one started a game which we called *Long Nose*. The play consisted in placing two rows of chairs opposite each other; then the ladies and gentlemen divided into two parties, each choosing another in turn.

The youngest Princess chose the smallest Ivin every time;

[1] Puss in the corner.

Katenka chose either Volodya or Ilinka; Sonitchka took Serozha every time, and was not at all abashed, to my extreme amazement, when Serozha went and seated himself directly opposite her. She laughed with her pretty, ringing laugh, and made him a sign with her head, to show that she understood. I comprehended, to the great injury of my vanity, that I was superfluous, *left out;* that they must say of me every time, "*Who remains yet? Yes, Nikolinka: well, we'll take him.*"

When, therefore, it came my turn to step forward, I went boldly up either to my sister or to one of the ugly Princesses, and, unfortunately, never made a mistake. And Sonitchka seemed so absorbed in Serozha Ivin, that I did not exist for her. I do not know on what grounds I mentally called her a *traitress*, since she had never given me a promise to choose me, and not Serozha; but I was firmly convinced that she had behaved in the most revolting manner.

After the game, I noticed that the *traitress*, whom I despised, but from whom, nevertheless, I could not take my eyes, had retired into a corner with Serozha and Katenka, where they were discussing something in a mysterious manner. Creeping up behind the piano, in order to discover their secret, I saw this: Katenka was holding a cambric handkerchief by two of its corners, thus forming a screen between Sonitchka's head and Serozha's. "No, you have lost; now you shall pay!" said Serozha. Sonitchka stood before him, with her arms hanging beside her, as if guilty, and said, blushing, "No, I have not lost; have I, Mlle. Catherine?" — "I love the truth," replied Katenka: "you have lost your bet, my dear."

Katenka had hardly uttered these words, when Serozha bent over, and kissed Sonitchka. He kissed her full upon her rosy lips. And Sonitchka laughed, as though that were nothing, as though it were very amusing. *Horrible!!!* Oh the *sly traitress!*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ECLIPSE.

I SUDDENLY felt a contempt for the entire female sex in general, and for Sonitchka in particular; I began to assure myself, that there was nothing jolly about these games, that they were only fit for *little girls;* and I felt very much inclined to create an uproar, to do some manly deed, which would astonish them all. An occasion was not long in presenting itself.

St. Jerôme, after talking of something with Mimi, left the room; at first, his footsteps were audible on the stairs, and then above us, in the direction of the schoolroom. The thought occurred to me, that Mimi had told him where she had seen me during lesson hours, and that he had gone to inspect the journal. At that time, I did not attribute to St. Jerôme any other object in life than a desire to punish me. I had read somewhere, that children from twelve to fourteen years of age, that is to say, those who are in the transition stage of boyhood, are particularly inclined to arson and murder. In recalling my boyhood, and especially the frame of mind in which I was on that unlucky day, I very clearly appreciate the importance of the most frightful crime, committed without object or intent to injure, but from curiosity, to meet an unconscious need for activity. There are moments when the future presents itself to a man in such sombre colors, that he dreads to fix his mental gaze upon it, entirely represses the action of his mind, and endeavors to convince himself that the future will not be, and that the past has not been. At such moments, when thought does not sit in judgment before every decision of the will, and the fleshly instincts remain the sole spring of life, I can understand how a child is especially inclined, by reason of his inexperience, to set and light a fire under the very house in which his brothers, his father and his mother, whom he tenderly loves, are sleeping, with-

out the slightest hesitation or fear, and with a smile of curiosity. Under the influence of this temporary absence of reflection, approaching aberration of mind, a peasant lad of seventeen, contemplating the freshly sharpened edge of an axe, beside the bench on which sleeps his aged father, face downward, suddenly flourishes the axe, and gazes with stupid curiosity at the blood, as it drips from the severed neck on the bench; under the influence of the same absence of reflection, and instinctive curiosity, a man experiences a certain enjoyment in pausing upon the brink of a precipice, and thinking, "What if I should throw myself down there?" Or, placing a loaded pistol to his forehead, he thinks, "What if I pull the trigger?" Or he gazes upon some person for whom society universally cherishes a peculiar respect, and thinks, "What if I were to go up to him, take him by the nose, and say, 'Come, my dear fellow, shall we go?'"

Under the influence of this internal excitement, and absence of reflection, when St. Jerôme came down-stairs, and told me that I had no right to be there that evening, because I had behaved badly and studied badly, and that I was to go upstairs at once, I stuck out my tongue at him, and said that I would not leave that spot.

For a moment, St. Jerôme could not utter a word for surprise and anger.

"Very well," he said, following me: "I have promised to punish you several times already, and your grandmamma has wanted to beg you off; but now I see that nothing but the rod will make you mind, and you have fully deserved it to-day."

He said this so loudly that every one heard his words. The blood retreated to my heart with unusual force. I felt that it was beating violently, that the color fled from my face, and that my lips trembled quite involuntarily. I must have looked terrible at that moment, for St. Jerôme, avoiding my glance, walked quickly up to me, and seized me by the hand; but I no sooner felt the touch of his hand, than, beside myself with rage, I tore my hand away, and struck him with all my childish strength.

"What is the matter with you?" said Volodya, who had seen my act with horror and amazement, as he approached me.

"Let me alone!" I shrieked at him through my tears:

"not one of you loves me, nor understands how unhappy I am. You are all hateful, disgusting," I added, turning to the whole company in a sort of fury.

But this time St. Jerôme came up to me with a pale, determined face, and before I had time to prepare for defence, he grasped both my hands as in a vise, with a powerful movement, and dragged me away. My head was whirling with excitement. I only remember that I fought desperately with head and knees as long as I had any strength left. I remember that my nose came in contact several times with some one's hips, and that some one's coat fell into my mouth, that I was conscious of the presence of some one's feet all around me, and of the smell of dust, and of the violet with which St. Jerôme perfumed himself.

Five minutes later, the garret door closed behind me.

"Basil!" said *he* in a revolting, triumphant voice: "bring the rods."

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CHAPTER XV.

FANCIES.

Could I at that time suppose that I should remain alive after all the misfortunes which came upon me, and that the day would come when I should recall them with composure?

When I remembered what I had done, I could not imagine what would become of me, but I dimly comprehended that I was irretrievably ruined.

At first, absolute silence reigned below and around me, or so it seemed to me at least, because of my excessively powerful inward agitation; but gradually I began to distinguish the different sounds. Vasili came down-stairs, and, flinging something which resembled a broom on the window-ledge, lay down on the chest with a yawn. Below, August Antonitch's huge voice was audible (he must have been speaking of me), then childish voices, then laughter and running; and then a few minutes later every thing in the house had again relapsed into its former movement, as though no one knew or thought of me sitting in the dark garret.

I did not cry, but something as heavy as a stone lay upon my heart. Thoughts and visions passed with redoubled swiftness before my disturbed imagination; but the memory of the misfortune which had overtaken me incessantly broke their wondrous chain, and I again traversed an endless labyrinth of uncertainty as to the fate which awaited me, of terror and despair.

Then it occurs to me, that there must exist some cause for the general dislike and even hatred of me. (At that time I was firmly convinced that everybody, beginning with grandmamma and down to Philip the coachman, hated me, and found pleasure in my sufferings.)

It must be that I am not the son of my father and mother, not Volodya's brother, but an unhappy orphan, a foundling,

adopted out of charity, I say to myself; and this absurd idea not only affords me a certain melancholy comfort, but even appears extremely probable. It pleases me to think that I am unhappy not because I am myself to blame, but because such has been my fate since my very birth, and that my lot is similar to that of the unfortunate Karl Ivanitch.

"But why conceal this secret any longer, when I have myself succeeded in penetrating it?" I say to myself. "To-morrow I will go to papa, and say to him, 'Papa, in vain do you conceal from me the secret of my birth: I know it,' He will say, 'What is to be done, my friend? Sooner or later you would have learned it. You are not my son; but I have adopted you, and if you will prove worthy of my love, I will never desert you.' And I shall say to him, 'Papa, although I have no right to call you by that name, I now utter it for the last time. I have always loved you, and I shall always love you, and I shall never forget that you are my benefactor; but I can no longer remain in your house. No one here loves me, and St. Jerôme has sworn my ruin. Either he or I must leave your house, because I cannot answer for myself. I hate that man to such a degree that I am prepared for any thing. I would kill him as readily as I say: Papa, I will kill him.' Papa will begin to beseech me; but I shall wave my hand, and say, 'No, my friend, my benefactor, we cannot live together; but release me.' And then I will embrace him, and say in French, 'O my father! O my benefactor! give me thy blessing for the last time, and may God's will be done.'" And as I sit on the chest in the dark storeroom, I weep and cry at the thought. But all at once I remember the shameful punishment which is awaiting me; reality presents itself to me in its true light, and my fancies momentarily take flight.

Then I fancy myself already at liberty, outside our house. I enter the hussars, and go to the war. Enemies bear down upon me from all sides; I wave my sword, and kill one; a second wave, I slay another, and a third. Finally, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, I fall to the earth, and shout "Victory!" The general approaches, and asks, "Where is he, our savior?" They point me out to him; he flings himself on my neck, and shouts, with tears of joy, "Victory!" I recover, and with an arm bandaged in a black handkerchief I promenade the Tversky boulevard. I am a general! But, lo, the *Emperor* meets me, and inquires, "Who is this

wounded young man?" He is told that it is the renowned hero Nikolai. The Emperor comes up to me, and says, "I thank you. I will do any thing you ask of me." I salute respectfully, and leaning on my sword I say, "I am happy, great Emperor, to have been able to shed my blood for my fatherland, and I wish to die for it; but if you will be so gracious, then permit me to beg one thing of you, — permit me to annihilate my enemy, the foreigner, St. Jerôme. I want to annihilate my enemy, St. Jerôme." I halt threateningly before St. Jerôme, and say to him, "You have caused my misfortune. On your knees!" But suddenly the thought occurs to me, that the real St. Jerôme may enter at any moment with the rods; and again I see myself, not a general serving his country, but a very pitiful, weeping creature.

The thought of God comes to me, and I ask Him impudently why He is punishing me. "I never have forgotten my prayers morning and evening; then why do I suffer?" I can assert conclusively that the first step towards the religious doubts which troubled me during my boyhood was taken then, not because unhappiness excited my murmuring and unbelief, but because the thought of the injustice of Providence, which entered my mind in that time of spiritual disorder and solitude of twenty-four hours duration, began speedily to grow and to send forth roots, like a pernicious seed which has fallen upon the soft earth after a rain. Then I imagined that I should certainly die, and represented vividly to myself St. Jerôme's amazement when he should find a lifeless body in the garret, instead of me. Recalling Natalya Savischna's tales of how the soul of a dead person does not quit the house for forty days, I penetrate, in thought, unseen, all the rooms of grandmamma's house, and listen to Liubotchka's sincere tears, to grandmamma's grief, and papa's conversation with August Antonitch. "He was a fine boy," says papa, with tears in his eyes. "Yes," says St. Jerôme, "but a great scamp." — "You should respect the dead," says papa. "You were the cause of his death; you frightened him; he could not endure the humiliation which you were preparing for him. Away from here, you villain!"

And St. Jerôme falls on his knees, and weeps, and sues for pardon. At the end of the forty days, my soul flies to heaven; there I behold something wonderfully beautiful,

white, transparent, and long, and I feel that it is my mother. This white something surrounds me, caresses me; but I feel an uneasiness, as though I did not know her. "If it really is you," I say, "then show yourself to me more distinctly, that I may embrace you." And her voice answers me, "We are all so, here. I cannot embrace you any better. Do you not think it well thus?"—"Yes, I think it is very well; but you cannot tickle me, and I cannot kiss your hands."—"That is not necessary; it is so very beautiful here," she says, and I feel that it really is very beautiful, and we soar away together, higher and ever higher. Then I suddenly seem to wake, and find myself again on the chest in the dark garret, my cheeks wet with tears, without a single thought, repeating the words, "*And we soar higher and ever higher.*" For a long time, I exert all my power to explain my situation; but only one fearfully gloomy, impenetrable perspective offers itself to my mental gaze at the present moment. I endeavor to return once more to those cheering, blissful dreams, which destroyed consciousness of reality; but to my amazement, no sooner do I enter upon the traces of my former reveries, than I see that a prolongation of them is impossible, and, what is still more surprising, that it no longer affords me any pleasure.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRIND LONG ENOUGH, AND THE MEAL WILL COME.

I SPENT the night in the garret, and no one came near me; it was only on the following day, that is to say, on Sunday, that I was taken to a little room adjoining the schoolroom, and again locked up. I began to hope that my punishment would be confined to imprisonment; and my thoughts, under the influence of sweet, refreshing slumber, of the bright sunlight playing upon the frost-patterns on the windows, and the customary noises of the day in the streets, began to grow composed. Nevertheless, my solitude was very oppressive: I wanted to move about, to tell somebody all that was seething in my soul, and there was not a living being near me. This position of affairs was all the more disagreeable, because, however repulsive it was to me, I could not avoid hearing St. Jerôme whistling various gay airs with perfect tranquillity, as he walked about his room. I was fully persuaded that he did not want to whistle at all, but that he did it solely for the sake of tormenting me.

At two o'clock, St. Jerôme and Volodya went down-stairs; but Nikolai brought my dinner, and when I spoke to him about what I had done, and what awaited me, he said:

"Eh, sir! don't grieve; grind long enough, and the meal will come."[1]

This adage, which, later on, more than once sustained my firmness of spirit, comforted me somewhat; but the very fact that they had not sent me bread and water alone, but a complete dinner, including rose patties, caused me to meditate profoundly. If they had not sent me the rose patties, then it would have signified that I was to be punished by imprisonment: but now it turned out that I had not been punished yet, that I was only isolated from others as a pernicious person, and that chastisement was still before me. While

[1] Equivalent to various English proverbs which inculcate patience.

I was busy with the solution of this question, the key turned in the lock of my prison, and St. Jerôme entered the room, with a stern, official countenance.

"Come to your grandmother," he said, without looking at me.

I wanted to clean the cuffs of my jacket, which were smeared with chalk, before leaving the room; but St. Jerome told me that this was quite unnecessary, as though I was already in such a pitiful moral condition that it was not worth while to trouble myself about my external appearance.

Katenka, Liubotchka, and Volodya stared at me, as St. Jerome led me through the hall by the hand, with exactly the same expression with which we generally gaze upon the prisoners who are led past our windows every week. But when I approached grandmamma's chair with the intention of kissing her hand, she turned away from me, and hid her hand beneath her mantilla.

"Well, my dear," she said, after a tolerably long silence, during which she surveyed me from head to foot with such a look that I did not know what to do with my eyes and hands, "I must say that you prize my love, and afford me true pleasure. M. St. Jerôme, who at my request," she added, pausing on each word, "undertook your education, does not wish now to remain in my house any longer. Why? Because of you, my dear. I did hope that you would be grateful," she continued after a short silence, and in a tone which showed that her speech had been prepared beforehand, "for his care and labor, that you would understand how to value his services; but you, a simpleton, a little boy, have brought yourself to raise your hand against him. Very good! Extremely fine! I, also, begin to think that you are incapable of appreciating gentle treatment, that other and more degraded means are required for you. Ask his pardon this instant," she added in a tone of stern command, pointing to St. Jerôme: "do you hear?"

I glanced in the direction indicated by grandmamma's hand, and, catching sight of St. Jerôme's coat, turned away, and did not stir from the spot; and again I began to feel that sinking at my heart.

"What? Don't you hear what I say to you?"

I trembled all over, but did not move.

"Koko!" said grandmamma, who must have perceived the inward agony which I was suffering. "Koko!" she

said in a tender, rather than a commanding, voice, "is this you?"

"Grandmamma, I will not beg his pardon, because"—said I, pausing suddenly, for I felt that I should not be able to restrain the tears which were suffocating me if I uttered a single word more.

"I command you, I beseech you. What is the matter with you?"

"I—I—won't—I can't," I said; and the stifled sobs which had collected in my breast suddenly cast down the barriers which restrained them, and dissolved in a flood of despair.

"Is this the way you obey your second mother? is this the way you repay her kindness?" said St. Jerome in a tragic voice. "On your knees!"

"My God, if she could have seen this!" said grandmamma, turning away from me, and wiping her tears which began to make their appearance. "If she could have seen—All is for the best. Yes, she could not have borne this sorrow, she could not have borne it."

And grandmamma wept more and more violently. I wept also, but I never thought of begging pardon.

"Calm yourself, in the name of heaven, Madame la Comtesse," said St. Jerome.

But grandmamma no longer heard him: she covered her face with her hands, and her sobs speedily turned into hiccoughs and hysterics. Mimi and Gascha rushed into the room with frightened faces, and made her smell of some spirits, and a running and whispering speedily arose all over the room.

"Admire your work," said St. Jerome, leading me up-stairs.

"My God, what have I done? What a frightful criminal I am!"

As soon as St. Jerome had gone down-stairs again, after ordering me to go to my room, I ran to the great staircase leading to the street, without giving myself any reason for what I was about.

I do not remember whether I meant to run away, or to drown myself: I only know, that covering my face with my hands, in order that I might not see any one, I ran farther and farther down those stairs.

"Where are you going?" a familiar voice inquired all at once. "I want you too, my dear."

I tried to run past; but papa caught me by the hand, and said sternly:

"Come with me, my good fellow! How dared you touch the portfolio in my study?" said he, leading me after him into the little boudoir. "Eh! Why are you silent? Hey?" he added, taking me by the ear.

"Forgive me," I said: "I don't know what possessed me."

"Ah, you don't know what possessed you! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know! you don't know!" he repeated, and gave my ear a pull at each word. "Will you poke your nose where you have no business in future? will you? will you?"

Although my ear pained me very much, I did not cry; but I experienced a pleasant moral feeling. No sooner had papa released my ear, than I seized his hand, and began to cover it with tears and kisses.

"Whip me," said I through my tears. "Whip me hard, painfully; I am good for nothing; I am a wretch; I am a miserable being."

"What's the matter with you?" he said, slightly repulsing me.

"No, I won't go away on any account," I said, clinging to his coat. "Everybody hates me, I know that; but for God's sake, listen to me, protect me, or turn me out of the house. I cannot live with him; *he* tries in every way to humiliate me. He makes me go on my knees before him. He wants to thrash me. I won't have it; I am not a little boy. I can't endure it; I shall die; I will kill myself. *He* told grandmamma that I was a good-for-nothing, and now she is ill, and she will die because of me. I — for God's sake, flog me! why torture me for it?"

Tears suffocated me. I seated myself on the divan, utterly powerless to say more, and dropped my head on his knees, sobbing so that it seemed to me that I should die that very minute.

"What are you crying about, baby?" said papa sympathetically, as he bent over me.

"*He* is my tyrant — tormentor. I shall die; nobody loves me!" I could hardly speak, and I began to fall into convulsions.

Papa took me in his arms, and carried me into the bedroom. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was very late. A

single candle was burning near my bed, and our family doctor, Mimi, and Liubotchka were sitting in the room. It was evident from their faces, that they feared for my health; but I felt so well and light after my twelve hours sleep, that I could have leaped from the bed, had it not been disagreeable for me to disturb their belief in my severe illness.

CHAPTER XVII.

HATRED.

YES, it was a genuine feeling of hatred. Not that hatred which is only depicted in romances, and in which I do not believe, — hatred which finds delight in doing evil to mankind: but that hatred which inspires you with an unconquerable aversion to a person who nevertheless deserves your respect; which makes his hair, his neck, his walk, the sound of his voice, his every limb, his every motion, repulsive to you, and at the same time attracts you to him by some incomprehensible power, and forces you to watch his slightest acts. This feeling I experienced toward St. Jerôme.

St. Jerôme had lived with us for a year and a half. Judging the man now, in cold blood, I find that he was a fine Frenchman, but a Frenchman in the most thorough sense. He was not stupid; he was tolerably well educated, and he conscientiously fulfilled his duties toward us; but he possessed the distinctive traits which are peculiar to all his countrymen, and which are so repugnant to the Russian character, — egotism, vanity, impudence, and unmannerly self-confidence. All this displeased me greatly.

Of course grandmamma explained to him her views on corporal punishment, and he did not dare to whip us; but in spite of this, he often threatened us, especially me, with the rod, and pronounced the word *fouetter* (as if it were *foùatter*) in a very repulsive manner, and with an intonation which seemed to indicate that it would afford him the greatest satisfaction to flog me.

I did not fear the pain of punishment at all, never having experienced it; but the thought alone that St. Jerôme might strike me put me into a state of suppressed rage and despair.

It had happened that Karl Ivanitch, in a moment of vexation, had reduced us to order with the ruler or his suspenders, but I recall this without the slightest anger. Even

at the time of which I speak (when I was fourteen), if Karl Ivanitch had chanced to flog me, I should have borne his chastisement with perfect composure. I loved Karl Ivanitch. I remembered him from the time when I remembered myself, and was accustomed to him as a member of my family; but St. Jerôme was a haughty, self-conceited man, for whom I felt no sentiment but that involuntary respect with which all *grown-up* people inspired me. Karl Ivanitch was a ridiculous old man, a kind of man-servant whom I heartily loved, but placed beneath myself in my childish comprehension of social classes.

St. Jerôme, on the contrary, was a handsome, cultivated young dandy, who tried to stand on an equality with every one.

Karl Ivanitch always scolded and punished us coolly. It was evident that he regarded it as a necessary but disagreeable duty. St. Jerôme, on the other hand, liked to *pose* in the *rôle* of an instructor. It was plain, when he punished us, that he did so more for his own satisfaction than for our good. He was carried away by his own greatness. His elegant French phrases, which he uttered with strong emphasis on the last syllable, with circumflex accents, were inexpressibly repugnant to me. When Karl Ivanitch got angry, he said, "Puppets' comedy, scamp, little boy of a champagne fly!" St. Jerôme called us "worthless fellow, vile scapegrace," and so forth, names which wounded my self-love.

Karl Ivanitch put us on our knees, with our faces in a corner; and the punishment consisted of the physical pain incident to such an attitude. St. Jerôme threw out his chest, and shouted, with a majestic wave of the hand, and in a tragic voice, "On your knees!" made us kneel with our faces towards him, and beg his pardon. The punishment consisted in humiliation.

I was not punished, and no one so much as mentioned to me what had happened; but I could not forget all that I had undergone — despair, shame, terror, and hate — in those two days. In spite of the fact that St. Jerôme, from that time forth, seemed to give up all hopes of me, and hardly concerned himself with me at all, I could not accustom myself to look upon him with indifference. Every time that our eyes met by accident, it seemed to me that enmity was far too plainly expressed in my glance, and I hastened to assume an

expression of indifference; but then it seemed to me that he understood my hypocrisy, and I blushed and turned quite away.

In a word, it was inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have any relations whatever with him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAIDS' ROOM.

I FELT more and more lonely, and solitary meditation and observation formed my principal delights. The subject of my meditations I will treat of in a succeeding chapter; but the chief theatre of my observations was the maids' room, in which a very absorbing and touching romance, for me, took place. The heroine of this romance was Mascha, of course. She was in love with Vasili, who had known her when she lived out of service, and had promised to marry her at that time. Fate, which had parted them five years before, had again brought them together in grandmamma's house, but had placed a barrier in the way of their mutual love in the person of Nikolai (Mascha's uncle), who would not hear to his niece's marriage with Vasili, whom he called an *unsuitable and dissipated man.*

The effect of this obstacle was to cause the hitherto cold-blooded and negligent Vasili to suddenly fall in love with Mascha; and he loved her in a way of which only a house-serf from the tailor's corps, with a pink shirt and pomaded hair, is capable.

In spite of the fact that the exhibitions of his love were exceedingly strange and unsuitable (for instance, when he met Mascha, he always tried to cause her pain, and either pinched her, or slapped her, or hugged her with such force that she could hardly draw her breath), but his affection was genuine, which was proved by the circumstance that from the day when Nikolai finally refused him his niece's hand, Vasili took to drinking from grief, and began to loiter about the drinking-houses, create disturbances, and, in a word, to conduct himself so badly, that more than once he subjected himself to scandalous correction by the police. But this behavior and its results appeared to constitute a merit in Mascha's eyes, and increased her love for him. When Vasili

was *in retirement*, Mascha wept for days together without drying her eyes, complained of her bitter fate to Gascha (who took a lively interest in the affairs of the unhappy lovers); and, scorning the scoldings and beatings of her uncle, she stole away to the police-station on the sly to visit and comfort her friend.

Be not angry, reader, at the society to which I am introducing you. If the chords of love and sympathy have not grown weak within your soul, sounds to which they will respond will be found in the maids' room. Whether it please you or not to follow me, I shall betake myself to the landing on the staircase, from which I could see all that went on in the maids' room. There is the bench on which they stand; the flat-iron, the pasteboard doll with a broken nose, the little wash-tub, and the hand-basin; there is the window-sill upon which are heaped in confusion a bit of black wax, a skein of silk, a green cucumber which has been bitten, and a bonbon box; there, also, is the large red table, upon which, upon a bit of sewing which is begun, lies a brick wrapped in calico, and behind which *she* sits, in my favorite pink linen dress and blue kerchief, which particularly attracts my attention. She sews, pausing now and then in order to scratch her head with her needle, or adjust a candle; and I gaze and think, Why was she not born a lady, with those bright blue eyes, that huge golden braid of hair, and plump bosom? How it would have become her to sit in the drawing-room, in a cap with pink ribbons, and a deep red gown, not such as Mimi has, but like the one I saw on the Tversky boulevard! She would have embroidered at her frame, and I might have watched her in the mirror; and I would have done every thing she wanted, whatever it might have been: I would have handed her her mantle and her hood myself.

And what a drunken face and disgusting figure that Vasili has in his tight coat, worn above that dirty pink shirt, which hangs out! At every movement of his body, at every bend of his spine, I seem to perceive the indisputable signs of the revolting punishment which had overtaken him.

"What, Vasya! again?" said Mascha, sticking her needle into the cushion, but not raising her head to greet Vasili as he entered.

"And what of it? Will any good come of *him?*" retorted Vasili. "If I had only decided on something alone! but now I shall be ruined all for nothing, and all through *him*."

"Will you have some tea?" said Nadezhda, another maid.

"I thank you humbly. And why does that thief, your uncle, hate me? Why? Because I have clothes of my own, because of my pride, because of my walk. Enough. There you have it!" concluded Vasili, with a wave of the hand.

"One must be obedient," said Mascha, biting off her thread, "and you are so" —

"I had no property, that's where it is!"

At that moment the sound of a closing door resounded from grandmamma's room, and Gascha's grumbling voice approaching the staircase.

"Go try to please her, when she doesn't know herself what she wants. Cursed good-for-nothing jail-bird! May the Lord forgive my sins, if for that alone," she muttered, flourishing her arms.

"My respects, Agafya Mikhailovna," said Vasili, rising to greet her.

"Well, so you are there! I don't want your respects," she replied grimly, staring at him. "And why do you come here? Is the maids' room a place for men to come?"

"I wanted to inquire after your health," said Vasili timidly.

"I shall soon expire, that's the state of my health," screamed Agafya Mikhailovna, still more angrily, and at the top of her voice.

Vasili laughed.

"There's nothing to laugh at, and if I say that you are to take yourself off, then march! See, that heathen wants to marry, the low fellow! Now march, be off!"

And Agafya went stamping to her room, and slammed the door so violently that the glass in the windows rattled.

She was audible for a long time behind the partition, scolding at everything and everybody, cursing her existence, hurling her effects about, and pulling the ears of her beloved cat; finally the door opened a crack, and the cat flew out, swung by her tail, and mewing piteously.

"Evidently I had better come another time to drink tea," said Vasili in a whisper; "farewell until a pleasant meeting."

"Never mind," said Nadezhda with a wink, "I will go and see to the samovar."

"Yes, and I'll make an end of it once for all," continued

Vasili, seating himself close to Mascha, as soon as Nadezhda had left the room.

"I'll either go straight to the Countess, and say, 'Thus and so is the state of things,' or else—I'll give up every thing, and run away to the ends of the earth, by God!"

"And how can I remain?"

"I am only sorry for you, and you should have been free, my little dove, lo-o-ng ago, so surely as God lives."

"Why don't you bring me your shirts to wash, Vasya?" said Mascha after a momentary silence: "see how black this one is," she added, taking hold of the shirt-collar.

At that moment, grandmamma's little bell was heard from below, and Gascha emerged from her chamber.

"What are you getting from her now, you vile man?" she said, pushing Vasili towards the door, as he rose hastily at the sight of her: "you have brought the girl to this state, and still you cling to her, you wretch; evidently, it's merry for you to gaze upon her tears. Go away. Take yourself off.—What good did you ever find in him?" she went on, turning to Mascha. "Didn't your uncle beat you to-day on his account? No, you will have your own way: 'I won't marry anybody but Vasili Gruskoff.' The fool!"

"I won't marry anybody, I don't love anybody, if I'm beaten to death for it," cried Mascha, bursting into tears all at once.

I gazed long at Mascha, who, reclining upon a chest, wiped away her tears with her kerchief; and I made every effort to alter my opinion of Vasili, and endeavored to find the point of view from which he could appear so attractive to her. But, in spite of my sincere sympathy with her grief, I could not possibly comprehend how such a bewitching being as Mascha appeared in my eyes could love Vasili.

"When I am grown up," I reasoned with myself, as I went up-stairs to my own quarters, "Petrovskoe will be mine, and Mascha and Vasili will be my serfs. I shall be sitting in the study, smoking my pipe, and Mascha will be going to the kitchen with her flat-iron. I shall say, 'Call Mascha to me.' She will come, and there will be no one in the room—All at once, Vasili will enter, and when he sees Mascha he will say, 'My dear little dove is ruined!' And Mascha will cry; and I shall say, 'Vasili, I know that you love her, and she loves you: here are a thousand rubles for you; marry her; and may God grant you happiness.' And then

I shall go into the boudoir."[1] Among the innumerable thoughts and fancies which pass through the mind and imagination, leaving no trace, there are some which leave a deep, sensitive furrow, so that, without recalling the thought itself, one remembers that there was something pleasant in one's mind, and one feels the trace of the thought, and tries to reproduce it once again. Such a deep trace did the thought of sacrificing my own feeling for the sake of such happiness as Mascha might find in a marriage with Vasili, leave in my soul.

[1] Or divan-room.

CHAPTER XIX.

BOYHOOD.

I CAN scarcely believe what were the favorite and most constant subjects of my meditations during my boyhood — they were so incompatible with my age and position. But, in my opinion, incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the truest proof of sincerity.

During the course of the year, when I led an isolated moral life, concentrated within myself, all the abstract questions concerning the destination of man, the future life, the immortality of the soul, had presented themselves to me; and, with all the fervor of inexperience, my weak, childish mind endeavored to solve these questions, the presentation of which represents the highest stage to which the mind of man can attain, but the solution of which is not granted to him.

It seems to me that the human mind, in every separate individual, traverses the same path during development by which it is developed in whole races; that the thoughts which serve as a foundation for the various philosophical theories form the inalienable attributes of the mind; but that every man has recognized them, with more or less clearness, even before he knew of the philosophical theories.

These thoughts presented themselves to my mind with such clearness, and in such a striking light, that I even tried to apply them to life, fancying that I was the *first* to discover such great and useful truths.

Once the thought occurred to me, that happiness does not depend upon external conditions, but on our relations to them; that man, after he is accustomed to endure suffering, cannot be unhappy; and, in order to accustom myself to labor, I held Tatischef's lexicon for five minutes in my outstretched hands, in spite of dreadful pain, or I went into the garret and castigated myself on the bare back with a rope so severely that tears sprang involuntarily to my eyes.

On another occasion, remembering, all of a sudden, that death awaited me at any hour, at any moment, I made up my mind, not understanding how people had hitherto failed to understand it, that man can be happy only by making use of the present, and not thinking of the future; and for three days, under the influence of this thought, I neglected my lessons, and did nothing but lie on the bed, and enjoy myself by reading a romance and eating gingerbread with Kronoff honey, for which I spent the last money I had.

On another occasion, while standing before the blackboard engaged in drawing various figures upon it with chalk, I was suddenly struck by the thought: Why is symmetry pleasing to the eye? What is symmetry?

It is an inborn feeling, I answered myself. But on what is it founded? Is there symmetry in every thing in life? On the contrary, here is life. And I drew an oval figure on the blackboard. After life the soul passes into eternity. And from one side of the oval, I drew a line which extended to the very edge of the board. Why not another similar line from the other side? Yes, and, as a matter of fact, what kind of eternity is that which is on one side only? for we certainly have existed before this life, although we have lost the memory of it.

This reasoning, which appeared to me extremely novel and lucid, and whose thread I can now only catch with difficulty, pleased me excessively, and I took a sheet of paper with the idea of committing it to writing; but, in the process, such a mass of thoughts suddenly entered my mind, that I was obliged to rise and walk about the room. When I approached the window, my attention turned on the water-carrier horse which the coachman was harnessing at the moment; and all my thoughts were concentrated upon the solution of the question, Into what animal or man will the soul of that horse migrate, when it is set free? At that moment, Volodya was passing through the room, and smiled, perceiving that I was meditating something; and that smile was sufficient to make me comprehend that all I had been thinking about was the most frightful nonsense.

I have related this, to me, memorable occasion, merely for the purpose of giving the reader to understand the nature of my reflections.

But in none of all the philosophical directions was I drawn so far as by scepticism, which at one time brought me into a

state bordering on madness. I fancied that, besides myself, nothing and nobody existed in the whole world; that objects were not objects, but images which only appeared when I directed my attention to them; and that, as soon as I ceased to think of them, the objects disappeared.

In a word, I agreed with Schelling in the conviction that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them exists. There were moments, when, under the influence of this *fixed idea*, I reached such a stage of derangement, that I sometimes glanced quickly in the opposite direction, hoping to suddenly find nothingness (*néant*) where I was not.

A pitiful, worthless spring of moral action is the mind of man!

My weak mind could not penetrate the impenetrable; but in this labor, which was beyond its strength, I lost, one after the other, the convictions which, for the happiness of my own life, I never should have dared to touch upon.

From all this heavy moral toil I brought away nothing except a quickness of mind which weakened the force of my will, and a habit of constant moral analysis, which destroyed freshness of feeling and clearness of judgment.

Abstract thoughts take shape, in consequence of man's capacity to seize with his perceptions the state of his soul at any given moment, and transfer it to his memory. My tendency to abstract meditation developed the perceptive faculties in me to such an unnatural degree, that frequently, when I began to think of the simplest sort of thing, I fell into an inextricable circle of analysis of my thoughts, and no longer considered the question which had occupied me, but thought of what I was thinking about. When I asked myself, Of what am I thinking? I replied, I think of what I am thinking. And now what am I thinking of? I think that I am thinking of what I am thinking, and so on. Intellect gave way before ratiocination.

Nevertheless, the philosophical discoveries which I made were extremely flattering to my self-conceit. I often fancied myself a great man, who was discovering new truths for the benefit of mankind, and I gazed upon other mortals with a proud consciousness of my worth; but, strange to say, when I came in contact with these mortals, I was shy in the presence of every one of them, and the higher I rated myself in my own opinion, the less capable I was of displaying my consciousness of my own merit to others, and I could not even accustom myself not to feel ashamed of my every word and movement, however simple.

CHAPTER XX.

VOLODYA.

Yes, the farther I proceed in the description of this period of my life, the more painful and difficult does it become for me. Rarely, rarely, amid the memories of this period, do I find moments of the genuine warmth of feeling which so brilliantly and constantly illumined the beginning of my life. I feel an involuntary desire to pass as quickly as possible over the desert of boyhood, and attain that happy epoch when a truly tender, noble sentiment of friendship lighted up the conclusion of this period of growth, and laid the foundation for a new epoch, full of charm and poetry, — the epoch of adolescence.

I shall not trace my recollections hour by hour; but I will cast a quick glance at the principal ones, from that time until my connection with a remarkable man, who exercised a decided and beneficial influence upon my character and course.

Volodya will enter the university in a few days. Separate masters come for him; and I listen with envy and involuntary respect as he taps the blackboard boldly with the chalk, and talks of functions, and sinuses, and co-ordinates, and so on, which seem to me the expression of unattainable wisdom. But one Sunday, after dinner, all the teachers and two professors assemble in grandmamma's room; and in the presence of papa and several guests they review the university examination, in the course of which Volodya, to grandmamma's great joy, exhibits remarkable learning. Questions on various subjects are also put to me; but I make a very poor show, and the professors evidently endeavor to conceal my ignorance before grandmamma, which confuses me still more. However, very little attention is paid to me; I am only fifteen, consequently there is still a year to my examination. Volodya only comes down-stairs at dinner-time, but spends the whole day and even the evenings up-stairs in his occupations, not of necessity, but at his own desire. He is ex-

tremely vain, and does not want to pass merely a mediocre examination, but a distinguished one.

But now the day of the first examination has arrived. Volodya puts on his blue coat with brass buttons, his gold watch, and lacquered boots; papa's phaeton is brought up to the door. Nikolai throws aside the apron, and Volodya and St. Jerôme drive off to the university. The girls, especially Katenka, look out of the window at Volodya's fine figure as he seats himself in the carriage, with joyous and rapturous faces; and papa says, "God grant it! God grant it!" and grandmamma, who has also dragged herself to the window, makes the sign of the cross over Volodya, with tears in her eyes, until the phaeton disappears round the corner of the lane, and says something in a whisper.

Volodya returns. All inquire impatiently, "Well, was it good? how much?" But it is already evident from his beaming face that it is good. Volodya has received five. On the following day he is accompanied by the same anxiety and wishes for his success, and received with the same impatience and joy. Thus nine days pass. On the tenth day, the last and most difficult examination of all awaits him — the Law of God; and all of us stand at the window and wait for him with the greatest impatience. Two hours have already elapsed, and still Volodya has not returned.

"Heavens! my dears! here they are! here they are!" screams Liubotchka, with her face glued to the pane.

And, in fact, Volodya is sitting beside St. Jerôme in the phaeton, but dressed no longer in his blue coat and gray cap, but in student uniform, with blue embroidered collar, three-cornered hat, and a gilt dagger by his side.

"Oh, if *you* were only alive!" shrieks grandmamma, when she beholds Volodya in his uniform, and falls into a swoon.

Volodya runs into the vestibule with a beaming face, kisses me, Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka, who blushes to her very ears. Volodya is beside himself with joy. And how handsome he is in his uniform! How becoming his blue collar is to his black whiskers, which are almost sprouting! What a long, slender waist he has, and what a fine gait! On that memorable day, all dine in grandmamma's room. Joy beams from every countenance; and after dinner, at dessert, the butler, with politely majestic but merry countenance, brings in a bottle of champagne, enveloped in a

napkin. Grandmamma drinks champagne, for the first time since mamma's death; she drinks a whole glass, as she congratulates Volodya, and she weeps again with joy as she looks at him. Volodya drives out of the court-yard in his own equipage now, receives his acquaintances in his own apartments, smokes tobacco, goes to balls; and I even saw him and his companions, on one occasion, drink up two bottles of champagne in his room, and at every glass propose the healths of some mysterious personages, and dispute as to which one the bottom of the bottle belonged to. But he dines regularly at home, and sits in the boudoir after dinner, as before, and is forever engaged in some mysterious discussion with Katenka; but so far as I can hear — for I do not take part in their conversation — they are merely talking of the heroes and heroines of the novels which they have read, of love and jealousy; and I cannot at all understand what interest they can find in such discussions, and why they smile so delicately and dispute so warmly.

I observe in general, that some strange relations exist between Katenka and Volodya, besides the readily intelligible friendship between companions of childhood, which set them apart from us, and unite them to each other in a mysterious way.

CHAPTER XXI.

KATENKA AND LIUBOTCHKA.

KATENKA is sixteen, she is grown up: the angularity of form, the timidity and awkwardness of movement, peculiar to girls in the age of transition, have made way for the harmonious freshness and grace of a newly blown flower. But she has not changed: the same bright blue eyes and smiling glance, the same little straight nose which forms almost one line with the brow, with its strong nostrils, and the tiny mouth with its brilliant smile, the dimples on the rosy, transparent cheeks, the same little white hands; and for some reason, as heretofore, the expression, a *pure girl*, fits her peculiarly well. The only new thing about her is her heavy blonde hair, which she wears in the fashion of grown-up people; and her young bosom, whose advent plainly delights yet shames her.

Although Liubotchka has grown up and always studied with her, she is quite a different girl in every respect.

Liubotchka is small of stature, and in consequence of the rickets her legs are still crooked, and her figure is very ugly. The only pretty thing about her face is her eyes, and they are really very beautiful, — large and black, and with such an indefinably attractive expression of dignity and simplicity that it is impossible not to remark them. Liubotchka is natural and simple in every thing. Katenka does not wish to be like any one else in any respect. Liubotchka's gaze is always straight forward; and sometimes she fixes her great black eyes on a person, and keeps them there so long that she is reproved and told that it is not polite.

Katenka, on the other hand, drops her eyelashes, draws her lids together, and declares that she is short-sighted, though I know very well that her sight is perfectly good. Liubotchka does not like to attitudinize before strangers; and when any of the guests begin to kiss her, she pouts, and

says that she cannot endure *sentiment*. Katenka, on the contrary, becomes particularly affectionate with Mimi in the presence of guests, and loves to promenade in the hall, in the embrace of some girl. Liubotchka is a terrible laugher; and sometimes, in outburst of merriment, she flourishes her hands, and runs about the room. Katenka, on the contrary, covers her mouth with her hands or her handkerchief when she begins to laugh. Liubotchka is always dreadfully glad when she succeeds in talking with a grown-up man, and declares that she will certainly marry a hussar; but Katenka says that all men are hateful to her, that she will never marry, and becomes quite a different girl when a man speaks to her, just as though she were afraid of something. Liubotchka is forever offended with Mimi because they lace her up so tight in corsets that she "can't breathe," and she is fond of eating; but Katenka, on the other hand, often thrusts her finger under the point of her bodice, and shows us how loose it is for her, and she eats very little. Liubotchka loves to draw heads, but Katenka draws only flowers and butterflies. Liubotchka plays Field's concertos perfectly, and some of Beethoven's sonatas. Katenka plays variations and waltzes, retards the time, pounds, uses the pedal incessantly; and before she begins to play any thing, she strikes three arpeggio chords.

But Katenka, according to my opinion then, was much more like an adult, and therefore she pleased me far more.

CHAPTER XXII.

PAPA.

PAPA had been particularly gay since Volodya's entrance to the university, and comes to dine with grandmamma much oftener than usual. Moreover, the cause of his cheerfulness, as I have learned from Nikolai, consists in the fact that he has won a remarkably large amount of money of late. It even happens that he sometimes comes to us in the evening before going to his club, sits down at the piano, gathers us all about him, and sings gypsy songs, accompanying them by stamping his feet in their soft shoes (he cannot bear heels, and never wears them). And then the rapture of his favorite Liubotchka, on her side, who adores him, is worth seeing. Sometimes he comes to the schoolroom, and listens with a stern countenance while I recite my lessons; but I perceive, from the occasional words with which he endeavors to set me right, that he is but badly acquainted with what I am learning. Sometimes he gives us a sly wink, and makes signs to us, when grandmamma begins to grumble and get into a rage with everybody without cause. "Now it's our turn to catch it, children," he says afterwards. On the whole, he has descended somewhat in my eyes from the unapproachable height upon which my childish imagination had placed him. I kiss his large white hand, with the same feeling of genuine love and respect; but I already permit myself to think of him, to pass judgment on his acts, and thoughts occur to me in regard to him which frighten me. Never shall I forget one circumstance which inspired many such thoughts in me, and caused me much moral suffering.

Once, late in the evening, he entered the drawing-room, in his black dress-coat and white waistcoat, in order to carry off Volodya with him to a ball. The latter was dressing in his own room at the time. Grandmother was waiting in her bedroom for Volodya to come and show himself to her (she

had a habit of summoning him to her presence before every ball, to inspect him, and to bestow upon him her blessing and instructions). In the hall, which was lighted by one candle only, Mimi and Katenka were pacing to and fro; but Liubotchka was seated at the piano, engaged in memorizing Field's Second Concerto, which was one of mamma's favorite pieces.

Never, in any one whatever, have I met such an intimate likeness as existed between my sister and my mother. This likeness consisted not in face, nor form, but in some intangible quality, — in her hands, in her manner of walking, in peculiarities of voice, and in certain expressions. When Liubotchka got angry, and said, "It won't be allowed for a whole age," she pronounced the words, *a whole age*, which mamma was also accustomed to use, so that it seemed as if one heard them lengthened, who-o-le a-ge. But the likeness was still more remarkable in her playing on the piano, and in all her ways connected with this. She adjusted her dress in exactly the way, and turned her pages from above with her left hand, and pounded the keys with her fist from vexation when she was long in conquering a difficult passage, and said, "Ah, heavens!" and she had that same indescribable tenderness and accuracy of execution, that beautiful execution like Field, which is so well called *jeu perlé*, and whose charm all the hocus-pocus of newer pianists cannot make one forget.

Papa entered the room with swift, short steps, and went up to Liubotchka, who stopped playing when she saw him.

"No, go on playing, Liuba, go on," said he, putting her back in her seat: "you know how I love to hear you."

Liubotchka continued her playing, and papa sat opposite her for a long time, supporting his head on his hand; then he gave his shoulders a sudden twitch, rose, and began to pace the room. Every time that he approached the piano, he paused, and looked intently at Liubotchka. I perceived, from his movements and his manner of walking, that he was excited. After traversing the room several times, he paused behind Liubotchka's seat, kissed her black hair, and then, turning away, he pursued his walk. When Liubotchka had finished her piece, and went up to him with the question, "Is it pretty?" he took her head silently in his hands, and began to kiss her brow and eyes with such tenderness as I had never seen him display.

"Ah, heavens! you are weeping!" said Liubotchka, all at once dropping the chain of his watch, and fixing her great, surprised eyes on his face. "Forgive me, dear papa: I had quite forgotten that that was *mamma's piece.*"

"No, my dear, play it as often as possible," he said in a voice which quivered with emotion; "if you only knew how good it is for me to weep with your" —

He kissed her once more, and, endeavoring to overcome his emotion, he twitched his shoulders, and went out of the door which led to the corridor and Volodya's room.

"Waldemar! Will you be ready soon?" he cried, halting midway in the corridor. At that moment, Mascha the maid passed him, and, seeing the master, she dropped her eyes, and tried to avoid him. He stopped her. "You grow prettier and prettier," he said, bending over her.

Mascha blushed, and drooped her head still lower. "Permit me," she whispered.

"Waldemar, are you nearly ready?" repeated papa, twitching himself and coughing, when Mascha passed, and he caught sight of me.

I love my father; but the mind of man exists independently of the heart, and often mixes within itself thoughts which are insulting to him, with feelings both incomprehensible and stern concerning him. And such thoughts come to me, although I strive to drive them away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMAMMA grows weaker from day to day; her bell, Gascha's grumbling voice and the slamming of doors are heard more frequently in her room, and she no longer receives us in the library in her reclining-chair, but in her bedroom in her high bed with its lace-trimmed pillows. I perceive, on saluting her, that there is a pale, yellowish, shining swelling on her hand, and that oppressive odor in the chamber which I had observed five years before in mamma's room. The doctor comes to the house three times a day, and several consultations have been held. But her character, her haughty and ceremonious intercourse with all members of the household, particularly with papa, is not altered in the least; she enunciates her words, elevates her brows, and says, "my dear,"[1] in exactly the same manner as usual.

But, for several days now, we have not been admitted to her; and once in the morning St. Jerôme proposes to me that I shall go to ride with Liubotchka and Katenka during lesson hours. Although I notice, as I take my seat in the sleigh, that the street in front of grandmamma's windows is strewn with straw, and that several people in blue overcoats are standing about our gate, I cannot in the least understand why I have been sent to ride at this unusual hour. During our entire ride on that day, Liubotchka and I are, for some reason, in that particularly cheerful frame of mind when every occurrence, every word, every motion, excites one's laughter.

A carrier crosses the road at a trot, holding on to his elbows, and we laugh. A ragged vanka[2] overtakes our sleigh at a gallop, flourishing the ends of his reins, and we shout with laughter. Philip's knout has caught in the runners of the sleigh; he turns around, and says, "Alas!"

[1] *Moi miluii*, equivalent to *mon cher*, and not always a term of endearment.
[2] Cabman.

and we die with laughter. Mimi remarks, with a face of displeasure, that only *stupid people* laugh without cause; and Liubotchka, all rosy with the strain of repressed laughter, casts a sidelong glance at me. Our eyes meet, and we break out into such Homeric laughter, that the tears come to our eyes, and we are in no condition to repress the bursts of merriment which are suffocating us. We have no sooner quieted down to some extent, than I glance at Liubotchka, and utter a private little word which has been in fashion for some time among us, and which always calls forth a laugh; and again we break out.

On our return home, I have but just opened my mouth in order to make a very fine grimace at Liubotchka, when my eyes are startled by the black cover of a coffin leaning against one half of our entrance door, and my mouth retains its distorted shape.

"Your grandmother is dead," says St. Jerôme, coming to meet us with a pale face.

During the whole time that grandmamma's body remains in the house, I experience an oppressive feeling, a fear of death, as if the dead body were alive, and unpleasantly reminding me that I must die some time, — a feeling which it is usual, for some reason, to confound with grief. I do not mourn for grandmamma, and, in fact, there can hardly be any one who sincerely mourns her. Although the house is full of mourning visitors, no one sorrows for her death, except one individual, whose wild grief impresses me in an indescribable manner. And this person is Gascha, the maid. She goes off to the garret, locks herself up there, weeps incessantly, curses herself, tears her hair, will not listen to any advice, and declares that death is the only consolation left for her after the death of her beloved mistress.

I repeat once more, that inconsistency in matters of feeling is the most trustworthy sign of genuineness.

Grandmother is no more, but memories and various remarks about her still live in her house. These remarks refer especially to the will which she made before her end, and the contents of which no one knows, with the exception of her executor, Prince Ivan Ivanitch. I observe some excitement among grandmamma's people, and I frequently overhear remarks as to who will become whose property; and I must confess that I think, with involuntary joy, of the fact that we shall receive a legacy.

At the end of six weeks, Nikolai, who is the daily newspaper of our establishment, informs me that grandmamma has left all her property to Liubotchka, intrusting the guardianship until her marriage, not to papa, but to Prince Ivan Ivanitch.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I.

Only a few months remain before my entrance to the university. I am studying well. I not only await my teachers without terror, but even feel a certain pleasure in my lessons.

I am cheerful. I can recite the lesson I have learned, clearly and accurately. I am preparing for the mathematical faculty; and this choice, to tell the truth, has been made by me simply because the words, sinuses, tangents, differentials, integrals, and so forth, please me extremely.

I am much shorter of stature than Volodya, broad-shouldered and fleshy, homely as ever, and worried about it as usual. I try to appear original. One thing consoles me: that is, that papa once said of me that I had a *sensible phiz*, and I am fully convinced of it.

St. Jerôme is satisfied with me; and I not only do not hate him, but, when he occasionally remarks that *with my gifts* and *my mind* it is a shame that I do not do thus and so, it even seems to me that I love him.

My observations on the maids' room ceased long ago; I am ashamed to hide myself behind a door, and, moreover, my conviction that Mascha loves Vasili has cooled me somewhat, I must confess. Vasili's marriage, the permission for which, at his request, I obtain from papa, effects a final cure of this unhappy passion in me.

When the *young pair* come, with bonbons on a tray, to thank papa, and Mascha in a blue-ribboned cap, kissing each of us on the shoulder, also returns thanks to all of us for something or other, I am conscious only of the rose pomade on her hair, but not of the least emotion.

On the whole, I am beginning gradually to recover from my boyish follies; with the exception, however, of the chief one, which is still fated to cause me much injury in life, — my tendency to metaphysics.

CHAPTER XXV.

VOLODYA'S FRIENDS.

ALTHOUGH in the company of Volodya's acquaintances I played a *rôle* which wounded my self-love, I liked to sit in his room when he had visitors, and silently observe all that took place there.

The most freqent of all Volodya's guests were Adjutant Dubkoff, and a student, Prince Nekhliudoff. Dubkoff was a small, muscular, dark-complexioned man, no longer in his first youth, and rather short-legged, but not bad-looking, and always gay. He was one of those narrow-minded persons to whom their own narrow-mindedness is particularly agreeable, who are not capable of viewing subjects from different sides, and who are continually allowing themselves to be carried away with something. The judgment of such people is one-sided and erroneous, but always open-hearted and captivating. Even their narrow egotism seems pardonable and attractive, for some reason. Besides this, Dubkoff possessed a double charm for Volodya and me, — a military exterior, and, most of all, the age, with which young people have a habit of confounding their ideas of what is *comme il faut*, which is very highly prized during these years. Moreover, Dubkoff really was what is called a man *comme il faut*. One thing displeased me; and that was, that Volodya seemed at times to be ashamed, in his presence, of my most innocent acts, and, most of all, my youth.

Nekhliudoff was not handsome: little gray eyes, a low, rough forehead, disproportionately long arms and legs, could not be called beautiful features. The only handsome thing about him was his unusually lofty stature, the delicate coloring of his face, and his very fine teeth. But his countenance acquired such a character of originality and energy from his narrow, brilliant eyes, and the expression of his smile which changed from sternness to childish indefiniteness, that it was impossible not to take note of him.

He was, it appeared, excessively modest, for every trifle made him flush up to his very ears; but his shyness did not resemble mine. The more he reddened, the more determination did his face express. He seemed angry with himself for his weakness. Although he seemed very friendly with Dubkoff and Volodya, it was worthy of note that chance alone had connected him with them. Their views were entirely different. Volodya and Dubkoff seemed afraid of every thing which even resembled serious discussion and feeling; Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, was an enthusiast in the highest degree, and often entered into discussion of philosophical questions and of feelings, in spite of ridicule. Volodya and Dubkoff were fond of talking about the objects of their love (and they fell in love, all of a sudden, with several, and both with the same persons): Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, always became seriously angry when they hinted at his love for a *little red-haired girl.*

Volodya and Dubkoff often permitted themselves to make sport of their relatives: Nekhliudoff, on the contrary, could be driven quite beside himself by uncomplimentary allusions to his aunt, for whom he cherished a sort of rapturous reverence. Volodya and Dubkoff used to go off somewhere after supper without Nekhliudoff, and they called him a *pretty little girl.*

Prince Nekhliudoff impressed me from the first by his conversation as well as by his appearance. But although I found much in his tastes that was common to mine, — or perhaps just for that reason, — the feeling with which he inspired me when I saw him for the first time was extremely hostile.

I was displeased by his quick glance, his firm voice, his haughty look, but most of all by the utter indifference towards me which he exhibited. Often, during a conversation, I had a terrible desire to contradict him; I wanted to quarrel with him to punish him for his pride, to show him that I was sensible, although he would not pay the slightest attention to me. Diffidence restrained me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISCUSSIONS.

VOLODYA was lying with his feet on the divan, and leaning on his elbow; he was engaged in reading a French romance, when I went to his room after my evening lessons according to custom. He raised his head for a second to glance at me, and again turned to his reading; the most simple and natural movement possible, but it made me blush. It seemed to me that his glance expressed the question why I had come there; and his hasty bend of the head, a desire to conceal from me the meaning of the glance. This tendency to attribute significance to the simplest movement constituted one of my characteristic traits at that age. I walked up to the table, and took a book; but before I began to read it, it occurred to me how ridiculous it was not to say any thing to each other, when we had not seen each other all day.

"Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"Because," said I, perceiving I could not start a conversation. I took my book, and began to read.

It was strange that Volodya and I would pass whole hours in silence, face to face, but that it required only the presence of a third person, even if taciturn, to start the most interesting and varied discussions. We felt that we knew each other too well; and too intimate or too slight knowledge of each other prevents approach.

"Is Volodya at home?" said Dubkoff's voice in the vestibule.

"Yes," said Volodya, lowering his feet, and laying his book on the table.

Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff entered the room in their coats and hats.

"What do you say, Volodya? shall we go to the theatre?"

"No, I don't want to," replied Volodya, turning red.

"Well, that's an idea! Pray let us go."

"I haven't any ticket."

"You can get as many tickets as you want at the entrance."

"Wait, I'll come directly," said Volodya, yielding, and he left the room with a twitch of his shoulders.

I knew that Volodya wanted very much to go to the theatre, whither Dubkoff invited him; that he only refused because he had no money; and that he had gone to borrow five rubles of the butler until his next instalment of allowance became due.

"How are you, *Diplomat?*" said Dubkoff, giving me his hand.

Volodya's friends called me the diplomat, because once, after a dinner with my grandmother, in speaking of our future, she had said, in their presence, that Volodya was to be a soldier, and that she hoped to see me a diplomat, in a black dress-coat, and with my hair dressed *à la coq*, which, according to her views, constituted an indispensable part of the diplomatic profession.

"Where has Volodya gone?" Nekhliudoff asked.

"I don't know," I replied, reddening at the thought that they probably guessed why Volodya had quitted the room.

"He can't have any money! is that so? oh, *Diplomat!*" he added with conviction, displaying his smile, "I haven't any money either; have you, Dubkoff?"

"We shall see," said Dubkoff, pulling out his purse, and very carefully feeling a few bits of small change with his short fingers. "Here's a five-kopek bit, and here's a twenty-kopek piece, and f-f-f-f-u!" said he, making a comical gesture with his hand.

At that moment Volodya entered the room.

"Well, shall we go?"

"No."

"How ridiculous you are!" said Nekhliudoff. "Why don't you say that you haven't any money? Take my ticket if you like."

"But what will you do?"

"He will go to his cousin's box," said Dubkoff.

"No, I will not go at all."

"Why?"

"Because, as you know, I don't like to sit in a box."

"Why?"

"I don't like it; it makes me feel awkward."

"The same old thing again! I don't understand how you can feel awkward where every one is glad to have you. It's absurd, my dear fellow."

"What am I to do, if I am timid? I am convinced that you have never blushed in your life, but I do it every moment for the veriest trifles," turning crimson as he spoke.

"Do you know the cause of your timidity? An excess of self-love, my dear fellow," said Dubkoff in a patronizing tone.

"An excess of self-love, indeed!" said Nekhliudoff, touched to the quick. "On the contrary, it is because I have too little self-love: it seems to me that things displease and bore me — because" —

"Dress yourself, Volodya," said Dubkoff, seizing him by the shoulders, and pulling off his coat. "Ignat, dress your master!"

"Because, it often happens to me" — went on Nekhliudoff.

But Dubkoff was no longer listening to him. "Tra-la-ta-ra-ra-la-la," and he hummed an air.

"You have not escaped," said Nekhliudoff; "and I will prove to you that shyness does not proceed from self-love at all."

"You will prove it if you come with us."

"I have said that I would not go."

"Well, stay, then, and prove it to the diplomat; and he shall tell us when we come back."

"I will prove it," retorted Nekhliudoff, with childish obstinacy; "but come back as soon as you can."

"What do you think? am I vain?" he said, seating himself beside me.

Although I had formed an opinion on that point, I was so intimidated by this unexpected appeal, that I could not answer him very promptly.

"Yes, I think so," I said, feeling that my voice trembled and the color covered my face at the thought that the time had come to show him that *I was intelligent*, — "I think that every man is vain, and that every thing a man does is done from vanity."

"What is vanity, in your opinion?" said Nekhliudoff, smiling somewhat disdainfully, as it struck me.

"Vanity — self-love" — said I, "is the conviction that I am better and wiser than anybody else."

"But how can everybody entertain that conviction?"

"I do not know whether I am correct or not, but no one except myself confesses to it: I am persuaded that I am wiser than any one in the world, and I am persuaded that you are convinced of the same thing."

"No, I am the first to say of myself, that I have met people whom I have acknowledged to be wiser than myself," said Nekhliudoff.

"Impossible," I answered with conviction.

"Do you really think so?" said Nekhliudoff, looking intently at me.

And then an idea occurred to me, to which I immediately gave utterance.

"I will prove it to you. Why do we love ourselves more than others? Because we consider ourselves better than others, more worthy of love. If we considered others better than ourselves, then we should love them more than ourselves, and that never happens. Even if it does happen, I am right all the same," I added, with an involuntary smile of vanity.

Nekhliudoff remained silent for a moment.

"I never thought that you were so clever!" he said with such a sweet, good-natured smile, that it seemed to me all at once that I was perfectly happy.

Praise acts so powerfully not only on the feelings but on the mind of man, that under its pleasant influence it seemed to me that I became much more clever, and ideas occurred to me one after the other with unusual swiftness. From vanity we passed, without noticing it, to love; and discussion on this theme seemed inexhaustible. Although our judgments might seem utter nonsense to an uninterested listener, — so unintelligible and one-sided were they, — they possessed a lofty significance for us. Our souls were so agreeably attuned in harmony, that the slightest touch upon any chord in one found an echo in the other. We took pleasure in this mutual echoing of the divers chords which we touched in our discussion. It seemed to us that time and words were lacking to express to each other the thoughts which sought utterance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BEGINNING OF FRIENDSHIP.

From that time, rather strange but very agreeable relations existed between me and Dmitri Nekhliudoff. In the presence of strangers, he paid hardly any attention to me; but as soon as we chanced to be alone, we seated ourselves in some quiet nook, and began to discuss, forgetful of every thing, and perceiving not how the time flew.

We talked of the future life, and of the arts, and of the government service, and marriage, and bringing up children; and it never entered our heads that all we said was the most frightful nonsense. It never occurred to us, because the nonsense we talked was wise and nice nonsense; and in youth one still prizes wisdom, and believes in it. In youth, all the powers of the soul are directed towards the future; and that future assumes such varied, vivid, and enchanting forms under the influence of hope, founded, not upon experience of the past, but upon the fancied possibilities of happiness, that the mere conceptions and dreams of future bliss form a genuine happiness at that age, when shared. In the metaphysical discussions which formed one of the chief subjects of our conversation, I loved the moment when thoughts succeed each other more and more swiftly, and, growing ever more abstract, finally attain such a degree of mistiness that one sees no possibility of expressing them, and, supposing that one is saying what he thinks, he says something entirely different. I loved the moment, when, soaring higher and higher into the realms of thought, one suddenly comprehends all its infiniteness, and confesses the impossibility of proceeding farther.

Once, during the carnival, Nehkliudoff was so absorbed in various pleasures, that, although he came to the house several times a day, he never once spoke to me; and this so offended me, that he again seemed to me a haughty and disagreeable

man. I only waited for an opportunity to show him that I did not value his society in the least, and entertained no special affection for him.

On the first occasion after the carnival that he wanted to talk to me, I said that I was obliged to prepare my lessons, and went up-stairs; but a quarter of an hour later, some one opened the schoolroom door, and Nekhliudoff entered.

"Do I disturb you?" said he.

"No," I replied, although I wanted to say that I really was busy.

"Then why did you leave Volodya's room? We haven't had a talk for a long while. And I have become so used to it, that it seems as if something were missing."

My vexation vanished in a moment, and Dmitri again appeared the same kind and charming man as before in my eyes.

"You probably know why I went away," said I.

"Perhaps," he replied, seating himself beside me. "But if I guess it, I cannot say why, but you can," said he.

"I will say it: I went away because I was angry with you — not angry, but vexed. To speak plainly, I am always afraid that you will despise me because I am still so very young."

"Do you know why I have become so intimate with you?" he said, replying to my confession with a good-humored and sensible smile, — "why I love you more than people with whom I am better acquainted, and with whom I have more in common? I settled it at once. You have a wonderfully rare quality, — frankness."

"Yes, I always say just the very things that I am ashamed to acknowledge," I said, confirming him, "but only to those people whom I can trust."

"Yes; but in order to trust a person, one must be entirely friendly with him, and we are not friends yet, Nicolas. You remember that we discussed friendship: in order to be true friends, it is necessary to trust one another."

"To trust that what I tell you, you will not repeat to any one," said I. "But the most important, the most interesting thoughts, are just those which we would not tell each other for any thing!"

"And what loathsome thoughts! such thoughts, that, if we knew that we should be forced to acknowledge them, we should never have dared to think them.

"Do you know what idea has come to me, Nicolas?" he added, rising from his chair, and rubbing his hands, with a smile. "*Do it*, and you will see how beneficial it will be for both of us. Let us give our word to confess every thing to each other: we shall know each other, and we shall not be ashamed; but, in order that we may not fear strangers, let us take a vow *never* to say *any thing* to *anybody* about each other. Let us do this."

And we actually *did it*. What came of it, I shall relate hereafter.

Karr has said, that, in every attachment, there are two sides: one loves, while the other permits himself to be loved; one kisses, the other offers the cheek. This is perfectly correct; and in our friendship I kissed, but Dmitri offered his cheek: but he was also ready to kiss me. We loved equally, because we knew and valued each other; but this did not prevent his exercising an influence over me, and my submitting to him.

Of course, under the influence of Nekhliudoff, I unconsciously adopted his view, the gist of which consisted in an enthusiastic adoration of the ideal of virtue, and in a belief that man is intended to constantly perfect himself. Then the reformation of all mankind, the annihilation of all popular vices and miseries, appeared a practicable thing. It seemed very simple and easy to reform one's self, to acquire all virtues, and be happy.

But God only knows whether these lofty aspirations of youth were ridiculous, and who was to blame that they were not fulfilled.

PART III.—YOUTH.

A NOVEL.

YOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT I CONSIDER THE BEGINNING OF YOUTH.

I HAVE said that my friendship with Dmitri revealed a new view of life to me, its aims and bearings. This view consisted essentially in the belief that man's destiny is to strive for moral perfection, and that this perfection is easy, possible, and eternal. But hitherto I had revelled only in the discovery of the new thoughts which sprang from this belief, and in the construction of brilliant plans for a moral and active future; but my life went on in the same petty, confused, and idle fashion.

The philanthropic thoughts which I examined in my conversations with my adored friend Dmitri, *wonderful Mitya* as I called him in a whisper to myself sometimes, still pleased my mind only, but not my feelings. But the time arrived when these thoughts came into my head with such freshness and force of moral discovery, that I was alarmed when I reflected how much time I had wasted in vain; and I wanted to apply these thoughts immediately, that very second, to life, with the firm intention of never changing them.

And from that time I date the beginning of *youth*. At that time I was nearly sixteen. Masters continued to come to me. St. Jerôme supervised my studies, and I was forced unwillingly to prepare for the university. Besides my studies, my occupations consisted in solitary, incoherent reveries and meditation; in gymnastic exercises with a view to making myself the strongest man in the world; in roaming, without any definite aim or idea, through all the rooms,

and particularly in the corridor of the maids' room; and in gazing at myself in the mirror, from which last occupation, by the way, I always desisted with a heavy feeling of sorrow and even of aversion. I was convinced that my appearance was not only plain, but I could not even comfort myself with the consolations usual in such cases. I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, and noble. There was nothing expressive about it: the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary, and homeliest. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less of manliness about it. Although I was not so very diminutive in stature, and very strong for my age, all my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even any thing noble about it: on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (*muzhik*), and I had just such big hands and feet; and this seemed to me at that time very disgraceful.

CHAPTER II.

SPRING.

On the year when I entered the university, Easter fell so late in April that the examinations were set for Quasimodo Week, and I was obliged to prepare for the sacrament, and make my final preparations, during Passion Week.

The weather had been soft, warm, and clear for three days after the wet snow which Karl Ivanitch had been in the habit of calling "*the son followed the father.*" Not a lump of snow was to be seen in the streets; dirty paste had given place to the wet, shining pavements and rapid rivulets. The last drops were thawing from the roofs in the sun. The buds were swelling on the trees within the enclosures. The path in the court-yard was dry. In the direction of the stable, past the frozen heaps of manure, and between the stones about the porch, the moss-like grass was beginning to turn green. It was that particular period of spring which acts most powerfully upon the soul of man, — the clear, full, brilliant but not hot sun, the brooks and snow-bare places breathing freshness to the air; and the tender blue sky, with its long transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that the influence of this first period of birth of the spring is even more powerful and perceptible in a great city: one sees less, but foresees more. I stood by the window, through whose double frames the morning sun cast dusty rays of light upon the floor of the schoolroom which bored me so intolerably, solving a long algebraic equation on the blackboard. In one hand I held a soft, tattered copy of Franker's Algebra, in the other a small bit of chalk, with which I had already smeared both hands, my face, and the elbows of my coat. Nikolai, wearing an apron, and with his sleeves rolled up, was chipping off the cement, and extracting the nails of the windows which opened on the front yard. His occupation, and the noise he made, distracted my

attention. Besides, I was in a very evil and dissatisfied state of mind. Nothing would go right with me. I had made a mistake at the beginning of my calculation, so that I had had to begin all over again. I had dropped the chalk twice. I was conscious that my hands and face were dirty. The sponge had disappeared somewhere or other; the noise which Nikolai made shook my nerves painfully. I wanted to get into a rage, and growl. I flung aside the chalk and algebra, and began to pace the room. But I remembered that to-day I must go to confession, and that I must refrain from all evil; and all at once I fell into a peculiar, gentle mood, and approached Nikolai.

"Permit me; I will help you, Nikolai," said I, trying to impart the gentlest of tones to my voice. The thought that I was behaving well, stifling my vexation, and helping him, heightened this gentle disposition of mind still further.

The cement was cut away, the nails removed; but although Nikolai tugged at the cross-frame with all his might, the frame would not yield.

"If the frame comes out immediately now, when I pull on it," I thought, "it will signify that it is a sin, and that I need not do any more work to-day." The frame leaned to one side, and came out.

"Where is it to be carried?" said I.

"If you please, I will take care of it myself," replied Nikolai, evidently amazed and seemingly displeased with my zeal: "it must not be dropped, but they belong in the garret in my room."

"I will take care of it," said I, lifting the frame.

It seems to me, that if the garret were two versts away, and the window-frame were twice as heavy, I should be very much pleased. I wanted to torture myself by performing this service for Nikolai. When I returned to the room, the tiles and the cones of salt[1] were already transferred to the window-sills, and Nikolai had brushed off the sand and drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, perfumed air had already entered and filled the room. From the window, the hum of the city and the twittering of the sparrows in the yard were audible.

[1] In order to aid the sand, which is placed between the double windows to absorb dampness, little cones of salt two or three inches high are added, about three to a window. The salt is put into little paper moulds while damp, to give it this conical form, and the moulds are sometimes left also. Tiles or little bricks are often added, like cases, between the salt, for ornament; and provincial æsthetes frequently add or substitute little bunches of artificial flowers.

Every object was brilliantly illuminated; the room had grown cheerful; the light spring breeze fluttered the leaves of my algebra, and Nikolai's hair. I approached the window, sat down in it, bent towards the yard, and began to think.

Some new, exceedingly powerful, and pleasant sensation penetrated my soul all at once. The wet earth, through which, here and there, bright green spears of grass with yellow stalks pushed their way; the rivulets, sparkling in the sun, and whirling along little clods of earth and shavings and reddening twigs of syringa with swollen buds which undulate just beneath the window; the anxious twittering of the birds thronging this bush; the blackish hedge wet with the melted snow; but chiefly the damp, fragrant air and cheerful sun,—spoke to me intelligibly, clearly, of something new and very beautiful, which, though I cannot reproduce it as it told itself to me, I shall endeavor to repeat as I received it: every thing spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue, said that both were easy and possible to me, that one could not exist without the other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue are one and the same. "How could I fail to understand this? How wicked I was before! How happy I might have been, and how happy I may be in the future!" I said to myself. "I must become another man as quickly, as quickly, as possible, this very moment, and begin to live differently." But, in spite of this, I still sat for a long time in the window, dreaming and doing nothing. Has it ever happened to you, in summer, to lie down to sleep, during the daytime, in gloomy, rainy weather, and, waking up at sunset, to open your eyes, to catch sight through the wide square window, from under the linen shade which swells and beats its stick against the window-sill, of the shady, purpling side of the linden alley, wet with rain, and the damp garden walks, illuminated by the bright, slanting rays; to suddenly catch the sound of merry life among the birds in the garden, and to see the insects which are circling in the window aperture, transparent in the sun, and become conscious of the fragrance of the air after rain, and to think, "How shameful of me to sleep away such an evening!" and then to spring up in haste, in order to go to the garden and rejoice in life? If this has happened to you, then here is a specimen of the powerful feeling which I experienced then.

CHAPTER III.

REVERIES.

"To-day I shall confess, I shall purify myself of all my sins," I thought, "and I shall never commit any more." (Here I recalled all the sins which troubled me most.) "I shall go to church, without fail, every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for a whole hour; and then. out of the white bank-bill which I shall receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles and a half (one-tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it — and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman, whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself (probably St. Jerôme's), and I shall take care of it myself, and keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall leave the man nothing to do for me, for he is just the same as I am. Then I shall go all day to the university on foot (and if they give me a drozhky, I shall sell it, and give that money also to the poor), and I shall do every thing with the greatest precision [what this 'every thing' was, I could not have told, in the least, then; but I vividly realized and felt this 'every thing' in an intellectual, moral, and irreproachable life]. I shall prepare my lectures, and even go over the subjects beforehand, so that I shall be at the head in the first course, and write the dissertation; in the second course, I shall know every thing beforehand, and they can transfer me directly to the third course, so that at eighteen I shall graduate as first candidate, with two gold medals; then I shall stand my examination for the degree of Master, then Doctor, and I shall become the leading *savant* in Russia; I may be the most learned man in Europe, even." "Well, and afterwards?" I asked myself. But here I remembered that these were dreams, — pride, sin, which I should have to recount to the priest that evening; and I went

back to the beginning of my argument. "As a preparation for my lectures, I will walk out to the Sparrow Hills;[1] there I will select a spot beneath a tree, and read over the lesson. Sometimes I shall take something to eat with me, cheese or patties from Pedotti, or something. I shall rest myself, and then I shall read some good book, or sketch views, or play on some instrument (I must not fail to learn to play the flute). Then *she* will also take a walk on the Sparrow Hills, and some day she will come up to me, and ask who I am. And I shall look at her so mournfully, and say that I am the son of a priest, and that I am happy only here when I am alone, quite, quite alone. Then she will give me her hand, and say something, and sit down beside me. Thus we shall come there every day, and we shall become friends, and I shall kiss her. — No, that is not well: on the contrary, from this day forth, I shall never more look at a woman. Never, never will I go into the maids' room, I will try not to pass by it even; and in three years I shall be free from guardianship, and I shall marry, without fail. I shall take as much exercise as possible with gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day, I will hold half a pood[2] in my out-stretched hand for five minutes; on the second day, twenty-one pounds; on the third day, twenty-two pounds, and so on, so that at last I can support four poods in each hand, and I shall be stronger than any one at court; and when any one undertakes to insult me, or express himself disrespectfully of *her*, I will take him thus, quite simply, by the breast, I will lift him an arshin or two from the ground with one hand, and only hold him long enough to let him feel my power, and then I will release him. — But this is not well: no, I will not do him any harm, I will only show him" —

Reproach me not because the dreams of adolescence were as childish as the dreams of childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if I am fated to live to extreme old age, and my story follows my growth, as an old man of seventy I shall dream in exactly the same impossibly childish way as now. I shall dream of some charming Marie, who will fall in love with me as a toothless old man, as she loved Mazeppa;[3] of how my weak-minded son will suddenly become a minister, through some unusual circumstance; or of how a treasure of

[1] Hills near Moscow. [2] About twenty pounds.
[3] An allusion to Pushkin's poem, "Poltava."

millions will fall to me all of a sudden. I am convinced that there is no human being or age which is deprived of this beneficent, comforting capacity for dreaming. But, exclusive of the general traits of impossibility, — the witchcraft of revery, — the dreams of each man and of each stage of growth possess their own distinctive character. During that period of time which I regard as the limit of boyhood and the beginning of adolescence, four sentiments formed the foundation of my dreams: love for *her*, the ideal woman, of whom I thought always in the same strain, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any moment. This *she* was a little like Sonitchka; a little like Mascha, Vasili's wife, when she washes the clothes in the tub; and a little like the woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I saw in the theatre very long ago, in the box next to ours. The second sentiment was love of love. I wanted to have every one know and love me. I wanted to pronounce my name, Nikolai Irteneff, and have every one, startled by this information, surround me, and thank me for something. The third feeling was the hope of some remarkable, glorious good fortune, — so great and firm that it would border on madness. I was so sure that I should become the greatest and most distinguished man in the world very soon, in consequence of some extraordinary circumstance or other, that I found myself constantly in a state of agitated expectation of something enchantingly blissful. I was always expecting that it *was about to begin*, and that I was on the point of attaining whatever a man may desire; and I was always hastening about in all directions, supposing that it was already *beginning* in the place where I was not. The fourth and principal feeling was disgust at myself, and remorse, but a remorse so mingled with hope of bliss that there was nothing sorrowful about it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all the past, to reconstruct, to forget every thing which had been, and to begin my life with all its relations quite anew, that the past neither weighed upon nor fettered me. I even took pleasure in my repugnance to the past, and began to see it in more sombre colors than it had possessed. The blacker was the circle of memories of the past, the purer and brighter did the pure, bright point of the present and the rainbow hues of the future stand out in relief against it. This voice of remorse, and of passionate desire for perfection, was the chief new spiritual sentiment

at that epoch of my development; and it marked a new era in my views with regard to myself, to people, and the world. That beneficent, cheering voice has, since then, so often boldly been raised, in those sad hours when the soul has silently submitted to the weight of life's falsehood and vice, against every untruth, maliciously convicting the past, pointing to the bright spot of the present and making one love it, and promising good and happiness in the future, — the blessed, comforting voice! Wilt thou ever cease to sound?

CHAPTER IV.

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE.

PAPA was seldom at home that spring. But when it did happen, he was extremely gay; he rattled off his favorite pieces on the piano, made eyes and invented jests about Mimi and all of us, such as that the Tzarevitch of Georgia had seen Mimi out riding, and had fallen so much in love that he had sent a petition to the synod for a divorce, and that I had been appointed assistant to the ambassador to Vienna, — and he communicated this news with a sober face; and frightened Katenka with spiders, which she was afraid of. He was very gracious to our friends Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, and was constantly telling us and visitors his plans for the coming year. Although these plans were changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them eagerly, and Liubotchka stared straight at papa's mouth, never winking lest she should lose a single word. But the plan consisted in leaving us in Moscow at the university, and going to Italy with Liubotchka for two years, and purchasing an estate in the Crimea, on the southern shore, and going there every summer, and in removing to Peterburg with the whole family, and so forth. But another change had taken place in papa, besides his remarkable gayety, which greatly surprised me. He had got himself some fashionable clothes, — an olive-colored coat, fashionable trousers with straps, and a long overcoat which became him extremely, — and he was often deliciously scented with perfumes when he went anywhere, and particularly to one lady of whom Mimi never spoke except with a sigh, and with a face on which one might have read the words, "Poor orphans! An unfortunate passion. It is well that *she* is no more," and so on. I learned from Nikolai (for papa never told us about his gambling affairs), that he had been very lucky in play that winter; he had won a dreadfully large

sum at l'hombre, and did not want to play any that spring. Probably this was the reason that he was so anxious to go to the country as soon as possible, lest he should not be able to restrain himself. He even decided not to await my entrance to the university, but went off immediately after Easter to Petrovskoe with the girls, whither Volodya and I were to follow him later on.

Volodya had been inseparable from Dubkoff all winter and even until the spring (but he and Dmitri began to treat each other rather coldly). Their chief pleasures, so far as I could judge from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne incessantly, driving in a sleigh past the windows of young ladies with whom they were both in love, and dancing *vis-à-vis*, not at children's balls any more, but at real balls.

This last circumstance caused a great separation between Volodya and me, although we loved each other. We were conscious that the difference was too great between the boy to whom teachers still came, and the man who danced at great balls, to allow of our making up our minds to share our thoughts. Katenka was already quite grown up, read a great many romances, and the thought that she might soon marry no longer seemed a joke to me; but although Volodya was grown up also, they did not associate, and it even seemed as though they despised each other. Generally, when Katenka was at home, she had nothing to occupy her but romances, and she was bored most of the time; but when strange men came, she became very lively and charming, made eyes at them, and what she meant to express by this I could not in the least understand. Only later, when I learned from her in conversation that the only coquetry permitted to a girl is this coquetry of the eyes, could I explain to myself the strange, unnatural grimaces of the eyes, which did not seem to surprise other people at all. Liubotchka also had begun to wear dresses which were almost long, so that her crooked feet were hardly visible at all; but she cried as much as ever. She no longer dreamed now of marrying a hussar, but a singer, or a musician; and to this end she busied herself diligently with music. St. Jerôme, who knew that he was to remain in the house only until the conclusion of my examinations, had found a situation with some Count, and from that time forth looked upon our household rather disdainfully. He was seldom at home, took to smoking cigarettes, which

were then the height of dandyism, and was incessantly whistling merry airs through a card. Mimi became more bitter every day, and it seemed as though she did not expect any good from any one of us from the time we were grown up.

When I came down to dinner, I found only Mimi, Katenka, Liubotchka, and St. Jerôme in the dining-room; papa was not at home, and Volodya, who was preparing for examination, was with his comrades in his room, and had ordered his dinner to be served there. Of late, Mimi, whom none of us respected, had taken the head of the table most of the time, and dinner lost much of its charm. Dinner was no longer, as in mamma's day, and grandmamma's, a kind of ceremony which united the whole family at a certain hour, and divided the day into two halves. We permitted ourselves to be late, to come in at the second course, to drink wine from tumblers (St. Jerôme himself set the example on this point), to lounge on our chairs, to go off before dinner was over, and similar liberties. From that moment dinner ceased to be, as formerly, a joyous, daily family solemnity. It was quite another thing at Petrovskoe, where all, freshly washed and dressed for dinner, seated themselves in the drawing-room at two o'clock, and chatted merrily while waiting for the appointed hour. Just as the clock in the butler's pantry squeaks preparatory to striking two, Foka enters softly, a napkin on his arm, and with a dignified and rather stern countenance. "Dinner is ready!" he says in a loud, drawling voice; and all go to the dining-room, the elder people in front, the young ones behind, with gay, contented faces; rattling their starched skirts, and squeaking their shoes, and softly talking, they seat themselves in their familiar places. And it used to be very different in Moscow, where all stood softly talking before the table, waiting for grandmamma. Gavrilo has already gone to announce to her that dinner is served: all at once the door opens, the rustle of a dress and the sound of feet become audible, and grandmamma swims out of her chamber, in a remarkable cap with lilac ribbons and all on one side, smiling or scowling darkly (according to the state of her health). Gavrilo rushes to her chair, the chairs rattle, and with a feeling of cold trickling down your spine — a forerunner of appetite — you take your rather damp, starched napkin, devour your crust of bread, and, rubbing your hands under the table with impatient and joyous greediness, you

gaze at the steaming tureen of soup, which the butler dispenses according to rank, age, and grandmamma's ideas.

I no longer experience any such joy nor emotion when I come to dinner.

The chatter between Mimi, St. Jerôme, and the girls about the frightful shoes which the Russian teacher wears, and Princess Kornakova's flounced dresses, and so on, — that chatter which formerly inspired me with genuine contempt, which I did not even try to conceal so far as Liubotchka and Katenka were concerned, — did not withdraw me from my new and virtuous frame of mind. I was unusually gentle; I listened to them with a peculiarly courteous smile, asked to have the kvas passed to me respectfully, and agreed with St. Jerôme when he corrected me for a phrase which I had used before dinner, and told me that it was better to say *je puis* than *je peux*. But I must confess that it rather displeased me to find that no one paid any special attention to my gentleness and amiability. After dinner Liubotchka showed me a paper on which she had written down all her sins; I thought that very fine, but that it would be still better to inscribe one's sins in one's soul, and that "all that amounted to nothing."

"Why not?" asked Liubotchka.

"Well, but this is very good; you don't understand me." And I went up-stairs to my own room, telling St. Jerôme that I was going to occupy myself until time to go to confession, which was an hour and a half off yet, with writing out a list of my duties and occupations for my whole life, and laying out on paper the aim of my life, and the rules by which I was always to act without any deviation.

CHAPTER V.

RULES.

I PROCURED a sheet of paper, and wanted first of all to set about a list of my duties and occupations for the coming year. For this the paper must be ruled; but as I had not the ruler by me, I used the Latin dictionary for that purpose. When I drew the pen along the dictionary, and then moved that back, it appeared that instead of a line I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper; besides, the dictionary was shorter than the paper, and the line curved around its soft corner. I took another piece of paper, and by moving the lexicon I managed to draw the line after a fashion. Separating my duties into three classes, — duties to myself, to my neighbor, and to God, — I began to write down the first; but they turned out to be so numerous, and of so many kinds and subdivisions, that it was necessary to write first, "Rules of Life," and then to set about making a list of them. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote at the top, "Rules of Life." These words were so crookedly and unevenly written that I pondered for a long while whether I should not write them over; and I worried long as I looked at the tattered list, and this deformed heading. Why does every thing which was so beautiful and clean in my soul turn out so repulsive on paper, and in life generally, when I want to put in practice any of the things which I think?

"The priest has arrived; please come down-stairs to attend to him," Nikolai came to announce.

I hid my blank-book in the table, looked in the glass, brushed my hair up, which, in my opinion, gave me a thoughtful look, and went to the boudoir, where stood a covered table with the images and the wax candles for sacramental preparation. Papa entered by another door at the same time as myself. The priest, a gray-haired monk with a stern,

aged face, gave papa his blessing. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand; I did the same.

"Call Waldemar," said papa: "where is he? But no, he will make his preparation at the university."

"He is engaged with the Prince," said Katenka, and looked at Liubotchka. Liubotchka suddenly blushed for some reason, pretended that she felt ill, and quitted the room. I followed her. She paused in the drawing-room, and wrote something more on her paper.

"What, have you committed a fresh sin?" I asked.

"No, it's nothing," she replied, turning red.

At that moment Dmitri's voice became audible in the anteroom, as he took leave of Volodya.

"Every thing is a temptation to you," said Katenka, entering the room, and addressing Liubotchka.

I could not understand what had happened to my sister: she was so confused that tears rose to her eyes, and her agitation, attaining the highest point, passed into anger at herself and Katenka, who was evidently teasing her.

"It's plain that you are a *foreigner* [nothing could be more insulting to Katenka than the appellation of "foreigner," and therefore Liubotchka made use of it]: before such a sacrament," she continued, with dignity in her voice, "and you are distracting me intentionally; you ought to understand that this is not a jest at all."

"Do you know what she has written, Nikolinka?" said Katenka, offended by the word "foreigner." "She has written" —

"I did not expect that you would be so malicious," said Liubotchka, breaking down completely, and leaving us. "She leads me into sin, and on purpose, at such a moment. I shall not stand by you in your feelings and sufferings."

CHAPTER VI.

CONFESSION.

With these and other similar distracting thoughts, I returned to the boudoir, when all were assembled there, and the priest, rising, prepared to read the prayer before confession. But as soon as the stern, expressive voice of the monk resounded amid the universal silence, and especially when he addressed us with the words, "*Confess all your sins without shame, secrecy, or justification, and your soul shall be purified before God; but if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin*," the feeling of devout agitation which I had felt on the preceding morning, at the thought of the coming sacrament, returned to me. I even took pleasure in the admission of this state, and tried to retain it, putting a stop to all thoughts which occurred to me, and trying to fear something.

The first who approached to confess was papa. He remained for a very long time in grandmamma's room, and meanwhile all of us in the boudoir remained silent, or discussed in whispers who should go first. At length the monk's voice was again audible behind the door, as he read a prayer, and then papa's footsteps. The door creaked, and he emerged, coughing, as was his wont, twitching his shoulders, and not looking at any of us.

"Come, do you go now, Liuba, and see that you tell every thing. You are my great sinner," said papa gayly, pinching her cheek.

Liubotchka reddened and turned pale, pulled her list from her apron and hid it again, and hanging her head, and seeming to shorten her neck, as though expecting a blow from above, she passed through the door. She did not stay long, but when she came out her shoulders were heaving with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Katenka, who came out smiling, my turn came. I entered the half-lighted room with the same

dull terror, and a desire to deliberately augment that terror, in myself. The priest stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face towards me.

I did not remain more than five minutes in grandmamma's room, and came out happy, and, according to my convictions at the time, a perfectly pure, morally changed, and new man. Although all the old surroundings of life struck me unpleasantly, the same rooms, the same furniture, the same face in myself (I should have liked to change my exterior, just as all my interior had been changed, as I thought), — still, notwithstanding this, I remained in this refreshing frame of mind until I went to bed.

I had already fallen into a doze, as I was going over in imagination all the sins of which I had been purified, when all at once I recalled one shameful sin which I had kept back in confession. The words of the prayer preceding confession came back to me, and resounded in my ears without intermission. All my composure vanished in a moment. "And if ye conceal aught, so shall ye have greater sin," I heard incessantly. I saw that I was such a terrible sinner that there was no punishment adequate for me. Long did I toss from side to side, as I reflected on my situation, and awaited God's punishment and even sudden death from moment to moment, — a thought which threw me into indescribable terror. But suddenly the happy thought occurred to me, to go or ride to the priest at the monastery as soon as it was light, and confess again; and I became calm.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIP TO THE MONASTERY.

I WOKE up several times during the night, fearing to oversleep myself in the morning, and at six o'clock I was already on my feet. It was hardly light at the windows yet. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay in a heap and unbrushed by the bed, for Nikolai had not succeeded in carrying them off; and without washing myself or saying my prayers, I went out into the street alone for the first time in my life.

From behind the big, green-roofed house on the other side of the street, the red flush of the dull, cold dawn appeared. A rather hard spring morning frost bound the mud and the rivulets, crackled under foot, and bit my face and hands.

There was not a single cabman in our lane as yet, though I had counted on it in order that I might go and return the more speedily. Only a few carts were dragging slowly along the Arbata, and a couple of working stone-masons passed along the sidewalk in conversation. After I had gone a thousand paces, I began to meet men and women going to market with their baskets, and casks going for water. A pie-seller had come out at the corner; one kalatch-baker's shop[1] was open, and at the Arbatsky gate I came across an old cabman asleep on his worn, blue, patched drozhky. It must have been in his sleep that he asked me twenty kopeks to the monastery and back, but then he suddenly recollected himself; and only when I was about to take my seat, did he lash his horse with the ends of the reins, and attempt to drive off. "I must feed my horse! impossible, master!" he muttered.

It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to stop by offering him forty kopeks. He pulled up his horse, looked me over carefully, and said, "Get in, master." I confess that

[1] *Kalatch*, a certain kind of white roll or small loaf.

I was rather afraid that he would drive me to some secluded lane, and rob me. Catching hold of his tattered coat-collar, whereupon his wrinkled neck, mounted upon a deeply bowed spine, was laid bare in a pitiful way, I climbed up to the blue, undulating, rocking seat, and we went shaking down the Vosdvizhenka. On the way, I observed that the back of the drozhky was lined with bits of the greenish material from which the driver's coat was made; and this fact calmed me, for some reason, and I was no longer afraid that the izvoshchik would carry me off to an obscure alley and rob me.

The sun was already quite high, and had gilded the cupolas of the churches brilliantly, when we arrived at the monastery. Frost still lingered in the shade; but along the road flowed swift turbid streams, and the horse splashed along through liquid mud. On entering the enclosure of the monastery, I inquired of the first person I saw, where I could find the priest.

"Yonder is his cell," said the passing monk, pausing for a moment, and pointing at a tiny house with a tiny portico.

"I am extremely obliged," said I.

But what could the monks, who all stared at me as they came out of the church one by one, think of me? I was neither an adult nor a child; my face was unwashed, my hair uncombed, my clothing dusty, my shoes uncleaned and still muddy. To what class did the monks, who were surveying me, assign me? And they examined me attentively. Nevertheless, I walked in the direction indicated to me by the young monk.

An old man in a black garment, with a thick gray beard, met me in the narrow path which led to the cell, and asked what I wanted.

For a moment, I wanted to say, "Nothing," run back to the carriage, and drive home; but the old man's face inspired confidence, in spite of his contracted brows. I said that I must see the priest, and mentioned his name.

"Come, young sir, I will conduct you," said he, turning back, and apparently divining my situation at once. "The father is at mass: he will soon be here."

He opened the door, and led me through a clean vestibule and ante-room, over a clean linen floor-covering, into the cell.

"Wait here," said he, with a kindly, soothing glance, and went out.

The little room in which I found myself was extremely small, and arranged with the greatest neatness. A little table covered with oilcloth, which stood between two double-leaved windows, upon which stood two pots of geraniums, a stand supporting the images, and a lamp which swung before them, one arm-chair and two common chairs, comprised the entire furniture. In the corner hung a wall-clock, its dial adorned with painted flowers, and with its brass weights on chains half unwound: two cassocks hung from nails in the partition, behind which was probably the bed, and which was joined to the ceiling by white-washed wooden poles.

The windows opened on a white wall about two arshins distant. Between them and the wall, was a little bush of syringa. Not a sound from without penetrated to the room, so that the regular tick of the pendulum seemed a loud noise in this stillness. As soon as I was alone in this quiet nook, all my former ideas and memories suddenly leaped out of my head, as if they had never been there, and I became wholly absorbed in an inexpressibly agreeable revery. That yellow nankeen cassock, with its tattered lining, the worn black leather bindings of the books and their brass clasps, the dull green hue of the plants, the carefully watered earth and well-washed leaves, and the monotonous, interrupted sound of the pendulum in particular, spoke to me distinctly of a new life hitherto unknown to me, — a life of solitude, of prayer, of calm, quiet happiness.

"Months pass by, years pass by," I thought. "He is always alone, always calm; he always feels that his conscience is pure in the sight of God, and that his prayers are heard by Him." For half an hour, I sat on that chair, trying not to move, and not to breathe loudly, in order that I might not disturb that harmony of sounds which had been so eloquent to me. And the pendulum ticked on as before, loudly to the right, more softly to the left.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND CONFESSION.

The priest's footsteps aroused me from this revery.

"Welcome," said he, adjusting his gray hair with his hand. "What would you like?"

I asked him to bless me, and kissed his small yellow hand with peculiar satisfaction.

When I explained my petition to him, he made no reply to me, but went to the ikon,[1] and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, I conquered my shame, told him all that was in my soul; he laid his hands upon my head, and in his quiet, melodious voice, he said, "My son, may the blessing of our heavenly Father be upon you, and may he preserve faith, peace, and gentleness within you evermore. Amen."

I was perfectly happy; tears of bliss rose in my throat; I kissed the folds of his lady's-cloth cassock, and raised my head. The monk's face was quite calm.

I felt that I was taking delight in the sensation of emotion; and, fearing that I might banish it in some way, I took leave of the priest in haste, and without glancing aside, in order not to distract my attention, quitted the enclosure, and seated myself again in the motley and jolting drozhky. But the jolts of the equipage, the variety of objects which flashed before my eyes, speedily dissipated that sensation, and I already began to think that the priest was probably thinking by this time, that such a fine soul of a young man as I, he had never met, and never would meet in all his life, and that there were no others like me. I was convinced of that, and this conviction called forth in me a feeling of cheerfulness of such a nature that it demanded communication to some one.

I wanted dreadfully to talk to some one; but as there was no one at hand except the izvoshchik, I turned to him.

[1] Pictures of the saints.

"Well, was I gone long?" I asked.

"Not so very long; but it was time to feed the horse long ago, because I am a night-cabman," replied the old izvoshchik, who seemed quite lively, now that the sun was up, compared with what he had been before.

"It seemed to me that it was only a minute," said I. "And do you know why I went to the monastery?" I added, changing my seat to the hollow which was nearer the driver.

"What business is that of mine? I take my passengers wherever they order me," he replied.

"No, but nevertheless what do you think?" I went on with my interrogations.

"Well, probably, some one is to be buried, and you went to buy a place," said he.

"No, brother; but do you know why I went?"

"I can't know, master," he repeated.

The izvoshchik's voice seemed to me so kind, that I determined to relate to him the cause of my journey, and even the feeling which I had experienced, for his edification.

"I will tell you, if you like. You see" —

And I told him every thing, and described all my beautiful sentiments. I blush even now at the memory of it.

"Yes, sir," said the izvoshchik incredulously.

And for a long time after that, he sat silent and motionless, only now and then adjusting the tail of his coat, that escaped from beneath his motley feet which jogged up and down in their big boots on the footboard. I was already thinking that he was thinking about me in the same way as the priest, — that is, as such a very fine young man, whose like did not exist in the world; but he suddenly turned to me.

"Well, master, is your business connected with the quality?"

"What?" I inquired.

"Your business, is your business with the quality?"

"No, he has not understood me," I thought, but I said nothing more to him until we reached home.

Although the feeling of agitation and devotion did not last the whole way, self-satisfaction in having experienced it did, in spite of the people who dotted the streets everywhere with color in the brilliant sunlight; but as soon as I reached home, this feeling entirely disappeared. I did not have my two twenty-kopek pieces to pay the driver. Gavrilo the butler, to whom I was already indebted, would not lend me any more.

The izvoshchik, after seeing me run through the court-yard twice to get the money, must have guessed why I was running, climbed down from his drozhky, and, although he had seemed to me so kind, began to talk loudly, with an evident desire to wound me, about swindlers who would not pay for their rides.

Every one was still asleep in the house, so there was no one of whom I could borrow the forty kopeks except the servants. Finally Vasili, under my sacred, most sacred word of honor, which (I could see it by his face) he did not put the slightest faith in, but because he loved me and remembered the service which I had rendered him, paid the izvoshchik for me. When I went to dress for church, in order that I might receive the communion with the rest, and it turned out that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I sinned to an incalculable extent. Having donned another suit, I went to the communion in a strange state of agitation of mind, and with utter disbelief in my very fine proclivities.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW I PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION.

On the Friday after Easter, papa, my sister, Mimi, and Katenka went to the country; so that in all grandmamma's great house there remained only Volodya, myself, and St. Jerôme. The frame of mind in which I had found myself on the day of confession, and when I went to the monastery, had completely disappeared, and had left behind only a troubled though agreeable memory, which was more and more dulled by the new impressions of a free life.

The blank-book with the heading, "Rules of Life," had also been hidden under roughly written note-books of my studies. Although the idea of the possibility of establishing rules for all the contingencies of life, and of guiding myself always by them, pleased me, and seemed very simple and at the same time very grand, and I intended all the same to apply it to life, I seemed to have again forgotten that it was necessary to do this at once, and I kept putting it off to some indefinite time. But one fact delighted me; and that was, that every thought which occurred to me now ranged itself immediately under one or other of the classifications of my rules and duties, — either under the head of duty to my neighbor, to myself, or to God. "Now I will set it down there," I said to myself, "and many, many other thoughts which will occur to me then on this subject." I often ask myself now: When was I better and more correct, — then, when I believed in the omnipotency of the human intellect, or now that I have lost faith in the power of development, and doubt the power and significance of the human mind? And I cannot give myself any positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom, and that spring feeling of expecting something, which I have already mentioned, agitated me to such a degree that I positively could not control myself, and I was very badly prepared for my examination.

Suppose you are busy in the schoolroom in the morning, and know that it is necessary to work, because to-morrow there is to be an examination on a subject, two whole questions on which you have not read up at all, when, all of a sudden, a spring perfume wafts in at the window: it seems as though it were indispensably necessary to recall something; your hands drop of themselves, your feet begin to move of their own will, and to pace back and forth, and some spring seems to be pressed in your head which sets the whole machine in motion; and it is so light and natural in your mind, and divers merry, motley reveries begin to run through it, and you can only succeed in catching their gleam. Thus an hour, two hours, pass unnoticed. Or, you are sitting over your book, and concentrating your attention, after a fashion, on what you are reading; and suddenly you hear the sound of a woman's footsteps and dress in the corridor, and every thing has sprung out of your head, and there is no possibility of sitting still in one place, although you know very well that nobody can be passing through that corridor except Gascha, grandmother's old maid-servant. "Well, but if it should be *she* all at once?" comes into your mind; "and what if it should be beginning now, and I let the opportunity slip?" And you spring out into the corridor, and see that it is actually Gascha; but you do not recover control of your head for a long time. The spring has been pressed, and again a frightful disorder has ensued. Or, you are sitting alone in the evening, with a tallow candle, in your room; and all at once you tear yourself from your book for a moment in order to snuff the candle or to place a chair, and you see that it is dark everywhere, at the doors and in the corners, and you hear how quiet it is all over the house; and again it is impossible not to stop and listen to that silence, and not to stare at that obscurity of the door which is open into a dark chamber, and not to remain for a long, long time immovable in the same attitude, or not to go down-stairs, or pass through all the empty rooms. Often, too, I have sat unperceived for a long time in the hall, listening to the sound of the "Nightingale," which Gascha was playing with one finger on the piano, as she sat alone with one tallow candle in the great apartment. And when there was moonlight I could not resist rising from my bed, and lying on the window towards the yard, and gazing at the illuminated roof of the Schaposchnikof house, and the graceful bell-tower of our parish

church, and at the night shadows of the hedge and bushes as they lay upon the garden paths; and I could not help sitting there so long, that I was only able to rouse myself with difficulty at ten o'clock in the morning.

So that, had it not been for the masters who continued to come to me, St. Jerôme, who now and then unwillingly tickled my vanity, and most of all the desire to show myself a capable young fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekhliudoff, that is, by passing an excellent examination, which in his opinion was a matter of great importance, — if it had not been for this, the spring and liberty would have had the effect of making me forget every thing I had known before, and I should not have been able to pass the examination on any terms.

CHAPTER X.

THE EXAMINATION IN HISTORY.

On the 16th of April I went to the great hall of the university for the first time, under the protection of St. Jerôme. We drove there in our rather dandified phaeton. I was in a dress-coat for the first time in my life; and all my clothing, even my linen and stockings, was perfectly new, and of the very best. When the Swiss pulled off my overcoat, and I stood before him in all the beauty of my costume, I was rather ashamed of being so dazzling; but I had no sooner stepped into the bright hall, with its polished floor, which was filled with people, and beheld hundreds of young men in gymnasium uniforms and dress-coats, several of whom glanced at me with indifference, and the dignified professors at the farther end, walking freely about among the tables, and sitting in large arm-chairs, than I was instantly disenchanted in my hope of turning the general attention upon myself, and the expression of my countenance, which at home and even in the anteroom had indicated that I possessed that noble and distinguished appearance against my will, changed into an expression of the most excessive timidity, and to some extent of depression. I even fell into the other extreme, and rejoiced greatly when I beheld at the nearest desk an excessively ugly, dirtily dressed gentleman, not yet old but almost entirely gray, who sat on the last bench, at a distance from all the rest. I immediately seated myself beside him, and began to observe the candidates for examination, and to draw my conclusions about them. Many and varied were the figures and faces there; but all, according to my opinion at the time, were easily divisible into three classes.

There were those who, like myself, presented themselves for examination, accompanied by their tutors or parents; and among their number was the youngest Ivin with the well-known Frost, and Ilinka Grap with his aged father. All

such had downy chins, prominent linen, and sat quietly without opening the books and blank-books which they had brought with them, and regarded the professors and the examination tables with evident timidity. The second class of candidates were the young men in the gymnasium uniforms, many of whom had already shaved. Most of these knew each other, talked loudly, mentioned the professors by their names and patronymics, were already preparing questions, passing their note-books to each other, walking over the stools in the anteroom, and bringing in patties and slices of bread-and-butter, which they immediately devoured, merely bending their heads to a level with the desks. And lastly, there was a third class of candidates, very few in number, however, who were quite old, were attired in dress-coats, though the majority wore surtouts, and were without any visible linen. The one who consoled me by being certainly dressed worse than I was belonged to this last class. He leaned his head on both hands, and between his fingers escaped dishevelled locks of half-gray hair; he was reading a book, and merely glanced at me for a moment with his brilliant eyes in any thing but a good-natured way, scowled darkly, and thrust out a shining elbow in my direction, so that I might not move any nearer to him. The gymnasium men, on the other hand, were too familiar, and I was a little afraid of them. One said, as he thrust a book into my hand, "Give this to that man yonder;" another said, as he passed me, "Go ahead, batiuschka;" a third, as he climbed over the desk, leaned on my shoulder as though it had been the bench. All this was coarse and disagreeable to me. I considered myself much better than these fellows from the gymnasium, and thought they had no business to permit themselves such liberties with me. At last they began to call the family names; the gymnasium fellows stepped out boldly, answered well for the most part, and returned cheerfully. Our set were much more timid, and answered worse, it appeared. Some of the elder men answered excellently, others very badly indeed. When Semenoff was called, my neighbor with the hair and glittering eyes stepped over my feet with a rude push, and went up to the table. On returning to his place, he took up his note-books, and quietly went away without finding out how he had been rated. I had already shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called the family names, but my turn had not yet come, according to the alphabetical

list, although some whose names began with K had already been called up. "Ikonin and Teneff," shouted some one in the professors' corner all of a sudden. A shiver ran through my back and my hair.

"Who is called? Who is Barteneff?" they began to say around me.

"Go, Ikonin, you are called: but who is Barteneff, Mordeneff? I do not know, confess," said a tall, ruddy gymnasist as he stood before me.

"It is you," said St. Jerôme.

"My name is Irteneff," said I to the red-faced gymnasist. "Did they call for Irteneff?"

"Yes; why don't you go? What a fop!" he added, not loudly, but so that I heard his words as I left the bench. In front of me walked Ikonin, a tall young man of five and twenty, who belonged to the third class of old candidates. He wore a tight olive coat, a blue satin neckerchief, upon which behind hung his long, light hair, dressed à la muzhik.[1] I had already remarked his personal appearance on the seats. He was rather good-looking and excitable.

What especially struck me in him was the queer reddish hair which he had allowed to grow on his throat; and, still more, a strange custom which he had of incessantly unbuttoning his waistcoat, and scratching his breast under his shirt.

Three professors were seated at the table which Ikonin and I were approaching: not one of them returned our salute. The young professor was shuffling tickets like a pack of cards; the second professor, with a star on his coat, was staring at the gymnasist who was saying something very rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "at length" to every word; and the third, an old man, looked at us through his spectacles, and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his gaze was directed upon Ikonin and me jointly, and that something in our appearance displeased him (possibly Ikonin's red beard) because as he looked at us again in the same way he made an impatient sign with his head to us that we should take our tickets as quickly as possible. I felt vexed and insulted, in the first place, because no one had returned our greeting, and, in the second, because they were evidently including me and Ikonin in one classification, that of candidates for examination, and were already prejudiced against me

[1] Peasant: cut square all round.

because of Ikonin's red whiskers. I took my ticket without timidity, and prepared to answer, but the professor directed his gaze at Ikonin. I read my ticket through; I knew it, and, while calmly awaiting my turn, I observed what was going on before me. Ikonin was not in the least embarrassed, and was even too bold, for he moved sideways to take his ticket, shook back his hair, and read what was printed on it in a dashing way. He was on the point of opening his mouth to reply, I thought, when the professor with the star, having dismissed the gymnasist with praise, glanced at him. Ikonin seemed to recollect himself, and paused. The general silence lasted for a couple of minutes.

"Well," said the professor in spectacles.

Ikonin opened his mouth, and again remained silent.

"Come, you are not the only one; will you answer or not?" said the young professor, but Ikonin did not even look at him. He stared intently at the ticket, and did not utter a single word. The professor in spectacles looked at him through his glasses, and over his glasses, and without his glasses, because by this time he had managed to remove them, wipe them carefully, and put them on again. Ikonin never uttered a word. Suddenly a smile dawned upon his face, he shook back his hair, again turned full broadside to the table, looked at all the professors in turn, then at me, turned, and flourishing his hands walked jauntily back to his bench. The professors exchanged glances.

"A fine bird!"[1] said the young professor: "he studies at his own expense."

I stepped nearer to the table, but the professors continued to talk almost in a whisper among themselves, as though none of them even suspected my existence. Then I was firmly convinced that all three professors were very much occupied with the question as to whether I would stand the examination, and whether I would come out of it well; but that they were only pretending, for the sake of their dignity, that it was a matter of utter indifference to them, and that they did not perceive me.

When the professor in spectacles turned indifferently to me, inviting me to answer the questions, I looked him full in the eye, and was rather ashamed for him that he should so dissemble before me, and I hesitated somewhat in beginning my answer; but afterwards it became easier and easier, and

[1] *Golubtchik*, little dove.

as the question was from Russian history which I knew very well, I finished in brilliant style, and even gained confidence to such an extent that, desiring to make the professors feel that I was not Ikonin, and that it was impossible to confound me with him, I proposed to take his ticket also; but the professor shook his head, and said, "Very good, sir," and noted down something in his journal. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the gymnasists, who know every thing, God knows how, that I had received five.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS.

In the succeeding examinations I had many new acquaintances besides Grap, — whom I deemed unworthy of my acquaintance, and Ivin, who was afraid of me for some reason. Several already exchanged greetings with me. Ikonin was even rejoiced when he saw me, and confided to me that he should be re-examined in history, that the history professor had had a spite against him since the last examination, at which, also, he had thrown him into confusion. Semenoff, who was going to enter the same course as I, mathematics, was shy of every one until the very end of the examinations, sat silent and alone, leaning on his elbows, with his hands thrust into his gray hair, and passed his examinations in excellent style. He was second; a student from the first gymnasium was first. The latter was a tall, thin, extremely pale, dark-complexioned man, with a neck wrapped in a black neck-cloth, and a forehead covered with pimples. His hands were thin and red, with remarkably long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be wound with thread. All this seemed very beautiful to me, and just as it should be in the case of *the first gymnasist*. He spoke to everybody exactly like anybody else, and I even made his acquaintance; but it seemed to me that there was something unusually *magnetic* in his walk, the movements of his lips, and in his black eyes.

In the mathematical examination, I was called up earlier than usual. I knew the subject pretty well; but there were two questions in algebra which I had contrived in some way to hide from my teacher, and which I knew absolutely nothing about. They were, as I now recall them, the theory of combinations, and Newton's binomial theorem. I seated myself at the desk in the rear, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but the fact that I was not accustomed to

work in a noisy room, and the lack of time, which I foresaw, prevented my understanding what I read.

"Here he is; come here, Nekhliudoff," said Volodya's familiar voice behind me.

I turned, and saw my brother and Dmitri, who were making their way towards me between the benches, with coats unbuttoned and hands flourishing. It was immediately apparent that they were students in their second year, who were as much at home in the university as in their own houses. The sight of their unbuttoned coats alone expressed disdain for us who were entering, and inspired us with envy and respect. It flattered me very much to think that all about me could see that I was acquainted with two students in their second year, and I rose hastily to meet them.

Volodya could not even refrain from expressing his superiority.

"O you poor wretch!" said he; "how goes it? Have you been examined yet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Aren't you prepared?"

"Yes; but not quite on two questions. I don't understand them."

"What! this one here?" said Volodya, and began to explain to me Newton's binomial theorem, but so rapidly and in such a confused manner, that, reading disbelief in his knowledge in my eyes, he glanced at Dmitri, and probably reading the same in his, he turned red, but went on, nevertheless, to say something which I did not understand.

"No, Volodya, stop; let me go through it with him: perhaps we shall succeed," said Dmitri, glancing at the professors' corner; and he seated himself beside me.

I immediately perceived that my friend was in that gentle, complacent mood which always came upon him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I specially liked in him. As he understood mathematics well, and spoke clearly, he went over the subject so splendidly with me, that I remember it to this day. But scarcely had he finished, when St. Jerôme said in a loud whisper, "It's your turn, Nicolas," and I followed Ikonin from behind the desk, without having succeeded in looking over the other unfamiliar question. I approached the table where the two professors sat, and a gymnasist was standing before the blackboard. The gymnasist had boldly announced some formula, breaking his chalk

with a tap on the board, and still went on writing, although the professor had already said, "Enough!" and ordered us to take our tickets. "Now, what if I get that theory of the combination of numbers?" thought I, picking out my ticket with trembling fingers from the soft pile of cut paper. Ikonin took the topmost ticket, without making any choice, with the same bold gesture and sideways lunge of his whole body as in the preceding examination.

"I always have such devilish luck!" he muttered.

I looked at mine.

Oh, horror! It was the theory of combinations.

"What have you got?" asked Ikonin.

I showed him.

"I know that," said he.

"Will you change?"

"No, it's no matter; I feel that I'm not in condition," Ikonin barely contrived to whisper, when the professor summoned us to the board.

"Well, all's lost!" I thought. "Instead of the brilliant examination which I dreamed of passing, I shall cover myself with eternal disgrace, even worse than Ikonin." But all at once Ikonin turned to me, right before the professor's eyes, snatched the card from my hand, and gave me his. I glanced at his card. It was Newton's binomial theorem.

The professor was not an old man; and he had a pleasant, sensible expression, to which the extremely prominent lower part of his forehead particularly contributed.

"What is this, gentlemen? you have exchanged cards?"

"No, he gave me his to look at, professor," said Ikonin, inventing, — and again the word *professor* was the last one he uttered in that place; and again, as he retired past me, he glanced at the professors, at me, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression as much as to say, "No matter, brother!" (I afterwards learned that this was the third year that Ikonin had presented himself for the entrance examination.)

I answered the question which I had just gone over, excellently, — even better, as the professor told me, than would have been required, — and received five.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LATIN EXAMINATION.

All went on finely until the Latin examination. The gymnasist with his neck bound up was first, Semenoff second, I was the third. I even began to feel proud, and to think that, in spite of my youth, I was not to be taken in jest.

From the very first examination, everybody had been talking with terror of the Latin professor, who was represented as a kind of wild beast who took delight in the destruction of young men, especially of such as lived at their own expense, and as speaking only in the Latin or Greek tongue. St. Jerôme, who was my instructor in the Latin language, encouraged me; and it really seemed to me, that since I could translate from Cicero and several odes of Horace without a lexicon, and since I knew Zumpt very well indeed, I was no worse prepared than the rest. But it turned out otherwise. All the morning there was nothing to be heard but tales of the failures of those who preceded me; this one had been marked zero; another, one; and still another had been scolded terribly, and had been on the point of getting turned out, and so forth, and so forth. Semenoff and the first gymnasist alone went up and returned with as much composure as usual, having each received five. I already had a presentiment of disaster, when I was called up with Ikonin to the little table, facing which the terrible professor sat quite alone. The terrible professor was a small, thin, yellow man, with long oily hair and a very thoughtful countenance.

He gave Ikonin a volume of Cicero's Orations, and made him translate.

To my great amazement, Ikonin not only read, but even translated several lines, with the aid of the professor, who prompted him. Conscious of my superiority over such a feeble rival, I could not refrain from smiling, and from doing so in a rather scornful way too, when the question of

analysis came up, and Ikonin, as before, sank into stubborn silence. I meant to conciliate the professor by that intelligent, slightly ironical smile; but it turned out the other way.

"You evidently know better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "Let us see. Come, do you say it."

I learned afterwards that the Latin professor was Ikonin's protector, and that Ikonin even lived with him. I immediately replied to the question in syntax which had been propounded to Ikonin; but the professor put on a sad expression, and turned away from me.

"Very good, sir; your turn will come; we shall see how much you know," said he, not looking at me, and began to explain to Ikonin what he had questioned him on.

"Go," said he; and I saw him set down four for Ikonin in the register. "Well," thought I, "he is not nearly as stern as they said." After Ikonin's departure, — for at least five minutes, which seemed to me five hours, — he arranged his books and cards, blew his nose, adjusted his arm-chair, threw himself back in it, and looked round the room, and on all sides except in my direction. But all this dissimulation seemed to him insufficient. He opened a book, and pretended to read it, as though I were not there. I stepped up nearer, and coughed.

"Ah, yes! Are you still there? Well, translate something," said he, handing me a book. "But no; better take this one." He turned over the leaves of a copy of Horace, and opened it at a passage which it seemed to me nobody ever could have translated.

"I have not prepared this," said I.

"And you want to recite what you have learned by heart? Very good! No; translate this."

I managed to get the sense of it after a fashion; but the professor only shook his head at each of my inquiring glances, and merely answered "No," with a sigh. At last, he closed his book with such nervous quickness that he pinched his own finger between the leaves. He jerked it out angrily, gave me a card in grammar, and, flinging himself back in his chair, he continued to preserve the most malicious silence. I was on the point of answering; but the expression of his countenance fettered my tongue, and every thing which I said appeared to me to be wrong.

"That's not it! that's not it! that's not it at all!" he suddenly broke out with his horrible pronunciation as he briskly changed his attitude, leaned his elbows on the table, and played with the gold ring which clung weakly to a thin finger of his left hand. "It's impossible, sir, to prepare for the higher educational institutions in this manner. All you want is to wear the uniform, with its blue collar, and brag of being first, and think that you can be students. No, gentlemen; you must be thoroughly grounded in your subject;" and so forth, and so forth.

During the whole of this speech, which was uttered in broken language, I gazed with dull attention at his eyes, which were fixed on the floor. At first, the disenchantment of not being third tortured me; then the fear of not getting through my examination at all; and, finally, a sense of injustice was added, of wounded vanity and unmerited humiliation. Besides this, contempt for the professor because he was not, in my opinion, a man *comme il faut*, — which I discerned by looking at his short, strong, round nails, — influenced me still more, and rendered all these feelings poisonous. He glanced at me; and, perceiving my quivering lips and my eyes filled with tears, he must have construed my emotion into a prayer to increase my mark, and he said, as though compassionating me (and before another professor, too, who had come up), —

"Very good, sir. I will give you a very fine mark" (that meant two), "although you do not deserve it, out of respect to your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so light-minded in the university."

This last phrase, uttered in the presence of the strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, "There, you see, young man!" completed my confusion. For one moment, a mist veiled my eyes; the terrible professor, with his table, seemed to me to be sitting somewhere in the far distance, and the wild thought came into my mind, with a terrible one-sided distinctness: "And what if — what will come of this?" But I did not do it, for some reason; but, on the contrary, I saluted both professors mechanically, with special courtesy, and left the table, smiling slightly, with the same smile, apparently, that Ikonin had exhibited.

This injustice affected me so powerfully at the time, that, had I been master of my own actions, I should not have gone to any more examinations. I lost all my vanity (it was

impossible to think any longer of being number three), and I let the remaining examinations pass without any exertion, and even without emotion. My average, however, was somewhat over four, but this did not interest me in the least: I made up my mind, and proved it to myself very clearly, that it was bad form to try to be first, and that one ought to be neither too good nor too bad, like Volodya. I meant to keep to this in the university, although I, for the first time, differed from my friend on this point.

I was already thinking of my uniform, my three-cornered hat, my own drozhky, my own room, and, most of all, of my freedom.

CHAPTER XIII.

I AM GROWN UP.

And even these thoughts had their charm.

On my return from the last examination in the Law of God, on the 8th of May, I found at the house a tailor's apprentice, whom I knew, from Rosanoff, who had already brought my finished uniform and a coat of glossy black cloth, open at the throat, and had marked the *revers* with chalk, and had now brought the finished garment with brilliant gilt buttons, enveloped in papers.

I put on this garment, and thought it very fine (although St. Jerôme declared that it wrinkled in the back), and went down-stairs with a self-satisfied smile, which spread over my face quite involuntarily, to find Volodya, conscious of the glances of the domestics which were eagerly fixed on me from the ante-room and corridor, but pretending that I was not. Gavrilo, the butler, overtook me in the hall, congratulated me on my entrance, handed over to me, by papa's orders, four white bank-bills, and also, by papa's direction, Kuzma the coachman, a prolyótka,[1] and the brown horse Beauty, to be at my exclusive disposal from that day forth. I was so rejoiced at this almost unlooked-for happiness, that I could not manage to appear indifferent before Gavrilo, and in some confusion I said with a sigh the first thing which came into my head, which was that Beauty was a very fine trotter! Glancing at the heads which were thrust out of the doors leading from the ante-room and corridor, I could no longer control myself; and I rushed through the hall at a trot, in my new coat and shining brass buttons. As I entered Volodya's room, I heard the voices of Dubkoff and Nekhliudoff, who had come to congratulate me, and to propose that we should go somewhere to dine and drink champagne, in honor of my entrance. Dmitri told me that, although he did

[1] A kind of drozhky.

not care to drink champagne, he would go with us that day in order to drink with me on our beginning to call each other *thou*. Dubkoff declared that, for some reason, I resembled a colonel. Volodya did not congratulate me, and only said very dryly, that now we should be able to set out for the country on the next day but one. It seemed as though, while glad of my entrance, it was rather disagreeable to him that I should now be as much grown up as he. St. Jerôme, who had also come to the house, said in a very haughty way that his duties were now at an end, and he did not know whether they had been fulfilled well or ill, but that he had done all he could, and he should go to his Count on the next day. In answer to all that was said to me, I felt a sweet, blissful, rather foolishly self-satisfied smile dawn upon my countenance against my will; and I perceived that this smile even communicated itself to all who talked with me.

And here I am, without a tutor; I have a drozhky of my own; my name is inscribed on the register of students; I have a dagger in my belt; the sentries might sometimes salute me. "I am grown up," and I think I am happy.

We decided to dine at Jahr's at five o'clock; but as Volodya went off with Dubkoff, and Dmitri also disappeared somewhere according to custom, saying that he had an affair to attend to before dinner, I could dispose of two hours as I pleased. I walked about through all the rooms for quite a while, inspecting myself in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, again with it quite unbuttoned, then with only the upper button fastened; and every way seemed excellent to me. Then, ashamed as I was to exhibit too much joy, I could not refrain from going to the stable and coach-house, to inspect Beauty, Kuzma, and the drozhky; then I went back and began to wander through the rooms, looking in the mirrors, counting the money in my pocket, and smiling in the same blissful manner all the while. But an hour had not elapsed when I felt rather bored, or sorry that there was no one to see me in that dazzling state; and I craved movement and activity. As a consequence of this, I ordered the drozhky to be brought round, and decided that it would be better to go to the Kuznetzky [1] bridge, and make some purchases.

I recollected that when Volodya entered the university he had bought himself a lithograph of Victor Adam's horses,

[1] The smiths' bridge.

some tobacco, and a pipe; and it seemed to me that it was indispensable that I should do the same.

I drove to the Kuznetzky bridge, with glances turned on me from all sides, with the bright sunlight on my buttons, on the cockade in my hat, and on my dagger, and drew up near Datziaro's picture-shop. I glanced about me on all sides, and entered. I did not want to buy Victor Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volodya; but hurrying to make my choice as quickly as possible, out of shame at the trouble to which I was putting the polite shopman, I took a female head painted in water-colors, which stood in the window, and paid twenty rubles for it. But after expending twenty rubles I felt rather conscience-stricken at having troubled the two handsomely dressed shopmen with such trifles, and yet it seemed as though they looked at me in altogether too negligent a way. Desirous of letting them understand who I was, I turned my attention to a small silver piece which lay beneath the glass, and, learning that it was a pencil-holder worth eighteen rubles, I ordered it done up in paper, paid my money, and, learning also that good pipes and tobacco were to be had in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I bowed politely to the two shopmen, and stepped into the street with my picture under my arm. In the neighboring shop, on whose sign was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought (also out of a desire not to imitate any one) not Zhukoff, but Sultan tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two tchibouks, one of linden, the other of rosewood. On emerging from the shop, on my way to my drozhky, I perceived Semenoff, who was walking along the sidewalk at a rapid pace, dressed in civil costume, and with his head bent down. I was vexed that he did not recognize me. I said in quite a loud tone, "Drive up!" and, seating myself in the drozhky, I overtook Semenoff.

"How do you do?" I said to him.

"My respects," he answered, pursuing his way.

"Why are you not in uniform?" I inquired.

Semenoff halted, screwed up his eyes, and showed his white teeth, as though it pained him to look at the sun, but in reality to express his indifference towards my drozhky and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From the Kuznetzky bridge I drove to the confectioner's shop on the Tversky; and though I tried to pretend that the newspapers in the shop interested me principally, I could not

restrain myself, and I began to devour one sweet tart after another. Although I was ashamed before the gentlemen who gazed at me with curiosity from behind their papers, I ate eight patties, of all the sorts which were in the shop, with great rapidity.

On arriving at home, I felt a little heart-burn, but paying no attention to it I busied myself with examining my purchases. The picture so displeased me, that I not only did not have it framed, and hang it in my room, as Volodya had done, but I even hid it in a drawer where no one could see it. The porte-crayon did not please me now that I had got it home, either. I laid it on the table, comforting myself with the thought that the thing was made of silver, expensive, and extremely useful to a student.

But I resolved to put my smoking-utensils into immediate use, and try them.

Having unsealed a quarter-of-a-pound package, and carefully filled my Turkish pipe with the reddish-yellow, fine-cut Sultan tobacco, I laid a burning coal upon it, and taking one of my pipe-stems between my middle and third fingers (the position of the hand pleased me extremely), I began to smoke.

The odor of the tobacco was very agreeable, but my mouth tasted bitter, and my breathing was interrupted. But I took courage, and drew the smoke into myself for quite a long time, tried to puff it out in rings, and draw the smoke in. The whole room was soon filled with clouds of bluish smoke; the pipe began to bubble, the hot tobacco to leap; I felt a bitterness in my mouth, and a slight swimming in my head; I tried to rise, and look at myself in the glass with my pipe; when, to my amazement, I began to stagger, the room whirled round, and as I glanced in the mirror, which I had reached with difficulty, I saw that my face was as pale as a sheet. I barely succeeded in dropping upon a divan, when I was sensible of such illness and feebleness, that, fancying the pipe had been fatal to me, I thought that I was dying. I was seriously alarmed, and wanted to summon assistance, and send for the doctor.

But this terror did not last long. I quickly understood where the trouble was; and I lay for a long time on the lounge, weak, with a frightful pain in my head, gazing with dull attention at Bostandzhoglo's arms delineated upon the quarter-pound package, on the pipe and smoking-utensils,

and the remains of the confectioner's patties rolling on the floor, and thought sadly in my disenchantment, "I surely am not grown up yet, if I cannot smoke like other people; and it is plain that it is not my fate to hold my pipe, like others, between my middle and my third fingers, to swallow my smoke, and puff it out through my blonde mustache."

When Dmitri came to me at five o'clock, he found me in this unpleasant condition. But after I had drank a glass of water I was nearly well again, and ready to go with him.

"What made you want to smoke?" he said, as he gazed upon the traces of my smoking: "it's all nonsense, and a useless waste of money. I have promised myself that I will never smoke. However, let's set out as quickly as possible, for we must go after Dubkoff."

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW VOLODYA AND DUBKOFF OCCUPIED THEMSELVES.

As soon as Dmitri entered the room, I knew by his face, his walk, and by a gesture which was peculiar to him when in a bad humor, — a winking of the eyes and a grotesque way of drawing his head down on one side, — that he was in the coldly rigid frame of mind which came over him when he was displeased with himself, and which always produced a chilling effect upon my feeling for him. I had lately begun to notice and judge my friend's character, but our friendship had suffered no change in consequence; it was still so youthful and so strong, that, from whatever point of view I looked at Dmitri, I could not but perceive his perfection. There were two separate men in him, both of whom were very fine in my eyes. One, whom I warmly loved, was courteous, good, gentle, merry, and with a consciousness of these amiable qualities: when he was in this mood, his whole appearance, the sound of his voice, his every movement, seemed to say, "I am gentle and virtuous; I enjoy being gentle and virtuous, as you can all of you perceive." The other — I have only now begun to comprehend him and to bow before his grandeur — was cold, stern towards himself and others, proud, religious to fanaticism, and pedantically moral. At the present moment, he was that second man.

With the frankness which constituted the indispensable condition of our relations, I told him, when we were seated in the drozhky, that it pained me and made me sad to see him in such a heavy, disagreeable frame of mind towards me on the day which was such a happy one to me.

"Surely something has disturbed you: why will you not tell me?" I asked.

"Nikolinka!" he replied deliberately, turning his head nervously to one side, and screwing up his eyes: "since I have given my word not to hide any thing from you, you

have no cause to suspect me of secrecy. It is impossible to be always in the same mood; and if any thing has disturbed me, I cannot even give an account of it to myself."

"What a wonderfully frank, honorable character!" I thought, and I said no more to him.

We drove to Dubkoff's in silence. Dubkoff's quarters were remarkably handsome, or seemed so to me then. There were rugs, pictures, curtains, colored hangings, portraits, curving armchairs everywhere: on the walls hung guns, pistols, tobacco-pouches, and some heads of wild animals in cardboard. At the sight of this study, I saw whom Volodya had been imitating in the adornment of his own chamber. We found Volodya and Dubkoff playing cards. A gentleman who was a stranger to me (and who must have been of little importance, judging from his humble attitude) was sitting at the table, and watching the game with great attention. Dubkoff had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volodya in his shirt-sleeves was sitting opposite him on the sofa; and judging from his flushed face, and the dissatisfied, fleeting glance which he tore away from the cards for a moment to cast at us, he was very much absorbed in the game. On catching sight of me, he turned still redder.

"Come, it's your turn to deal," he said to Dubkoff. I comprehended that it displeased him to have me know that he played cards. But there was no confusion discernible in his glance, which seemed to say to me, "Yes, I'm playing, and you are only surprised at it because you are young yet. It is not only not bad, but even necessary, at our age."

I immediately felt and understood this.

Dubkoff did not deal the cards, however, but rose, shook hands with us, gave us seats, and offered us pipes, which we declined.

"So this is our diplomat, the hero of the festival," said Dubkoff. "By heavens, he's awfully like the colonel."

"Hm!" I growled, as I felt that foolishly self-satisfied smile spreading over my face.

I respected Dubkoff as only a boy of sixteen can respect an adjutant of twenty-seven whom all the grown-up people declare to be a very fine young man, who dances beautifully, and talks French, and who, while he in his soul despises my youth, evidently strives to conceal the fact.

But in spite of all my respect for him, I had always, Heaven knows why, during the whole period of our acquaintance,

found it difficult and awkward to look him in the eye. And I have since observed that there are three classes of people whom it is difficult for me to look in the eye, — those who are much worse than myself; those who are much better than myself; and those with whom I cannot make up my mind to mention things that we both know, and who will not mention them to me. Possibly Dubkoff was better than I, perhaps he was worse: but one thing was certain, that he often lied, but without confessing it; that I detected this weakness in him, of course, but could not bring myself to speak of it.

"Let's play one more game," said Volodya, twisting his shoulders like papa, and shuffling the cards.

"How persistent he is!" said Dubkoff. "We'll play it out later. Well, then, one. Hand them here."

While they played, I watched their hands. Volodya had a large, handsome hand. He separated his thumb and bent the other fingers out when he held his cards, and it was so much like papa's hand that at one time it really seemed to me that Volodya held his hands so on purpose, in order to resemble a grown-up person; but, when I glanced at his face, it became immediately evident that he was thinking of nothing except his game. Dubkoff's hands, on the contrary, were small, plump, bent inwards, and had extremely soft and skilful fingers; just the kind of hands, in fact, which suit rings, and which belong to people who are inclined to manual labor, and are fond of having fine things.

Volodya must have lost; for the gentleman who looked over his cards remarked that Vladimir Petrovitch had frightfully bad luck; and Dubkoff got his portfolio, and noted something down in it, and said, as he showed what he had written to Volodya, "Is that right?"

"Yes," said Volodya, glancing at the note-book with feigned abstraction. "Now let's go."

Volodya drove Dubkoff, and Dmitri took me in his phaeton.

"What were they playing?" I inquired of Dmitri.

"Piquet. It's a stupid game, and gambling is a stupid thing, any way."

"Do they play for large sums?"

"Not very; but it's not right, all the same."

"And do you not play?"

"No; I have given my word not to; but Dubkoff can't give his not to win all somebody's money away."

"But that surely is not right on his part," said I. "Volodya must play worse than he."

"Of course it's not right; but there's nothing particularly wicked about it. Dubkoff loves to play, but still he's an excellent fellow."

"But I had no idea" — said I.

"You must not think any ill of him, because he really is a very fine man; and I am very fond of him, and shall always love him in spite of his weaknesses."

It seemed to me, for some reason, that, just because Dmitri stood up for Dubkoff with too much warmth, he no longer loved or respected him, but that he would not confess it, out of obstinacy, and in order that no one might reproach him with fickleness. He was one of those people who love their friends for life, not so much because the friends always remain amiable towards them, as because, having once taken a liking to a man, even by mistake, they consider it dishonorable to cease to like him.

CHAPTER XV.

I RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS.

DUBKOFF and Volodya knew all the people at Jahr's by name; and every one, from porter to proprietor, showed them the greatest respect. We were immediately conducted to a private room, and served with a wonderful dinner, selected by Dubkoff from the French bill of fare. A bottle of cool champagne, which I endeavored to survey with as much indifference as possible, was already prepared. The dinner passed off very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkoff, as was his custom, related the strangest occurrences as though they were true, — among others, how his grandmother had shot three robbers, who had attacked her, with a blunderbuss (whereupon I blushed, dropped my eyes, and turned away from him), — and although Volodya was visibly frightened every time that I undertook to say any thing (which was quite superfluous; for I did not say any thing particularly disgraceful, so far as I can remember). When the champagne was served, all congratulated me, and I drank through my hand "to thou" with Dubkoff and Dmitri, and exchanged kisses with them. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (it was in common, as they afterwards explained to me), and I wanted to entertain my friends on my own money, which I felt of incessantly in my pocket, I quietly got hold of a ten-ruble note; and, summoning the waiter, I gave him the money, and told him in a whisper, but in such a manner that they all heard it, to *please to bring another small bottle of champagne.* Volodya turned red, writhed, and looked at me and the rest in affright; but the bottle was brought, and we drank it with the greatest satisfaction. Things continued to go merrily. Dubkoff lied without intermission; and Volodya, too, told such funny stories, and told them better than I had ever expected of him; and we laughed a great deal. The char-

acter of their wit — that is, Dubkoff's and Volodya's — consisted in mimicry, and exaggeration of the well-known anecdote: "Well, have you been abroad?" says one. "No, I have not," replies the other, "but my brother plays on the violin." They had attained such perfection in this sort of comic nonsense, that they even related that anecdote thus: "My brother never played on the violin either." They replied to every one of each other's questions in this style; and sometimes they tried, without questions, to join two utterly incongruous things, — talked this nonsense with sober faces, — and it proved extremely laughable. I began to understand the point, and I also tried to tell something funny; but they all looked frightened, or tried not to look at me while I was speaking, and the anecdote was not a success. Dubkoff said, "The diplomat has begun to lie, brother;" but I felt so well with the champagne I had drunk, and in the company of these grown-up people, that this remark hardly wounded me at all. Dmitri alone, though he had drunk evenly with us, continued in the stern, serious mood, which put some restraint upon the general merriment.

"Now listen, gentlemen!" said Dubkoff. "After dinner, the diplomat must be taken in hand Shall we not go to our *aunt's?* We'll soon settle him there."

"Nekhliudoff won't go," said Volodya.

"The intolerable goody! You're an intolerable goody," said Dubkoff, turning to him. "Come with us, and you'll see what a charming lady auntie is."

"I not only will not go, but I won't let him," answered Dmitri, turning red.

"Who? the diplomat? — Do you want to go, diplomat? Look, he beamed all over as soon as we mentioned auntie."

"I don't mean that I won't let him," continued Dmitri, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, "but I do not advise him, nor wish him to go. He is no longer a child, and if he wishes he can go alone without you. But you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dubkoff; what you are doing is not right, and you want others to do so too."

"What's the harm," said Dubkoff, winking at Volodya, "if I invite you all to my aunt's for a cup of tea? Well, if it's not agreeable to you to go with us, then Volodya and I will go. — Are you coming, Volodya?"

"Hm, hm!" said Volodya, affirmatively. "We'll go

there, and then we'll come to my rooms, and go on with our piquet."

"Well, do you want to go with them, or not?" said Dmitri, coming up to me.

"No," I answered, moving along on the sofa to make room for him beside me; "if you do not advise it, I will not go, on any account.

"No," I added afterwards; "I do not speak the truth when I say that I do not want to go with them; but I am glad that I am not going."

"Excellent," said he: "live according to your own ideas, and don't dance to any one's pipe; that's the best way of all."

This little dispute not only did not disturb our pleasure, but even heightened it. Dmitri all at once came into the gentle mood which I loved so well. Such an influence, as I afterwards more than once observed, did the consciousness of a good deed have upon him. He was pleased with himself now for having deterred me from going. He grew very merry, ordered another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called a strange gentleman into the room, and began to give him wine, sang *Gaudeamus igitur*, requested that all should join in, and proposed to ride to the Sokolinki, whereupon Dubkoff remarked that it was too sentimental.

"Let's be jolly to-day," said Dmitri, with a smile: "in honor of his entrance to the university, I will get drunk for the first time: so be it." This gayety sat rather strangely on Dmitri. He resembled a tutor or a kind father who is satisfied with his children, and wishes to please them, and at the same time to show that he can be gay in an honorable and respectable fashion; nevertheless, this unexpected mirth seemed to act infectiously upon us, the more so as each of us had drunk about half a bottle of champagne.

It was in this agreeable frame of mind, that I stepped out into the public apartment to smoke a cigarette which Dubkoff had given me.

When I rose from my seat, I perceived that my head was a little unsteady, and that my feet and my hands were in a natural condition only when I fixed my attention firmly upon them. Otherwise my feet crept off to one side, and my hands executed various gestures. I fixed my whole attention upon these limbs, ordered my hands to rise, and button

my coat, and smooth my hair (in the course of which, my elbows jerked themselves up fearfully high), and my legs to carry me to the door; which command they complied with, but set themselves down either too hard or too gently, and the left foot in particular stood constantly on its toe. Some voice or other shouted to me, "Where are you going? They are bringing lights." I guessed that the voice belonged to Volodya, and the thought that I had guessed it afforded me satisfaction; but I only smiled in answer, and went my way.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUARREL.

In the public room, behind a little table, sat a short, stout gentleman, in plain clothes, with a red mustache, engaged in eating. Beside him, sat a tall, dark-complexioned man, without a mustache. They were conversing in French. Their glances confused me, but I made up my mind to light my cigarette at the candle which stood before them. Glancing aside, in order that I might not encounter their gaze, I marched up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette had caught the flame, I could not resist, and glanced at the gentleman who was dining. His gray eyes were fixed intently and disapprovingly upon me. As I was about to turn away, his red mustache moved, and he said in French, "I don't like to have people smoke while I am dining, my dear sir."

I muttered some unintelligible reply.

"Yes, sir, I don't like it," went on the gentleman with the mustache sternly, with a quick glance at the gentleman who had no mustache, as if inviting him to admire the manner in which he was about to settle me, — "I don't like people who are impolite, my dear sir, who come and smoke under one's nose; I don't like them." I immediately saw that the gentleman was scolding me, and it seemed to me at first that I was very much in the wrong, with regard to him.

"I did not think that it would disturb you," said I.

"Ah, you did not think you were ill-bred, but I did!" shouted the gentleman.

"What right have you to yell?" said I, feeling that he was insulting me, and beginning to get angry myself.

"This right, that I never permit any one to be insolent to me; and I shall always give such young fellows as you a lesson. What's your surname, sir? and where do you live?"

I was extremely angry, my lips quivered, and my breath came in gasps. But I felt that I was in the wrong, nevertheless, and it must have been because I had drunk so much champagne; and I did not say any thing insulting to the gentleman, but on the contrary my lips uttered my name and our address in the most submissive manner possible.

"My name is Kolpikoff, my dear sir, and see that you are more courteous in future. You shall hear from me," he concluded, the whole conversation having taken place in French.

I only said, "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," endeavoring to render my voice as firm as possible, turned away, and went back to our room with my cigarette, which had contrived to go out.

I did not mention what had occurred to my brother, nor to my friend, particularly as they were engaged in a hot dispute, but seated myself alone in a corner to reflect upon this strange circumstance. The words, "You are ill-bred, sir," as they rang in my ears, troubled me more and more. My intoxication had completely passed away. When I reflected on my behavior in the matter, the strange thought all at once occurred to me that I had behaved like a coward. "What right had he to attack me? Why didn't he say simply that it disturbed him? He must have been in the wrong. Why, when he told me that I was ill-bred, did I not say to him, 'He is ill-bred, sir, who permits himself impertinences;' or why did I not simply shout at him, '*Silence!*' that would have been capital. Why did I not challenge him to a duel? No, I did none of these things, but swallowed the insult like a vile coward." "You are ill-bred, sir," rang in my ears incessantly in an exasperating way. "No, this cannot be left in this state," I thought, and I rose with the fixed intention of going back to the gentleman, and saying something dreadful to him, and, possibly, of striking him over the head with the candlestick if it should seem suitable. I reflected upon this last intention with the greatest delight, but it was not without great terror that I entered the public room again. Fortunately, Gospodin (Mr.) Kolpikoff was no longer there; there was but one waiter in the room, and he was clearing the table. I wanted to tell the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not at all to blame; but I changed my mind for some reason or other, and returned again to our own room in the most gloomy frame of mi[illegible]

"What's the matter with our diplomat?" said Dubkoff, "he's probably deciding the fate of Europe now."

"Oh, let me alone," I said crossly, as I turned away. Then, as I wandered about the room, I began to think, for some reason, that Dubkoff was not a nice man at all. And as for his eternal jests, and that nickname of "diplomat," there was nothing amiable about them. All he was good for was to win money from Volodya, and to go to some aunt or other. And there was nothing pleasing about him. Every thing he said was a lie, or an absurdity, and he wanted to laugh eternally. It seemed to me that he was only stupid, and a bad man to boot. In such reflections as these I spent five minutes, feeling more and more inimical towards Dubkoff. But Dubkoff paid no attention to me, and this enraged me still more. I even got angry with Volodya and Dmitri because they talked to him.

"Do you know what, gentlemen? we must pour some water over the diplomat," said Dubkoff suddenly, glancing at me with what seemed to me to be a mocking, and even treacherous, smile: "he's in a bad way. By heavens, but he's in a state!"

"You need to be ducked, you're in a bad way yourself," I retorted with an angry smile, even forgetting that I had addressed him as *thou*.

This answer must have amazed Dubkoff; but he turned away from me indifferently, and continued his conversation with Volodya and Dmitri.

I would have tried to join the conversation, but I felt that I certainly should not be able to dissemble, and I again retreated to my corner, where I remained until our departure.

When we had paid the bill, and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkoff said to Dmitri, "Well, where are Orestes and Pylades going? Home, probably, to converse of *love*. We'll find out about the same thing from our dear auntie: it's better than your sour friendship."

"How dare you talk so, and ridicule us?" I said, suddenly, marching up to him and gesticulating. "How dare you laugh at feelings that you don't understand? I wont permit it. Silence!" I shouted, and became silent myself, not knowing what to say, and panting with agitation. Dubkoff was amazed at first; then he tried to smile, and took it as a joke; but finally, to my extreme surprise, he got frightened, and dropped his eyes.

"I am not ridiculing you and your feelings in the least: it's only my way of talking," he said evasively.

"So that's it," I shouted; but at the same time I was ashamed of myself, and sorry for Dubkoff, whose handsome, troubled face betrayed genuine suffering.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Volodya and Dmitri together. "Nobody meant to insult you."

"Yes, he did mean to insult me."

"That brother of yours is a saucy gentleman," said Dubkoff, just as he went out of the door, so that he could not hear what I might say.

Possibly, I might have rushed after him, and uttered some more impertinent speeches; but, just at that moment, the same waiter who had been present at my affair with Kolpikoff handed me my coat, and I immediately calmed down, feigning only so much anger in Dmitri's presence as was indispensable, in order that my instantaneous tranquillity might not seem queer. The next day, Dubkoff and I met in Volodya's room. We did not allude to this affair, and continued to address each other as "*you;*" and it was more difficult than ever for us to look each other in the eye.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikoff, who neither on that day nor ever afterwards let me "hear from him," was frightfully oppressive and vivid for many years. I writhed and screamed, full five years later, every time that I recalled that unatoned insult; and comforted myself by remembering, with self-satisfaction, how manly I had afterwards been in my affair with Dubkoff. It was only very much later that I began to regard the matter in quite a different light, and to recall my quarrel with Kolpikoff with comical satisfaction, and to repent of the undeserved wound which I had dealt to that *good little fellow*, Dubkoff.

When I related to Dmitri that same day my encounter with Kolpikoff, whose appearance I described to him minutely, he was very much surprised.

"Yes, it's the very same fellow," said he. "Just imagine! that Kolpikoff is a well-known scamp, a card-sharper, but, most of all, a coward, who was driven out of the regiment by his comrades because he had received a box on the ear, and would not fight. Where did he get his valor?" he added, with a kindly smile, as he glanced at me. "So he didn't say any thing more than 'ill-bred'?"

"Yes," I replied, reddening.

"It's bad; but there's no harm done yet," Dmitri said, to console me.

It was only when I thought this affair over quietly, long afterwards, that I arrived at the tolerably probable inference that Kolpikoff, feeling, after the lapse of many years, that he could attack me, had taken his revenge on me, in the presence of the beardless, dark-complexioned man, for the box on the ear which he had once received, just as I immediately revenged myself for his "ill-bred" on the innocent Dubkoff.

CHAPTER XVII.

I MAKE PREPARATIONS TO PAY SOME CALLS.

My first thought, on waking the next day, was my adventure with Kolpikoff. Again I roared and ran about the room, but there was nothing to be done: besides, this was the last day I was to spend in Moscow; and, by papa's orders, I was to make some calls which he had himself written down for me. Papa's solicitude for us was not so much on the point of morals and learning as on that of worldly connections. On the paper was written in his rapid, pointed hand: "(1) To Prince Ivan Ivanitch *without fail;* (2) to the Ivins *without fail;* (3) to Prince Mikhailo; (4) to Princess Nekhliudoff and Madame Valakhina if possible;" and, of course, to the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmitri dissuaded me from paying these last calls, saying that it not only was not necessary, but would even be improper; but all the rest must be made to-day. Of these, the two first calls, beside which *without fail* was written, frightened me particularly. Prince Ivan Ivanitch was general-in-chief, an old man, wealthy and alone; so I, a student of sixteen, must have direct intercourse with him, which I had a presentiment could not prove at all flattering to me. The Ivins also were wealthy, and their father was an important civil general, who had only been to our home once, in grandmamma's day. After grandmamma's death, I observed that the youngest Ivin avoided us, and seemed to put on airs. The eldest, as I knew by report, had already completed his course in law, and was serving in Petersburg; the second, (Sergiei), whom I had once adored, was also in Petersburg, — a big, fat cadet in the Pages' Corps. In my youth, I not only did not like to associate with people who considered themselves above me, but such intercourse was intolerably painful, in consequence of a constant fear of insult, and the

straining of all my mental faculties to the end of exhibiting my independence. But, as I was not going to obey papa's last orders, I must smoothe matters over by complying with the first. I paced my chamber, glancing at my clothes, which were spread out upon the chairs, at my dagger and hat, and was already preparing to go, when old Grap came with his congratulations, bringing Ilinka with him. Father Grap was a Russianized German, intolerably mawkish and flattering, and very often intoxicated. He generally came to us simply for the purpose of asking for something; and papa sometimes let him sit down in his study, but he never had him dine with us. His humility and persistent begging were so intermingled with a certain superficial good-nature and familiarity with our house, that everybody reckoned it as a sort of merit in him that he should be so attached to all of us; but, for some reason, I never liked him, and, when he spoke, I always felt ashamed for him.

I was very much displeased at the arrival of these guests, and I made no effort to conceal my displeasure. I had become so accustomed to look down upon Ilinka, and had become so used to consider that we were in the right in so doing, that it was rather disagreeable for me to have him a student as well as myself. It struck me, too, that he was rather abashed, in my presence, by this equality. I greeted them coldly, and did not ask them to sit down, because I was ashamed to do so, thinking that they might do it without my invitation; and I ordered my carriage to be got ready. Ilinka was a kind, very honorable, and very clever young man, but he was still what is called a man of caprice. Some extreme mood was always coming over him, and, as it appeared, without any reason whatever: now it was a weeping mood, then an inclination to laugh, then to take offence at every trifle. And now, it seemed, he was in this last frame of mind. He said nothing, glanced angrily at me and his father; and only when he was addressed did he smile, with the submissive, constrained smile, under which he was already accustomed to hide his feelings, and especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help feeling in our presence.

"So, sir, Nikolai Petrovitch," said the old man, following me about the room while I dressed, and turning the silver snuff-box, which grandmamma had given him, slowly and respectfully between his fat fingers; "as soon as I learned

from my son that you had deigned to pass an excellent examination, — for your cleverness is known to all, — I immediately hastened hither to congratulate you, batiuschka; why, I have carried you on my shoulder, and God sees that I love you all like relatives; and my Ilinka is always begging to be allowed to come to you. He, too, has already become accustomed to you."

Meantime, Ilinka sat in silence, by the window, apparently gazing at my three-cornered hat, and muttering something angrily, and almost inaudibly.

"Now, I wanted to ask you, Nikolai Petrovitch," continued the old man, "did my Ilinka pass a good examination? He said he should be with you, and you would not leave him; you would look after him, and advise him."

"Why, he passed a very fine one," I replied, glancing at Ilinka, who, feeling my glance, blushed, and stopped moving his lips.

"And can he pass the day with you?" said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he were very much afraid of me, and always standing so close to me, whenever I halted, that the odor of wine and tobacco, in which he was steeped, did not cease for a single second to be perceptible to me. I was provoked at him for having placed me in such a false position towards his son, and because he had diverted my attention from my very important occupation at that moment — dressing; but most of all, that ever-present odor of strong brandy so distracted me, that I said, very coldly, that I could not remain with Ilinka, because I should not be at home all day.

"You wanted to go to your sister, batiuschka," said Ilinka, smiling, but not looking at me; "and I have something to do besides." I was still more vexed and mortified, and, in order to smooth over my refusal I hastened to impart the information, that I should not be at home because I must go to *Prince* Ivan Ivanitch, and *Princess* Kornakova, and to Ivin, the one who held such an important post, and that I should probably dine with *Princess* Nekhliudova. It seemed to me that when they learned to what distinguished houses I was going, they could make no more claims upon me. When they prepared to depart, I invited Ilinka to come again; but Ilinka only muttered something, and smiled with a constrained expression. It was evident that his feet would never cross my threshold again.

After their departure, I set out on my visits. Volodya, whom I had that morning invited to accompany me, in order that it might not be as awkward as if I were alone, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental for two *brothers* to ride together in one *carriage*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VALAKHINS.

So I set out alone. My first visit, in point of locality, was to the Valakhins, in the Sivtzavoi Vrazhok. I had not seen Sonitchka for three years, and of course my love for her had vanished long ago; but a lively and touching memory of that past childish love still lingered in my soul. It had happened to me, in the course of those three years, to recall her with such force and clearness, that I shed tears, and felt myself in love again; but this only lasted a few minutes, and did not speedily return.

I knew that Sonitchka had been abroad with her mother, where they had remained for two years, and where, it was said, they had been upset in a diligence, and Sonitchka's face had been badly cut with the glass, so that she had lost her good looks to a great extent. On my way thither, I vividly recalled the former Sonitchka, and thought of how I should meet her now. In consequence of her two years' stay abroad I fancied her extremely tall, with a very fine figure, serious and dignified, but remarkably attractive. My imagination refused to present her with a face disfigured with scars: on the contrary, having heard somewhere of the passionate lover who remained faithful to the beloved object, in spite of disfigurement by small-pox, I tried to think that I was in love with Sonitchka, in order that I might have the merit of remaining true to her in spite of the scars. On the whole, when I drove up to the Valakhins' house I was not in love, but having set in motion old memories of love I was well prepared to fall in love, and was very desirous to do so; the more so as I had long felt ashamed when I looked at all my enamoured friends, because I had left the ranks.

The Valakhins lived in a neat little wooden house, the entrance to which was from the court-yard. The door was opened to me at the sound of the bell, which was then a great

rarity in Moscow, by a very small and neatly dressed boy. He either did not understand me, or did not want to tell me if the family were at home; and leaving me in the dark vestibule, he ran into the still darker corridor.

I remained alone for quite a while in that dark room, in which there was one closed door, besides the one leading to the corridor; and I wondered partly at the gloomy character of the house, and in part supposed that it must be so with people who had been abroad. After the lapse of five minutes the door to the hall was opened from the inside by the same boy, and he led me to the neatly but not richly furnished drawing-room, into which Sonitchka followed me.

She was seventeen. She was very short in stature, very thin, and with a yellowish, unhealthy color in her face. There were no scars visible on her face; but her charming, prominent eyes, and her bright, good-natured, merry smile were the same which I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected to find her like this at all, and therefore I could not at once pour out upon her the feeling which I had prepared on the way. She gave me her hand in the English fashion, which was then as much of a rarity as the bell, shook my hand frankly, and seated me beside her on the sofa.

"Ah, how glad I am to see you, my dear Nicolas!" she said, gazing into my face with the same genuine expression of pleasure which her words implied. The "my dear Nicolas," I observed, was uttered in a friendly, not in a patronizing, tone. To my amazement, she was more simple, sweet, and natural in her manner after her trip abroad than before. I observed two little scars near her nose, and on her forehead; but her wonderful eyes and smile were perfectly true to my recollections, and shone in the old way.

"How you have changed!" said she: "you have quite grown up. Well, and I — what do you think of me?"

"Ah, I should not have known you," I answered, although at that very time I was thinking that I should have known her anywhere. I again felt myself in that care-free, merry mood in which, five years before, I had danced the "grandfather" with her at grandmamma's ball.

"What, have I grown very ugly?" she asked, shaking her head.

"No, not at all; you have grown some, you are older," I made haste to reply: "but on the contrary — and even" —

"Well, no matter: I remember our dances, our games, St. Jerôme, Mme. Dorat." (I did not recollect any Mme. Dorat: she was evidently carried away by the enjoyment of her childish memories, and was confounding them.) "Ah, that was a famous time!" she continued; and the same smile, even more beautiful than the one I bore in my memory, and the very same eyes, gleamed before me. While she was speaking I had succeeded in realizing the situation in which I found myself at the present moment, and I decided that at the present moment I was in love. As soon as I had made up my mind to this, that instant my happy, careless mood vanished, a dark cloud enveloped every thing before me, — even her eyes and smile, — I became ashamed of something, I turned red, and lost all power to speak.

"Times are different now," she went on with a sigh, elevating her brows slightly: "every thing is much worse, and we are worse; are we not, Nicolas?"

I could not answer, and gazed at her in silence.

"Where are all the Ivins and Kornakoffs of those days? Do you remember?" she continued, looking at my red and frightened face with some curiosity: "that was a famous time!"

And still I could not reply.

The entrance of the elder Valakhina relieved me of this uncomfortable situation for a time. I rose, bowed, and recovered my power of speech; but in turn, a strange change came over Sonitchka with her mother's entrance. All her gayety and naturalness suddenly disappeared, her very smile was different; and all at once, with the exception of her tall stature, she became exactly the young lady returned from abroad which I had imagined her to be. It seemed as though this change could have no cause, since her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and all her movements expressed as much gentleness, as of old. The Valakhina[1] seated herself in a large arm-chair, and indicated to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sonitchka immediately left the room, which afforded me some relief. The Valakhina inquired after my relatives, my brother, and my father, and then spoke to me of her own sorrow, — the loss of her husband, — and finally, feeling that there was

[1] A lady's surname is not infrequently used thus, without prefix. The feminine form has been used throughout, in preference to the masculine form with the prefix of "Madame" (as Mme. Valakhin, Kornakoff, etc.), for the sake of illustrating this point. — Tr.

nothing to say to me, she looked at me in silence, as if to say, "If you will rise now, and make your bow, and go away, you will be doing very well, my dear fellow." But a strange thing happened to me. Sonitchka had returned with her work, and seated herself in the corner of the room, so that I felt her glance fixed upon me. While the Valakhina was relating the loss of her husband, I once more remembered that I was in love, and thought that perhaps the mother guessed it; and I had another fit of shyness of such power that I did not find myself in a condition to move even a single limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and take my departure, I should be obliged to think where to set my foot, what to do with my head, what with my hand: in one word, I felt almost exactly as I had felt the evening before after drinking half a bottle of champagne. I had a presentiment that I could not get through with all this, and therefore *could not* rise; and I actually *could not*. The Valakhina was probably surprised when she beheld my face, as red as cloth, and my utter immovability; but I decided that it was better to sit still in that stupid attitude than to risk rising in an awkward manner, and taking my departure. I sat thus for quite a long time, expecting that some unforeseen circumstance would rescue me from that position. This circumstance presented itself in the person of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the air of a member of the family, and bowed courteously to me. The Valakhina rose, excusing herself on the ground that it was necessary for her to speak with her business manager, and looked at me with an expression of surprise which said, "If you want to sit there forever, I will not drive you out." I made a tremendous effort, and rose, but was no longer in a condition to make a bow; and as I went out, accompanied by the compassionate glances of mother and daughter, I knocked against a chair which did not stand in my way at all; I only ran against it because my whole attention was directed upon not stumbling over the carpet which was under my feet. But once in the open air, — where I writhed and growled so loudly that even Kuzma inquired several times, "What is your wish?" — this feeling disappeared; and I began to meditate quite calmly upon my love for Sonitchka, and her relation with her mother, which struck me as singular. When I afterward communicated my observations to my father, — that Mme. Valakhina and her daughter were not on good terms, — he said:

"Yes, she torments her, poor thing, with her strange miserliness; and it's odd enough," he added, with a stronger feeling than he could have for a mere relative. "How charming she was, the dear, queer woman! I cannot understand why she is so changed. You did not see any secretary there, did you? What sort of a fashion is it for Russian ladies to have secretaries?" he said angrily, walking away from me.

"I did see him," said I.

"Well, he is good-looking at least?"

"No, he is not at all good-looking."

"It's incomprehensible," said papa, and he twitched his shoulders angrily and coughed.

"Here I am in love, too," I thought as I rode on in my drozhky.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KORNAKOFS.

The second call on my way was on the Kornakoffs. They lived on the first floor of a great house on the Arbata. The staircase was very showy and clean, but not luxurious. Everywhere there was striped crash fastened directly on the stairs by rails of polished copper; but there were neither flowers nor mirrors. The hall, over whose brightly polished floor I passed to reach the drawing-room, was also forbidding, cold, and neatly arranged; every thing shone, and seemed durable, although not at all new; but neither pictures, curtains, nor any other species of adornment were anywhere visible. Several Princesses were in the drawing-room. They were sitting in such a precise and leisurely attitude that it was immediately perceptible that they did not sit so when guests were not present.

"Mamma will be here immediately," said the eldest of them to me, as she seated herself nearer me. For a quarter of an hour, this Princess engaged me in a very easy conversation, and she did it so skilfully that the conversation never languished for a moment. But it was too evident that she was entertaining me, and therefore she did not please me. Among other things, she told me that her brother Stepan, whom they called *Etienne*, and who had been sent to the Junkers' School, had already been promoted to be an officer. When she spoke of her brother, and especially when she mentioned that he had entered the hussars against his mother's wish, she put on a frightened look; and all the Princesses, who sat there in silence, put on the same frightened faces. When she spoke of grandmamma's death, she put on a sorrowful look, and all the younger Princesses did the same. When she recalled how I had struck St. Jerôme, and how I had been led off, she laughed, and showed her bad teeth; and all the Princesses laughed, and showed their bad teeth.

The Princess entered. She was the same little dried-up woman, with restless eyes, and a habit of looking at other people while talking with one. She took me by the hand, and raised her hand to my lips, in order that I might kiss it; which I should not otherwise have done, not supposing that it was indispensable.

"How glad I am to see you!" she said, with her usual eloquence, glancing at her daughters. "Ah, how like his mamma he is! Is he not, Lise?"

Lise said that it was so; though I know, for a fact, that I possessed not the slightest resemblance to mamma.

"And how large you have grown! And my Etienne, you remember, he is your second cousin — no, not your second; but how is it, Lise? My mother was Varvara Dmitrievna, daughter of Dmitri Nikolaevitch, and your grandmother was Natalya Nikolaevitch."

"Then he is our third cousin, mamma," said the eldest Princess.

"Oh, you are mixing things all up," cried the Princess angrily. "It's not third cousin at all, but *issus de germains*, — children of cousins; that's what you and my dear little Etienne are. He's an officer already: did you know it? But it's not well in one respect: he has too much liberty. You young people must be kept in hand; that's how it is! You will not be angry with me, your old aunt, if I tell you the truth? I brought up Etienne strictly, and I think that's the proper way to do.

"Yes, that's the relationship between us," she went on. "Prince Ivan Ivanitch was my own uncle, and your mother's uncle. So we were cousins to your mamma, and not second cousins. Yes, that's it. Now, tell me. Have you been to Prince Ivan's?"

I said that I had not been there yet, but should go that day.

"Ah! how is that possible?" she exclaimed. "That should have been your very first call. Why, you know that Prince Ivan is just the same as a father to you. He has no children, so his only heirs are you and my children. You must revere him on account of his age, and his position in the world, and every thing. I know that you young people of the present generation think nothing of relationship, and do not like old people; but you must obey me, your old aunt; for I love you, and I loved your mamma, and your

grandmother, too, I loved and respected very, very much. Yes, you must go without fail. You certainly must go."

I said that I certainly would go, and as the call had already lasted long enough, in my opinion, I rose, and made a motion to go; but she detained me.

"No, wait a minute. — Where is your father, Lise? Call him here. — He will be so glad to see you," she continued, turning to me.

In a couple of minutes Prince Mikhailo actually entered. He was a short, stout man, very negligently dressed, unshaven, and with such an expression of indifference on his countenance that it approached stupidity. He was not at all glad to see me; at all events, he did not express any thing of the sort. But the Princess, of whom he was evidently very much afraid, said to him, —

"Waldemar [she had plainly forgotten my name] is very like his mother, is he not?" and she made such a signal with her eyes that the Prince must have divined her wish, for he came up to me, and, with the most apathetic and even dissatisfied expression of countenance, presented his unshaven cheek to me, which I was forced to kiss.

"But you are not dressed, and you must go instantly," the Princess began at once to say to him, in an angry tone, which was evidently her usual one with members of her household. "You want to prejudice people against you again, to make people angry with you again!"

"At once, at once, matiuschka," said Prince Mikhailo, and departed. I bowed, and departed also.

I had heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and this news struck me unpleasantly.

CHAPTER XX.

THE IVINS.

It distressed me still more to think of that impending, indispensable visit. But before I went to the Prince, I had to stop at the Ivins' on the way. They lived on the Tversky Boulevard, in a large and handsome house. It was not without timidity that I drove up to the state entrance, at which stood a porter with a cane.

I asked him if the family was at home.

"Whom do you wish to see? The general's son is at home," said the porter.

"And the general himself?"

"I will inquire. Whom shall I announce?" said the porter, and rang.

A footman's feet, clad in gaiters, appeared upon the stairs. I was so much alarmed, I do not know myself that I told the footman that he was not to announce me to the general, and that I would go first to the general's son. When I went up-stairs, along that great staircase, it seemed to me that I became frighfully small (and not in the figurative; but in the actual, sense of the word). I had experienced the same sensation when my drozhky drove up to the grand entrance; it had seemed to me that the drozhky and the horse and the coachman became small. The general's son was lying, fast asleep, upon a sofa, with an open book before him, when I entered the room. His tutor, Herr Frost, who still remained in the house, followed me into the room, with his active step, and woke up his pupil. Ivin did not exhibit any especial delight at the sight of me, and I observed that he looked at my eyebrows while he was talking. Although he was very polite, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me exactly as the Princess had done, and that he felt no particular attraction towards me, and did not need my acquaintance, since he probably had his own different circle of

acquaintances. All this I imagined, principally because he gazed at my eyebrows. In a word, his relations to me, however disagreeable it might be to me to confess it, were almost exactly the same as mine to Ilinka. I began to get irritated; I caught every look of Ivin's on the fly, and when his eyes and Frost's met, I translated his question: "And why has he come to us?"

After talking with me for a short time, Ivin said that his father and mother were at home, and would I not like to have him go with me to them?

"I will dress myself at once," he added, going into another room, although he was very well dressed in this room, — in a new coat and a white waistcoat. In a few minutes he came back in his uniform, completely buttoned up, and we went down-stairs together. The state apartments which we passed through were extremely lofty, and apparently very richly furnished; there was marble and gilding, and something wrapped up in muslin, and mirrors. The Ivina entered the small room behind the drawing-room through another door, at the same time that we did. She received me in a very friendly manner, like a relative, gave me a seat beside her, and inquired with interest about all our family.

Mme. Ivina, of whom I had only caught a couple of fleeting glimpses previous to this, pleased me very much now that I looked at her attentively. She was tall, thin, very white, and seemed always melancholy and exhausted. Her smile was sad, but extremely kind; her eyes were large, weary, and not quite straight, which gave her a still more melancholy and attractive expression. She did not sit exactly bent over, but with her whole body limp, and all her movements were languishing. She spoke languidly, but the sound of her voice, and her indistinct utterance of *r* and *l*, were very pleasing. She did not entertain me. My answers about my relatives evidently afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, while listening to me, she sadly recalled better days. Her son went off somewhere; she gazed at me in silence for a couple of minutes, and all at once she began to cry. I sat there before her, and could not think of any thing whatever to say or do. She went on crying, and never looked at me. At first I was sorry for her; then I thought, "Ought I not to comfort her, and how must it be done?" and finally I became vexed at her, for placing me

in such an awkward position. "Have I such a pitiful appearance?" I thought, "or is she doing this on purpose to find out how I will behave under the circumstances?"

"It is awkward to take leave now, it will seem as though I am running away from her tears," I continued my reflections. I moved about on my chair to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, how stupid I am!" she said, glancing at me, and trying to smile; "there are days when one weeps without any cause whatever."

She began to search for her handkerchief, beside her on the sofa, and all at once she broke out crying harder than ever.

"Ah, my heavens! how ridiculous it is for me to cry so! I loved your mother so, we were such — friends — and" —

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it, and went on crying. My awkward position was renewed, and lasted for quite a long while. Her tears seemed genuine, and I kept thinking that she was not weeping so much because of my mother, as because things did not suit her now, but had been much better at some time in former days. I do not know how it would have ended, had not young Ivin entered and said that old Ivin was asking for her. She rose, and was on the point of going, when Ivin himself entered the room. He was a small, stout, gray-haired gentleman, with thick black brows, perfectly gray close-cut hair, and an extremely stern and firm expression of countenance.

I rose and saluted him; but Ivin, who had three stars on his green coat, not only did not respond to my greeting, but hardly so much as glanced at me, so that I all at once felt that I was not a man, but some sort of thing which was not worthy of notice, — an armchair or a window, or, if a man, then such a one as is not distinguished in any way from an armchair or a window.

"You haven't written to the Countess yet, my dear," he said to his wife in French, with an apathetic but firm expression of countenance.

"Farewell, Mr. Irteneff," said Mme. Ivina to me, inclining her head rather haughtily all at once, and gazing at my eyebrows as her son had done. I bowed once more to her and her husband, and again my salute acted upon the elder Ivin exactly as the opening or shutting of a window would have done. But Ivin the student accompanied me to the door,

and told me on the way that he was going to be transferred to the Petersburg university, because his father had received an appointment there (and he mentioned a very important position).

"Well, as papa likes," I muttered to myself as I seated myself in my drozhky: "but my feet will never enter here again. That bawler cries when she looks at me, just as though I were some miserable creature; and Ivin is a pig, and doesn't bow to me. I'll give him" — what I wanted to give him, I really do not know, but that was the word which occurred to me.

I was often obliged afterwards to endure my father's exhortations, and he said that it was indispensable to "*cultivate*" this acquaintance, and that I could not require a man in such a position as Ivin's to pay attention to such a boy as I; but I preserved my resolution for a long time.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRINCE IVAN IVANITCH.

"Now for the last call on the Nikitskaya," I said to Kuzma, and we rolled away to Prince Ivan Ivanitch's house.

After having gone through several calling experiences, I had acquired self-reliance by practice; and now I was about to drive up to the Prince's in a tolerably composed frame of mind, when I suddenly recalled the words of Princess Kornakova, to the effect that I was his heir; moreover, I beheld two equipages at the entrance, and I felt my former timidity again.

It seemed to me that the old porter who opened the door for me, and the footman who took off my coat, and the three ladies and the two gentlemen whom I found in the drawing-room, and Prince Ivan Ivanitch himself in particular, who was sitting on the sofa in a plain coat, — it seemed to me that they all looked upon me as the heir, and therefore with ill-will. The Prince was very friendly with me: he kissed me, that is to say, he laid his soft, dry, cold lips against my cheek for a moment, inquired about my occupations and plans, jested with me, asked if I still wrote verses like those which I had written for my grandmother's name-day, and said that I must come and dine with him that day. But the more courteous he was, the more it seemed to me as though he wanted to pet me only to prevent my perceiving how disagreeable was to him the thought that I was his heir. He had a habit — arising from the false teeth with which his mouth was filled — of raising his upper lip towards his nose after he had said any thing, and uttering a slight snort, as though he were drawing his lip into his nostrils; and when he did this on the present occasion, it seemed to me as though he were saying to himself, "Little boy, little boy, I know it without your reminding me of it: you are the heir, the heir," and so on.

When we were children, we had called Prince Ivan Ivanitch "uncle:" but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue could not bring itself to say "uncle" to him, and it seemed to me humiliating to call him "your excellency," as one of the gentlemen present did; so that, during the entire conversation, I tried not to call him any thing at all. But what abashed me most of all was the old Princess, who was also one of the Prince's heirs, and lived in his house. During the whole course of dinner, at which I was seated beside the Princess, I fancied that the Princess did not address me because she hated me for being also an heir of the Prince as well as herself; and that the Prince paid no attention to our side of the table because we — the Princess and I — were heirs, and equally repulsive to him.

"Yes; you can't believe how disagreeable it was for me," I said that same evening to Dmitri, desiring to brag to him of the feeling of repugnance to the thought that I was an heir (this sentiment seemed very fine to me), — "how disagreeable it was for me to pass two whole hours at the Prince's to-day. He is a very fine man, and was very polite to me," said I, wishing, among other things, to impress my friend with the fact that what I said was not in consequence of having felt humiliated before the Prince; "but," I continued, "the thought that they might look upon me as they do upon the Princess who lives in his house, and behaves in such a servile way before him, is frightful. He is a wonderful old man, and extremely kind and delicate withal, but it is painful to see how he *maltreats* that Princess. This disgusting money ruins all intercourse!

"Do you know, I think it would be much better to explain myself clearly to the Prince," said I, — "to tell him that I revere him as a man, but that I am not thinking of his inheritance, and that I beg him not to leave me any thing, and that under that condition only will I go to his house."

Dmitri did not laugh when I told him this: on the contrary, he became thoughtful, and, after a silence of several minutes, he said to me, —

"Do you know what? You are not in the right. Either you should not suppose at all that people can think of you as of your Princess: or else, if you do already suppose it, then you should carry your suppositions farther; that is, to the effect that you know what people may think of you, but that such thoughts are so far from your intentions that you

scorn them, and will do nothing which is founded on them. Now, suppose that they suppose that you suppose this — But, in short," he added, conscious that he was involving himself in his reflections, "it's much better not to suppose it at all."

My friend was quite right. It was only later, much later, that I was convinced from my experience of life how injurious it is to think, and how much more injurious to utter, much which seems very noble, but which should remain forever hidden from all in the heart of each individual man; and how rarely noble words accompany noble deeds. I am convinced that the very fact that a good intention has been announced renders the execution of this good intention more difficult, and generally impossible. But how restrain the utterance of the nobly self-satisfied impulses of youth? One only recollects them afterwards, and mourns over them as over a flower which did not last, — which one has plucked ere it had opened, and then has beheld upon the ground, withered and trampled on.

I, who had but just told my friend Dmitri that money ruined intercourse, borrowed twenty-five rubles of him, which he offered me the next morning, before our departure to the country, when I found that I had wasted all my own money on divers pictures and pipe-stems; and then I remained in his debt a very long time indeed.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION WITH MY FRIEND.

Our present conversation arose in the phaeton on the road to Kuntzovo. Dmitri had dissuaded me from calling on his mother in the morning; but he came to me, after dinner, to carry me off for the whole afternoon, and even to pass the night at the country-house where his family lived. It was only when we had emerged from the city and the dirty, motley streets, and the intolerably deafening sound of the pavements had been exchanged for the broad view of the fields and the soft rattle of the wheels along the dusty road, and the fragrant spring air and the sense of space had seized hold upon me from all sides, — it was only then that I recovered my senses in some degree from the various new impressions and consciousness of freedom which had quite confused me for the last two days. Dmitri was gentle and sympathetic, did not adjust his neckerchief with his head, and did not screw his eyes up. I was satisfied with the lofty sentiments which I had communicated to him, supposing that, in consideration of them, he had quite forgiven my shameful affair with Kolpikoff, and would not despise me for it; and we conversed, in a friendly way, of many intimate things which friends do not talk to each other about under all conditions. Dmitri told me about his family, whom I did not know as yet, — about his mother, his aunt, his sister, and about the person whom Volodya and Dubkof considered my friend's passion, and called the *little red-head*. He spoke of his mother with a certain cool, triumphant praise, as though to forestall any objection on that subject; he expressed enthusiasm with regard to his aunt, but with some condescension; of his sister, he said very little, and seemed ashamed to talk to me about her; but as for the *little red-head*, whose name was really Liubov[1] Sergieevna, and who was an elderly maiden lady, who lived in the Nekhliudoffs' house in some

[1] Love · not an uncommon feminine Christian name.

family relation or other, he spoke to me of her with animation.

"Yes, she is a wonderful girl," said he, blushing modestly, but, at the same time, looking me boldly in the eye. "She is no longer a young girl: she is even rather old, and not at all pretty; but how stupid, how senseless it is to love beauty! I cannot understand it, it is so stupid [he spoke as if he had but just discovered a perfectly new and remarkable truth], but she has such a soul, such a heart, such principles, I am convinced that you will not find another such girl in this present world." (I do not know why Dmitri had acquired the habit of saying that every thing good was rare in this present world; he was fond of repeating this expression, and it seemed to become him.)

"I am only afraid," he continued calmly, after having already annihilated with his condemnation people who had the stupidity to love beauty, "I am afraid that you will not soon comprehend her, and learn to know her. She is modest, even reserved; she is not fond of displaying her fine, her wonderful qualities. There is mamma, who, as you will see, is a very handsome and intelligent woman; she has known Liubov Sergieevna for several years, and can not and will not understand her. Even last night I — I will tell you why I was out of spirits when you asked me. Day before yesterday, Liubov Sergieevna wanted me to go with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch — you have certainly heard of Ivan Yakovlevitch, who is said to be crazy, but, in reality, is a remarkable man. Liubov Sergieevna is very religious, I must tell you, and understands Ivan Yakovlevitch perfectly. She frequently goes to see him, talks with him, and gives him money for his poor people, which she has earned herself. She is a wonderful woman, as you will see. Well, so I went with her to Ivan Yakovlevitch, and was very grateful to her for having seen that remarkable man. But mamma never will understand this, and regards it as superstition. Last night I had a quarrel with my mother, for the first time in my life, and a rather hot one," he concluded, with a convulsive movement of the neck, as though in memory of the feeling which he had experienced during this quarrel.

"Well, and what do you think? That is, how do you fancy it will turn out? or do you talk with her of how it is to be, and how your love and friendship will end?" I inquired, wishing to divert him from unpleasant memories.

"You mean to ask, whether I think of marrying her?" he inquired, reddening again, but turning and looking me boldly in the face.

"Well, in fact," I thought, tranquillizing myself, "it's nothing: we are grown up; we two friends are riding in this phaeton, and discussing our future life. Any one would enjoy listening and looking at us now, unseen."

"Why not?" he went on, after my answer in the affirmative. "It is my aim, as it is the aim of every right-minded man, to be happy and good, so far as that is possible; and with her, if she will only have it so, I shall be happier and better than with the greatest beauty in the world, as soon as I am entirely independent."

Engaged in such discourse, we did not observe that we had arrived at Kuntzovo, that the sky had clouded over, and that it was preparing to rain. The sun stood not very high on the right, above the ancient trees of the Kuntzovo garden, and half of its brilliant red disk was covered with gray, slightly luminous clouds; broken, fiery rays escaped in bursts from the other half, and lighted up the old trees of the garden with striking brilliancy, as their dense green motionless crowns shone in the illuminated spot of azure sky. The gleam and light of this side of the heavens was strongly contrasted with the heavy purplish cloud which lay before us above the young birches which were visible on the horizon.

A little farther to the right, behind the bushes and trees, we could already see the multi-colored roofs of the buildings of the villa, some of which reflected the brilliant rays of the sun, while some assumed the melancholy character of the other half of the heavens. Below, on the left, the motionless pond gleamed blue, surrounded by pale green willows which stood out darkly against its dull and seemingly swollen surface. Beyond the pond, halfway up the hill, stretched a black steaming field; and the straight line of green which divided it in the middle ran off into the distance, and rested on the threatening, lead-colored horizon. On both sides of the soft road, along which the phaeton rolled with regular motion, luxuriant tangled rye stood out sharply in its verdure, and was already beginning to develop stalks here and there. The air was perfectly quiet, and exhaled freshness; the verdure of trees, leaves, and rye was motionless and unusually pure and clear. It seemed as though every leaf, every blade of grass, were living its own free, happy, individ-

ual life. Beside the road, I espied a blackish foot-path, which wound amid the dark green rye, which was now more than quarter grown; and this path, for some reason, recalled the village to me with special vividness; and, in consequence of my thoughts of the village, by some strange combination of ideas, it reminded me with special vividness of Sonitchka, and that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmitri, and the pleasure which his frankness afforded me, I did not want to know any more about his feelings and intentions with regard to Liubov Sergieevna; but I wanted, without fail, to inform him of my love for Sonitchka, which seemed to me love of a much higher type. But, for some reason, I could not make up my mind to tell him directly my ideas of how fine it would be, when, having married Sonitchka, I should live in the country, and how I should have little children who would creep about the floor and call me papa, and how delighted I should be when he and his wife, Liubov Sergieevna, came to see me in their travelling dress: but in place of all this, I pointed at the setting sun. "See, Dmitri, how charming it is!"

Dmitri said nothing, being apparently displeased that I had replied to his confession, which had probably cost him some pain, by directing his attention to nature, to which he was, in general, coolly indifferent. Nature affected him very differently from what it did me: it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its interest; he loved it with his mind, rather than with his feelings.

"I am very happy," I said to him after this, paying no heed to the fact that he was evidently occupied with his own thoughts, and was quite indifferent to whatever I might say to him; "I believe I told you about a young lady with whom I was in love when a child; I have seen her again to-day," I continued with enthusiasm, "and now I am decidedly in love with her."

And I told him about my love, and all my plans for connubial bliss in the future, in spite of the expression of indifference which still lingered on his face. And, strange to say, no sooner had I minutely described all the strength of my feeling, than it began to decrease.

The rain overtook us just after we had entered the birch avenue leading to the villa. I only knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and some-

thing pattered on the young, sticky leaves of the birches, which, drooping their curling motionless branches, seemed to receive these pure, transparent drops on themselves with delight, which was expressed by the strong perfume with which they filled the avenue. We descended from the calash, in order to reach the house more quickly by running through the garden. But just at the entrance to the house we encountered four ladies, two of whom had some work, the third a book, and the other was approaching from another direction with a little dog, at a rapid pace. Dmitri immediately presented me to his mother, sister, aunt, and Liubov Sergieevna. They stopped for a moment, but the rain began to descend faster and faster.

"Let us go to the veranda, and you shall introduce him to us again there," said the one whom I took to be Dmitri's mother; and we ascended the steps with the ladies.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NEKHLIUDOFFS.

At first sight, out of all this company the one who struck me most was Liubov Sergieevna, who mounted the steps last of all, in thick knitted shoes, holding in her arms a Bolognese spaniel, and, halting twice, gazed attentively at me and immediately afterwards kissed her dog. She was very ugly, red-haired, thin, short, and rather one-sided. What rendered her homely face even plainer was her queer manner of dressing her hair, all to one side (one of those coiffures which bald women invent for themselves). Try as I would, out of a desire to please my friend, I could not discover a single good feature in her. Even her brown eyes, although they expressed good-nature, were too small and dull, and decidedly ugly; even her hands, that characteristic trait, though not large, and not bad in shape, were red and rough.

When I followed them on to the terrace, each one of the ladies, except Varenka, Dmitri's sister, who only surveyed me attentively with her great, dark-gray eyes, said a few words to me before they resumed their several occupations; but Varenka began to read aloud from the book which she held on her knee, using her finger as a marker.

Princess Marya Ivanovna was a tall, stately woman of forty. She might have been taken for more, judging by the curls of half-gray hair which were frankly displayed beneath her cap. But she seemed much younger, on account of her fresh and delicate face, which was scarcely wrinkled at all, and particularly from the lively, merry gleam of her large eyes. Her eyes were brown, and very well opened; her lips were too thin, and somewhat stern; her nose was sufficiently regular, and a little to the left side; there were no rings on her large, almost masculine hands, with their long fingers. She wore a close, dark-blue dress, which fitted tightly to her elegant and still youthful figure, of which she

was evidently proud. She sat remarkably upright, and sewed on some garment. When I entered the veranda she took my hand, drew me towards her as though desirous of viewing me more closely, and said, as she looked at me with the same cold, open gaze which her son also possessed, that she had long known me from Dmitri's accounts of me, and that she had invited me to spend a whole day with them, in order that she might become better acquainted with me. "Do whatever you like, without minding us in the least, just as we shall put no constraint on ourselves because of you. Walk, read, listen, or sleep, if that amuses you more," she added.

Sophia Ivanovna was an elderly spinster, and the Princess's youngest sister, but from her looks she seemed older. She had that peculiar build, full of character, which is only met with in very plump, short old maids who wear corsets. It was as if all her health had risen upwards with such force that it threatened every moment to suffocate her. Her little fat hands could not meet beneath the projecting point of her bodice, and the tightly stretched point itself she could not see. There was a strong family resemblance between the sisters, in spite of the fact that Marya Ivanovna had black hair and black eyes, and Sophia Ivanovna was a blonde with large, lively, and at the same time calm, blue eyes (which is a great rarity). They had the same expression, the same nose, and the same lips, only Sophia Ivanovna's nose and lips were a little thicker, and on the right side when she smiled, while the Princess's were on the left. Sophia Ivanovna evidently tried to appear young still, judging from her dress and coiffure, and would not have displayed her gray curls if she had had them. Her looks and her treatment of me seemed to me extremely haughty from the very first moment, and they embarrassed me; while with the Princess, on the other hand, I felt perfectly at my ease. Possibly it was her stoutness, and a certain likeness in her figure to the portrait of Catherine the Great which struck me in her, that gave her that haughty aspect in my eyes; but I was thoroughly abashed when she said to me, gazing at me intently the while, "The friends of our friends are our friends." I regained my composure, and changed my opinion of her entirely, only when, after uttering these words, she paused a while, and then opened her mouth, and sighed heavily. It must have been on account of her stoutness that she had a habit of sighing

deeply after saying a few words, opening her mouth a little, and rolling her large blue eyes. So much amiable good-nature was expressed by this habit, for some reason or other, that after that sigh I lost all fear of her, and she pleased me extremely. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasing; even the excessively rounded lines of her form seemed to me at that period of my youth not devoid of beauty.

Liubov Sergieevna, as the friend of my friend, would (I supposed) immediately say something extremely friendly and confidential to me, and she even gazed at me quite a long while in silence as if in indecision as to whether what she meant to say to me were not too friendly; but she only broke the silence in order to inquire in what course I was. Then she gazed at me again intently for quite a while, evidently hesitating whether to utter or not to utter that confidential, friendly word; and I, perceiving this doubt, besought her by the expression of my countenance to tell me all; but she said, "They say that very little attention is paid to science in the universities nowadays," and called her little dog Suzette.

Liubov Sergieevna talked the whole evening in the same sort of phrases, which, for the most part, fitted neither the matter in hand nor each other; but I believed so firmly in Dmitri, and he looked so anxiously first at me and then at her the whole evening with an expression that asked, "Well, what do you think?"—that, as it frequently happens, although I was already convinced in my own soul that there was nothing so very special about Liubov Sergieevna, I was very far from expressing my thought even to myself.

Finally, the last member of this family, Varenka, was a very plump girl of sixteen.

The only pretty things about her were her great dark-gray eyes, with an expression which united mirth and calm observation, and were very much like her aunt's eyes; her very large blonde braid of hair; and an extremely soft and pretty hand.

"I think it bores you, Mr. Nicolas, to listen to the middle of this," said Sophia Ivanovna with her good-natured sigh, turning over the pieces of a garment which she was engaged in sewing. The reading had come to an end by this time, because Dmitri had gone off somewhere.

"Or perhaps you have already read 'Rob Roy?'"

At that time I considered it my duty, simply because I

wore a student's uniform, to reply with great *intelligence and originality* without fail to every question, however simple, from people whom I did not know very well; and I regarded it as the greatest disgrace to make brief, clear replies like "yes" and "no," "it is tiresome," "it is pleasant," and the like. Glancing at my fashionable new trousers, and at the brilliant buttons on my coat, I replied that I had not read "Rob Roy," but that it was very interesting to me to listen to it, because I preferred to read books from the middle instead of from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting: you can guess at what has happened, and what will happen," I added with a self-satisfied smile.

The Princess began to laugh a kind of unnatural laugh (I afterwards observed that she had no other laugh).

"But this must be correct," said she. "And shall you remain here long, Nicolas? You will not take offence that I address you without the *monsieur?* When are you going away?"

"I do not know; to-morrow perhaps, and possibly we may stay quite a long time," I replied for some reason or other, although we must certainly go on the morrow.

"I should have liked you to remain, both for our sakes and for Dmitri's," remarked the Princess, looking off in the distance; "friendship is a glorious thing at your age."

I felt that they were all looking at me, and waiting to see what I would say, although Varenka pretended that she was inspecting her aunt's work. I felt that I was undergoing examination after a fashion, and that I must show off as favorably as possible.

"Yes, for me," said I, "Dmitri's friendship is useful; but I cannot be useful to him, he is a thousand times better than I." (Dmitri could not hear what I was saying, otherwise I should have been afraid that he would detect the insincerity of my words.)

The Princess laughed again with the unnatural laugh which was natural to her.

"Well, but to hear him talk," said she, "it is you who are a little monster of perfection."

"'A monster of perfection,' that's capital, I must remember that," I thought.

"However, leaving you out of the case, he is a masterhand at that," she went on, lowering her voice (which was

particularly agreeable to me), and indicating Liubov Sergieevna with her eyes. "He has discovered in his *poor little aunt*" (that was what they called Liubov Sergieevna), "whom I have known, with her Suzette, for twenty years, such perfections as I never even suspected. — Varya, order them to bring me a glass of water," she added, glancing into the distance again, having probably discovered that it was rather early, or not at all necessary, to initiate me into family affairs: "or, better still, let *him* go. *He* has nothing to do, and do you go on reading. — Go straight into that door, my friend, and after you have traversed fifty paces halt, and say in a loud voice, 'Piotr, take Marya Ivanovna a glass of ice-water!'" she said to me, and again she laughed lightly with her unnatural laugh.

"She certainly wants to discuss me," I thought, as I left the room: "probably she wants to say, that she has observed that I am a very, very intelligent young man." But I had not gone fifty paces when fat and panting Sophia Ivanovna overtook me with light swift steps.

"Thanks, mon cher," said she: "I am going there myself, and I will tell him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE.

Sophia Ivanovna, as I afterwards learned, was one of those rare elderly woman, who, though born for family life, have been denied this happiness by fate, and who, in consequence of this denial, decide all at once to pour out all the treasure of love which has been stored up so long, which has grown and strengthened in their hearts, upon certain chosen favorites. And the store is so inexhaustible among old maids of this sort, that, although the chosen ones are many, much love still remains, which they pour out upon all about them, on all the good and bad people with whom they come in contact in life.

There are three kinds of love: —

(1) Beautiful love;

(2) Self-sacrificing love; and

(3) Active love.

I do not speak of the love of a young man for a young girl, and hers for him: I fear these tendernesses, and I have been so unfortunate in life as never to have seen a single spark of truth in this species of love, but only a lie, in which sentiment, connubial relations, money, a desire to bind or to unbind one's hands, have to such an extent confused the feeling itself, that it has been impossible to disentangle it. I am speaking of the love for man, which, according to the greater or lesser power of soul, concentrates itself upon one, upon several, or pours itself out upon many; of the love of mother, father, brother, children, for a comrade, friends, fellow-countryman, — of love for man.

Beautiful love consists in love of the beauty of the sentiment itself, and its expression. For people who love thus, the beloved object is beloved only inasmuch as it arouses that agreeable sentiment, in the consciousness and expression

of which they delight. People who love with beautiful love care very little about reciprocity, as for an item which has no influence upon the beauty and pleasure of the sentiment. They frequently change the objects of their love, as their chief aim consists simply in having the agreeable feeling of love constantly excited. In order to preserve this pleasing sentiment in themselves, they talk incessantly of their affection in the most elegant terms, both to the subject of it, and to every one else, even to those who have no concern whatever with this love. In our country, people of a certain class, who love *beautifully*, not only talk about their love to every one, but infallibly discuss it in French. It is a queer and a strange thing to say; but I am convinced that there have been and still are many people of distinguished society, especially women, whose love for their friends, their husbands, and their children, would be instantly annihilated if they were but forbidden to speak of it in French.

The second species of love — self-sacrificing love — consists in love of the process of immolating one's self for the beloved object, without any regard to whether the beloved object is the better or the worse for these sacrifices. "There is nothing so disagreeable that I would not do it in order to prove my devotion to the whole world, and to *him* or to *her*." That is the formula of this species of love. People who love thus never believe in reciprocity (because it is more meritorious to sacrifice one's self for a person who does not understand me), and are always sickly, which also heightens the merit of the sacrifice; they are constant, for the most part, because it would be hard for them to lose the merit of those sacrifices which they have made for the beloved object; they are always ready to die to prove to *him* or to *her* the extent of their devotion, but they despise the little every-day demonstrations of love which do not require special outbursts of self-sacrifice. It makes no difference to them whether you have eaten or slept well, whether you are cheery, or whether you are in health, and they do nothing to procure you those comforts if they are within their power; but to stand in front of a ball, to fling themselves into the water or into the fire, to go into a decline for love, — they are always ready to do this if the opportunity only presents itself. Moreover, people who are inclined to self-sacrificing love are always proud of their love, exacting, jealous, distrustful; and, strange to say, they desire danger for its object, that they may rescue him

from his misfortune, that they may comfort him, — and even vices, that they may reform him.

You are living alone in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-sacrificing love. You are well, calm, you have occupations which you like: your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with the management of the household, which is confided to the hands of domestics, nor with the children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with any thing which she would love, because she loves nothing but you. She is *visibly* ill, but, not wishing to pain you, she will not mention this to you; she is *plainly* bored, but for your sake she is ready to be bored all her life. The fact that you are so intently occupied with your affairs (whatever they may be, hunting, books, farming, service), is *visibly* killing her; she sees that these occupations are ruining you, but she holds her peace, and suffers. But now you fall ill. Your loving wife forgets her illness for you, and in spite of your prayer that she will not torment herself for nothing, she sits by your bedside, and will not leave it; and you feel her sympathetic glance upon you every second, saying, "Whatever I said, it makes no difference to me, I will not leave you." In the morning you are a little better, and you go to another room. The room is not warmed, nor put in order; the soup, which is the only thing you can eat, has not been ordered from the cook; the medicine has not been sent for; but your poor, loving wife, exhausted by her vigil, gazes at you with the same expression of sympathy, walks on tiptoe, and gives the servants confused and unaccustomed orders in a whisper. You want to read: your loving wife tells you with a sigh that she knows you will not listen to her, that you will be angry with her, but she is used to that, — it is better for you not to read. You want to walk across the room: you had better not do it. You want to speak to a friend who has arrived: it is better for you not to talk. You have fever again in the night, and you want to forget yourself; but your loving wife, pale, haggard, sighing from time to time, sits opposite you in an arm-chair, under the half light of the night-lamp, and arouses in you a feeling of irritation and impatience by the slightest sound or movement. You have a servant who has lived with you for twenty years, to whom you are accustomed, who serves you admirably and satisfactorily because he has slept sufficiently during the day, and receives wages; but she will not permit him to wait upon you. She will do

every thing with her own weak, unskilled fingers, which you cannot avoid watching with repressed vexation, when those white fingers strive in vain to uncork a phial, to extinguish a candle, to pour out your medicine, or when they touch you peevishly. If you are an impatient, hot-tempered man, and beg her to go away, you hear her with your irritated, sickly sense of hearing, sighing and crying outside the door, and whispering something to your man; and finally, if you do not die, your loving wife, who has not slept all the twenty nights during which your sickness has lasted (as she repeats to you incessantly), falls ill, goes into a decline, suffers, and becomes still less capable of any occupation, and, by the time you are in a normal condition, expresses her love of self-sacrifice only by a gentle ennui which involuntarily communicates itself to you, and to all about you.

The third sort — active love — consists in the endeavor to satisfy all needs, desires, whims, all vices even, of the beloved object. People who love thus, always love for life: for the more they love, the more they know the beloved object, and the easier it is for them to love; that is, to satisfy his desires. Their love is rarely expressed in words; and, if expressed, it is not with self-satisfaction, eloquently, but shamefacedly, awkwardly, for they are always afraid that they do not love sufficiently. They seek reciprocity, even willingly deceiving themselves, believe in it, and are happy if they have it; but they love all the same, even under the opposite conditions, and not only desire happiness for the beloved object, but constantly strive to procure it for him by all the moral and material, the great and the petty means which are in their power.

And it was this active love for her nephew, for her sister, for Liubov Sergieevna, for me, even, because Dmitri loved me, which shone in the eyes, in every word and movement, of Sophia Ivanovna.

It was only much later that I estimated Sophia Ivanovna at her full worth; but even then the question occurred to me, Why did Dmitri, who was trying to understand love in a totally different fashion from what was usual with young men, and who had always before his eyes this sweet, affectionate Sophia Ivanovna, suddenly fall in love with that incomprehensible Liubov Sergieevna, and only admit that his aunt also possessed good qualities? Evidently, the saying is just: "A prophet has no honor in his own country."

One of two things must be: either there actually is more evil than good in every man, or else man is more accessible to evil than to good. He had not known Liubov Sergieevna long, but his aunt's love he had experienced ever since his birth.

CHAPTER XXV.

I BECOME ACQUAINTED.

When I returned to the veranda, they were not speaking of me at all, as I had supposed: but Varenka was not reading; and, having laid aside her book, she was engaged in a hot dispute with Dmitri, who was pacing back and forth, settling his neck in his neckerchief, and screwing up his eyes. The subject of their quarrel seemed to be Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition; but the quarrel was so fiery, that the real but unmentioned cause could not fail to be a different one, and one which touched the whole family more nearly. The Princess and Liubov Sergieevna sat silent, listening to every word, evidently desirous at times to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves, and allowing themselves to be represented, the one by Varenka, the other by Dmitri. When I entered, Varenka glanced at me with such an expression of indifference that it was plain that the dispute interested her deeply, and that it made no difference to her whether I heard what she said or not. The Princess, who evidently was on Varenka's side, wore the same expression. But Dmitri began to dispute with even greater heat in my presence; and Liubov Sergieevna seemed excessively frightened at my appearance, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "Old people say truly: If youth knew, if old age had the power" (*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*).

But this adage did not put an end to the dispute, and only prompted the thought in me that Liubov Sergieevna and my friend were in the wrong. Although I felt rather awkward at being present at a petty family quarrel, it was nevertheless pleasant to observe the real relations of this family, which were exhibited in consequence of the debate; and I felt that my presence did not prevent their exhibiting themselves.

It often happens that you see a family for years under the same deceitful veil of propriety, and the true relations of the members remain a secret to you. (I have even observed, that, the more impenetrable and ornamental the curtain, the coarser are the genuine relations which are concealed from you.) Then it comes to pass on a day, quite unexpectedly, that there arises in this family circle some question, often apparently trivial, concerning some blonde, or a visit with the husband's horses: and, without any visible cause, the quarrel grows more and more violent, the space beneath the curtain becomes too contracted for a settlement, and all at once, to the terror of the wranglers themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real, coarse relations creep out; the curtain, which no longer covers any thing, flutters useless between the warring sides, and only serves to remind you how long you have been deceived by it. Often it is not so painful to dash one's head against the ceiling in full swing as it is to touch a sore and sensitive spot, though ever so lightly. And such a sore and sensitive spot exists in nearly every family. In the Nekhliudoff family, this sensitive spot consisted of Dmitri's strange love for Liubov Sergieevna, which aroused in his mother and sister, if not a sense of envy, at least a sentiment of wounded family feeling. Therefore it was that the dispute about Ivan Yakovlevitch and superstition held such a serious significance for all of them.

"You are always trying to see into what other people ridicule and despise," said Varenka, in her melodious voice, pronouncing every letter distinctly. "It is just in all those kinds of things that you try to discover something remarkably fine."

"In the first place, only the most *frivolous of men* can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Ivan Yakovlevitch," retorted Dmitri, throwing his head spasmodically on the opposite side from his sister; "and in the second place, *you* are trying purposely not to see the good which stands before your very eyes."

On her return to us, Sophia Ivanovna glanced several times, in a frightened way, now at her nephew, then at her niece, then at me; and twice she opened her mouth as though to speak, and sighed heavily.

"Please, Varya, read as quickly as possible," she said, handing her the book, and tapping her caressingly on the

hand; "I am very anxious to know whether they found her again. [It seems that there is no question whatever, in the book, of any one finding any one else.] And as for you, Mitya, my dear, you had better wrap up your cheek, for the air is fresh, and your teeth will ache again," said she to her nephew, notwithstanding the look of displeasure which he cast upon her, probably because she had broken the thread of his argument. The reading was resumed.

This little quarrel did not in the least disturb the family peace, and that sensible concord which breathed from that feminine circle.

This circle, to which Princess Marya Ivanovna evidently gave the character and direction, had for me a perfectly novel and attractive tone, of a certain sort of logic, and at the same time of simplicity and elegance. This tone was expressed for me by the beauty, purity, and simplicity of things, — the bell, the binding of the book, the arm-chair, the table; and in the straight, snug bodice, in the *pose* of the Princess, in her gray curls brought out into view, and in her manner of calling me simply Nicolas, and *he*, at our first meeting; in their occupations, the reading aloud, the sewing; and in the remarkable whiteness of the ladies' hands. (They all had a common family mark on the hand, which consisted in the soft portion of the palm being of a deep-red hue, and separated by a sharp, straight line from the unusual whiteness of the upper part of the hand.) But this character was expressed most of all, in the excellent manner in which all three spoke French and Russian; pronouncing every letter distinctly, and finishing every word and phrase with pedantic accuracy. All this, and in particular the fact that they treated me simply and seriously in this society, as a grown-up person, uttered their own thoughts to me, listened to my opinions, — to this I was so little accustomed, that, in spite of my brilliant buttons and blue facings, I was still afraid they would say to me, all at once, "Do you think people are going to talk seriously with you? go study!" — all this resulted in my not feeling the slightest embarrassment in their society. I rose and changed my seat from place to place, and talked with all except Varenka, to whom it still seemed to me improper, for some reason, to speak first.

During the reading, as I listened to her pleasant voice, I glanced now at her, now at the sandy path of the flower-

garden, upon which dark round spots of rain were forming, upon the lindens, on whose leaves occasional drops of rain still continued to patter from the pale, bluish edge of the thinning thunder-cloud which enveloped us, then at her again, then at the last crimson rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the dense and ancient birches all dripping with rain, and then at Varenka again; and I decided that she was not at all ugly, as she had seemed to me at first.

"It's a pity that I am already in love," I thought, "and that Varenka is not Sonitchka. How nice it would be to suddenly become a member of this family! I should gain a mother and an aunt and a wife all at once." And as meditating thus I glanced at Varenka as she read, and thought that I would magnetize her, and make her look at me, Varenka raised her head from her book, glanced at me, and, meeting my eyes, turned away.

"It has not stopped raining yet," she said.

And all at once I experienced a strange sensation. I suddenly recollected that what was now happening to me was an exact repetition of what had happened once before; that then, also, a light rain was falling, and the sun was setting behind the birches, and I was looking at *her*, and she was reading, and I had magnetized her, and she had glanced up, and I had even recollected that this had happened before.

"Is it she? *she?*" I thought. "*Is it beginning?*" But I speedily decided that she was not the *she*, and that it was not beginning yet. "In the first place, she is ugly," I thought; "and in the next place, she is simply a young lady, and I have made her acquaintance in the most commonplace manner. But *she* will be remarkable, and I shall meet her somewhere, in some uncommon place; and, besides, this family only pleases me so much because I have not seen any thing yet," I decided. "But of course there are always such, and I shall meet with many during my life."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I SHOW MYSELF FROM THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS POINT OF VIEW.

At tea-time the reading came to an end; and the ladies engaged in a conversation between themselves, about persons and circumstances with which I was unfamiliar, expressly, so it seemed to me, for the purpose of making me feel, in spite of my cordial reception, the difference which existed, both in years and in worldly position, between them and me. But in the general conversation in which I could take part, I made up for my former silence, and endeavored to exhibit my remarkable intelligence and originality, which I considered that my uniform specially bound me to do. When the conversation turned on country-houses, I suddenly related how Prince Ivan Ivanitch had such a villa near Moscow that people came from London and Paris to see it; that there was a grating there which was worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles; and that Prince Ivan Ivanitch was a very near relative of mine, and that I had dined with him that day, and he had told me that I must be sure to come and spend the whole summer with him at that villa, but that I had refused, because I knew the house very well, since I had been there a number of times, and that all those fences and bridges were not at all interesting to me because I could not bear luxury, especially in the country, and that I liked every thing in the country to be like the country. Having uttered this strangely complicated lie, I became confused, and turned so red that every one must have certainly perceived that I was lying. Varenka, who handed me a cup of tea at that moment, and Sophia Ivanovna, who had been gazing at me while I was speaking, both turned away from me, and began to talk of something else, with an expression of countenance which I have often met with in good people since then, when a very young man begins plainly to lie in

their very faces, and which signifies, "Of course we know that he is lying, and why he does it, poor fellow!"

The reason why I said that Prince Ivan Ivanitch had a villa was that I saw no better pretext for mentioning my relationship to Prince Ivan Ivanitch, and that I had dined with him that day; but why did I tell about that grating worth three hundred and eighty thousand rubles, and that I had been to his house so often, when I had never been even once, and could not go, since Prince Ivan Ivanitch lived only in Moscow or Naples, which the Nekhliudoffs knew very well? I really cannot account to myself for it. Neither in childhood, nor boyhood, nor afterwards in a riper stage of growth, have I ever detected the vice of lying in myself; on the contrary, I have been rather too frank and upright: but during this first period of adolescence, a strange desire to lie in the most desperate manner, and without any apparent cause, frequently took possession of me. I say "desperate manner" expressly, because I lied about things where it was extremely easy to find me out. It seems to me that a vainglorious desire to show myself off as an entirely different man from what I am, united to the impracticable hope in life of lying so as not to be detected in the lie, was the chief cause of this strange tendency.

After tea, as the rain had ceased, and the weather was clear and calm, the Princess proposed that we should go for a walk in the lower garden, and admire her favorite spot. In accordance with my rule of always being original, and considering that such clever people as the Princess and myself must stand above trivial politeness, I replied that I could not bear to walk without an object, and if I cared to walk at all, it was quite alone. I had no idea that this was downright rude; but it seemed to me then that there was nothing more disgraceful than state compliments, that nothing was more amiable and original than a little discourteous frankness. Nevertheless, quite content with my answer, I went to walk with the rest of the company.

The Princess's favorite spot was at the very bottom of the garden in its depths, on a little bridge which was thrown over a small swamp. The view was extremely restricted, but very melancholy and pleasing. We are so accustomed to confounding art with nature, that very frequently those manifestations of nature which we have never encountered in pictures seem to us unnatural, — as though nature could

be unnatural, — and those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art seem to us threadbare. But some views, too thoroughly penetrated with thought and sentiment alone, seem fantastic when we come upon them in nature. The view from the Princess's favorite place was of this nature. It consisted of a small pond with overgrown banks; directly behind it was a steep hill covered with vast, ancient trees and bushes, with frequent changes in its many-hued verdure; and at the foot of the hill, drooping over the pond, an ancient birch, which, partly clinging to the damp bank of the pool with its thick roots, rested its crown upon a tall and stately ash-tree, and swung its curling branches over the smooth surface of the pond, which gave back the reflection of these drooping boughs and the surrounding greenery.

"How charming!" said the Princess, shaking her head, and not addressing any one in particular.

"Yes, it is wonderful, only it seems to me that it is frightfully like theatrical scenery," said I, desirous of showing that I had an opinion of my own on every thing.

The Princess continued to admire the view as though she had not heard my remark, and turning to her sister and Liubov Sergieevna she pointed out separate details, — the crooked overhanging stump, and the reflection which particularly pleased her. Sophia Ivanovna said that it was all very beautiful, and that her sister was in the habit of passing several hours at a time here; but it was evident that she only said so to please the Princess. I have observed that people who are endowed with the faculty of love are rarely sensitive to the beauties of nature. Liubov Sergieevna also went into raptures, asking, "What does that birch hold to? will it stand long?" and she glanced constantly at her Suzette, who ran back and forth across the bridge on her crooked legs, wagging her tail, with an anxious expression, as though for the first time in her life it had chanced to her not to be in a room. Dmitri began a logical argument with his mother, on the point that no view could be very beautiful where the horizon was limited. Varenka said nothing. When I glanced round at her, she was standing leaning on the railing of the bridge, with her profile towards me, and looking straight in front of her. Something probably interested her deeply, and even touched her; for she had evidently forgotten herself, and had no thought for herself or that she was being looked at. Her

large eyes were so full of intent observation, of calm, clear thought, her *pose* was so unaffected, and in spite of her short stature there was so much majesty about her, that I was again struck by what seemed a memory of her, and again I asked myself, "Is it not beginning?" and again I answered myself, that I was already in love with Sonitchka, and that Varenka was simply a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and I felt in consequence an unbounded desire to do or say to her some little unpleasant thing.

"Do you know, Dmitri," I said to my friend, approaching nearer to Varenka, in order that she might hear what I was about to say, "I think, that, even if there were not any mosquitoes, there would be nothing beautiful about this place; and now," I added, slapping my forehead, and really crushing a mosquito, "it's perfectly dreadful."

"You do not seem to love nature?" said Varenka to me, without turning her head.

"I think it is an idle, useless occupation," I replied, very well satisfied with having uttered my little unpleasantness, and having been original. Varenka raised her eyebrows in an almost imperceptible manner for a moment, with an expression of pity, and continued to look straight before her as composedly as ever.

I was vexed with her; but in spite of this, the grayish railing of the bridge with its faded paint, upon which she leaned, the reflection in the dark pond of the drooping stump of the overturned birch, which seemed desirous of joining its drooping branches, the odor of the swamp, the feeling of the crushed mosquito upon my forehead, and her attentive gaze and majestic attitude, often presented themselves afterwards quite unexpectedly to my imagination.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DMITRI.

When we returned home after our walk, Varenka did not wish to sing as she usually did in the evening; and I had the self-assurance to set it down to my own account, fancying that the cause was what I had said to her on the bridge. The Nekhliudoffs did not have supper, and dispersed early; and that day, since Dmitri's teeth began to ache, as Sophia Ivanovna had predicted, we went off to his room even earlier than usual. Supposing that I had done all that my blue collar and my buttons required of me, and that I had pleased everybody, I was in an extremely amiable, self-satisfied frame of mind. Dmitri, on the contrary, in consequence of the quarrel and his toothache, was silent and morose. He seated himself at the table, got out his note-books, his diary, and the book in which he was accustomed to write down every evening his past and future occupations, and wrote in them for quite a long time, frowning incessantly, and touching his cheek with his hand.

"Oh, leave me in peace!" he shouted at the maid who had been sent by Sophia Ivanovna to inquire how his teeth were, and if he did not want to make himself a fomentation. After that, telling me that my bed would be ready directly, and that he would retire immediately, he went to Liubov Sergieevna.

"What a pity that Varenka is not pretty, and particularly that she is not Sonitchka!" I meditated, when I was left alone in the room. "How pleasant it would be to come to them, and offer her my hand, when I leave the university! I should say, 'Princess, I am no longer young; I cannot love passionately; but I shall always love you like a dear sister.' 'I already respect you,' I should say to her mother; 'and as for you, Sophia Ivanovna, pray believe that I esteem you highly. Then say simply and plainly, will you be my

wife?' — 'Yes;' and she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and say, 'My love is not in words, but in deeds.' Well, and what if Dmitri should all at once fall in love with Liubotchka?" came into my mind, — "for Liubotchka is in love with him, — and should wish to marry her? Then one of us would not be able to marry. And that would be capital. Then this is what I should do. I should immediately perceive it, say nothing, but go to Dmitri, and say, 'It is in vain, my friend, that we have tried to keep secrets from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life; but I know all, you have deprived me of my best hope, you have rendered me unhappy; but do you know how Nikolai Irteneff revenges himself for the unhappiness of his whole life? Here is my sister for you,' and I should give him Liubotchka's hand. He would say, 'No, not on any terms!' and I should say, 'Prince Nekhliudoff, in vain do you endeavor to be more magnanimous than Nikolai Irteneff. There is not a more magnanimous man in the world than he.' Then I should bow and retire. Dmitri and Liubotchka would run after me in tears, and beseech me to accept their sacrifice, — and I might consent and be very happy if I were only in love with Varenka." These dreams were so agreeable that I wanted very much to communicate them to my friend; but in spite of our mutual vow of frankness, I felt that for some reason it was physically impossible to say it.

Dmitri returned from Liubov Sergieevna, with some drops on his tooth which she had given him, in still greater suffering, and consequently still more gloomy. My bed was not ready yet; and a little boy, Dmitri's servant, came to ask him where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" shouted Dmitri, stamping his foot. "Vaska, Vaska, Vaska!" he cried as soon as the boy was gone, raising his voice at each repetition, — "Vaska, make me up a bed on the floor."

"No, it will be better for me to lie on the floor," said I.

"Well, it's no matter: make it up somewhere," went on Dmitri in the same angry tone. "Vaska! why don't you spread it down?"

But Vaska evidently did not understand what was wanted of him, and stood motionless.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Make it! make it! Vaska, Vaska!" shouted Dmitri, suddenly flying into a kind of fury.

But Vaska, still not comprehending, and becoming frightened, did not move.

"So you have sworn to mur — to drive me mad?" and, springing from his chair, Dmitri flew at the boy, and struck several blows with his fist upon the head of Vaska, who ran headlong from the room. Halting at the door, Dmitri glanced at me; and the expression of rage and cruelty which his face had borne for a moment changed into such a gentle, shamefaced, and affectionately childish expression, that I was sorry for him. But, much as I wanted to turn away, I could not make up my mind to do it. He said nothing to me, but paced the room for a long time, glancing at me from time to time with the same look which besought forgiveness, then took a note-book from the table, wrote something in it, pulled off his coat, folded it carefully, went to the corner where the images hung, crossed his large white hands upon his breast, and began to pray. He prayed so long, that Vaska had time to fetch a mattress, and spread it on the floor as I directed him in a whisper to do. I undressed, and lay down upon the bed thus prepared on the floor; but Dmitri still continued to pray. As I glanced at Dmitri's somewhat bent back, and at the soles of his feet, which were presented to me in a rather submissive way when he prostrated himself on the earth, I loved Dmitri still more strongly than before, and I kept thinking, "Shall I or shall I not tell him what I have been dreaming about our sisters?" Having finished his prayer, Dmitri lay down beside me on the bed; and, supporting himself on his elbow, he looked at me long and silently with a steady affectionate gaze. It was evidently painful for him, but he seemed to be punishing himself. I smiled as I looked at him. He smiled also.

"Why don't you tell me," said he, "that I have acted abominably? Of course you thought it at once."

"Yes," I answered, — although I had been thinking of something else, but it seemed to me that I had really thought it, — "yes, it was not nice at all: I did not expect it of you," said I, experiencing a special satisfaction at the moment in addressing him as *thou*. "Well, how are your teeth?" I added.

"The pain has passed off. Ah, Nikolinka, my friend," broke out Dmitri so affectionately, that stars seemed to stand in his sparkling eyes, "I know and feel that I am wicked: and God sees how I desire to be better, and how I beseech Him

to make me better. But what am I to do if I have such a wretched, repulsive character? what am I to do? I try to restrain myself, to reform myself; but all at once this becomes impossible, and impossible to me alone. I need some one to support, to help me. There is Liubov Sergieevna, she understands me, and has helped me a great deal in this. I know by my journal that I have improved a great deal during the last year. Ah, Nikolinka, my soul!" he continued with peculiar, unaccustomed tenderness, and a tone that was already quieter after this confession, "how much the influence of a woman like her means! My God! how good it will be when I am independent with another like her! I am a totally different man with her."

And then Dmitri began to unfold to me his plans for marriage, country life, and constant labor upon himself.

"I shall live in the country. You will come to me, perhaps; and you will be married to Sonitchka," said he. "Our children will play together. Of course this all sounds ridiculous and stupid, but it may come to pass nevertheless."

"The idea! it is extremely possible," said I, smiling, and thinking at the same time that it would be much better still if I were married to his sister.

"I am going to tell you something, do you know?" said he, after a short silence: "you are only imagining that you are in love with Sonitchka, but it's nonsense, I can see it; and you do not yet know what the genuine feeling is like."

I made no reply, because I almost agreed with him. We remained silent for a while.

"You surely must have observed that I have been in an abominable temper again to-day, and quarrelled in an ugly way with Varya. It was frightfully disagreeable for me afterwards, especially because it was before you. Although she thinks of many things in a way she should not, she's a splendid girl, and very good when you come to know her more intimately."

His change of the conversation from the statement that I was not in love, to praises of his sister, rejoiced me greatly, and made me blush: nevertheless, I said nothing to him about his sister, and we went on talking of something else.

Thus we chatted away until the second cock-crow, and the pale dawn had already peeped in at the window, when Dmitri went to his own bed, and extinguished the light.

"Well, now for sleep," said he.

"Yes," I answered, "but one word more."

"Well?"

"Is it good to live in this world?"

"It is good to live in this world," he responded in such a voice, that it seemed to me that even in the dark I could see the expression of his merry, affectionate eyes and childlike smile.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE COUNTRY.

THE next day Volodya and I set off for the country, with post-horses. As I went over all my Moscow memories in my mind on the way, I remembered Sonitchka Valakhina, but only in the evening, when we had travelled five stages. "But it is strange," thought I, "that I am in love, and quite forgot it: I must think of her." And I did begin to think of her, as one thinks while travelling, incoherently but vividly; and I meditated to such a degree, that I considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to appear sad and thoughtful for two days after our arrival in the country, before all the household, and especially in the presence of Katenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this sort, and to whom I gave a hint of the condition in which I found my heart. But in spite of all my attempts at dissimulation before others and before myself, in spite of my deliberate assumption of all the signs which I had observed in others in an enamoured condition, in the course of those two days I did not constantly bear it in mind that I was in love, but remembered it chiefly in the evening; and finally I fell into the new round of country life and occupations so quickly that I quite forgot about my love for Sonitchka.

We arrived at Petrovskoe at night; and I was sleeping so soundly that I saw neither the house nor the birch avenue, nor any of the household, who had already retired and had long been asleep. Old bent Foka, barefooted, and wrapped in a kind of woman's wadded dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, shoved back the door-fastenings for us. He quivered with joy on beholding us, kissed us on the shoulder, hastily gathered up his felt rug, and began to dress himself. I traversed the vestibule and staircase without being thoroughly awake; but in the ante-room the lock on the door, the bolt, the crooked boards, the clothes-press, the ancient

candlestick spotted with tallow as of old, the shadow of the cold, bent, recently lighted tallow candle in the image-lamp, the always dusty double window which was never removed, behind which, as I remembered, there grew a mountain-ash tree, — all this was so familiar, so full of memories, so harmonious with itself, as though united in one thought, that I suddenly felt upon me the caress of this dear old house. The question involuntarily presented itself to me, "How could we, the house and I, go on without each other so long?" and I ran in haste to see whether these were the same rooms. Every thing was the same, only every thing had grown smaller, lower. But the house received me joyously into its embrace just as I was; and every floor, every window, every step of the stairs, every sound, awakened in me a world of forms, feelings, occurrences of the happy past, which would never return. We went to the bedroom of our childhood: all my childish terrors were hiding again in the darkness of the corners and doors. We went into the drawing-room: the same gentle motherly love was diffused over every object which was in the room. We went to the hall: it seemed as though boisterous, careless childish mirth had lingered in this apartment, and was only waiting to be revivified. In the boudoir, whither Foka led us and where he had made up beds for us, it seemed as if every thing — the mirror, the screen, the ancient wooden image, every inequality of the walls covered with white paper — all spoke of suffering, of death, of that which would never exist again.

We lay down, and Foka left us after wishing us good night.

"Mamma died in this room, surely," said Volodya.

I did not answer him, and pretended to be asleep. If I had said a word, I should have burst out crying. When I awoke the next morning, papa, not yet dressed, was sitting on Volodya's bed, in fanciful slippers and dressing-gown, chatting and laughing with him. He sprang up from Volodya with a merry bound, came up to me, and, slapping me on the back with his large hand, he presented his cheek to me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, capital, thanks, diplomat," said he with his own peculiar caress, gazing at me with his small, twinkling eyes. "Volodya says that you got through well, young fellow: that's glorious. You're my fine little fellow when you take a notion not to be stupid. Thanks, my friend. We shall live

very pleasantly here now, but we shall go to Peterburg for the winter; only it's a pity that the hunting is over, for I might have amused you. You can hunt with a gun, Waldemar? there's any quantity of game, and I will go with you myself some day. So, if it be God's will, we shall go to Peterburg for the winter: you shall see people, make connections. You are grown up now, my children, and I was just telling Waldemar that you now stand on the road, and my task is over: you can walk alone. But if you want to confer with me, to ask advice, I am no longer your daddy, but your friend and comrade, and counsellor, wherever I can be of use, and nothing more. How does that suit your philosophy, Koko? Heh? is it good or bad? heh?"

Of course I answered that it was capital, and I really thought it so. Papa had a peculiarly fascinating, merry, happy expression that day; and these novel relations with me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him more than ever.

"Now tell me, did you call on all our relatives, and on the Ivins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to interrogate me. "Did you go to see Prince Ivan Ivanitch?"

And we chatted so long before dressing, that the sun had already begun to desert the windows of the divan-room; and Yakov, who was just exactly as old as ever, and twisted his fingers behind his back and spoke just the same as ever, came to our room, and announced to papa that the calash was ready.

"Where are you going?" I asked papa.

"Ah, I had nearly forgotten," said papa with a twitch and cough of vexation. "I promised to go to the Epifanoffs' today. Do you remember the Epifanova, *la belle Flamande?* she used to visit your mamma. They are very nice people," and papa left the room twitching his shoulders in embarrassment, as it seemed to me.

Liubotchka had come to the door several times during our chat, and inquired, "Can I come in?" but each time papa shouted to her through the door, that it "was utterly impossible, because we were not dressed."

"What's the harm? I've seen you in your dressing-gown."

"It's impossible for you to see your brothers without their *inexpressibles*," he shouted to her; "and if each one of them knocks on the door to you, will you be satisfied? Knock,

and it is even improper for them to speak to you in such *negligé*."

"Ah, how unbearable you are! At all events, do come to the drawing-room as quickly as possible. Mimi wants so much to see you!" called Liubotchka outside the door.

As soon as papa went away I dressed myself as quickly as possible in my student's coat, and went to the drawing-room. Volodya, on the contrary, did not hurry himself, and sat upstairs for a long time, talking with Yakov about the places to find snipe and woodcock. As I have already said, there was nothing in the world which he dreaded so much as sentiment with his brother, his sister, or papa, as he expressed it; and, in avoiding every expression of feeling, he fell into the other extreme, — coldness, — which often hurt the feelings of people who did not understand its cause. In the ante-room I met papa, who was on his way to the carriage with short, brisk steps. He had on his fashionable new Moscow coat, and he was redolent of perfume. When he caught sight of me, he nodded gayly, as much as to say, "You see, isn't it fine?" and again I was struck by the happy expression of his eyes, which I had already observed that morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, lofty apartment, with the yellowish English grand piano, and its great open windows, through which the green trees and the yellowish-red paths of the garden peeped gayly. Having kissed Mimi and Liubotchka, it suddenly occurred to me as I approached Katenka, that it was not proper to kiss her; and I came to a standstill, silent and blushing. Katenka, who was not at all embarrassed, offered me her white hand, and congratulated me on my entrance to the university. When Volodya entered the room, the same thing happened to him at the sight of Katenka. In fact, it was hard to decide, after having grown up together, and having been in the habit of seeing each other every day during all that time, how we ought to meet now after our first separation. Katenka blushed far more deeply than all the rest of us. Volodya suffered no embarrassment, but bowing slightly to her, he walked off to Liubotchka, with whom he talked a little but not seriously; then he went off somewhere for a solitary walk.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OUR RELATIONS TO THE GIRLS.

Volodya had such queer views about the girls, that he could interest himself in the questions: were they fat? had they slept enough? were they properly dressed? did they make mistakes in French which he should be ashamed of before strangers? But he never admitted the idea that they could think or feel any thing human, and still less did he admit the idea that it was possible to discuss any thing with them. When they chanced to have occasion to appeal to him with any serious question (which, however, they already endeavored to avoid), if they asked his opinion about a novel or his occupations in the university, he made a face at them, and walked off in silence, or answered with some mutilated French phrase, such as *comme ci tri joli*[1] and the like; or, putting on a serious and thoughtfully stupid face, he uttered some word which had no sense or connection at all with the question, made his eyes dull all at once, and said, *a roll*, or *they have gone away*, or *cabbage*, or something of that sort. When I chanced to repeat to him these words which Liubotchka or Katenka had reported to me, he always said:

"Hm! so you still discuss matters with them? Yes, I see you are still in a bad way."

And the profound, invariable contempt which was expressed in this phrase required to be heard in order to be appreciated. Volodya had been grown up for two years now; he was constantly falling in love with every pretty woman that he met: but although he saw Katenka every day (she had worn long dresses for two years, and grew prettier every day), the idea of the possibility of falling in love with her never entered his head. Whether this arose from the prosaic recollections of childhood, — the ruler, her simplicity, her caprices, were still too fresh in his memory; or from the repugnance which

[1] Comme c'est très joli.

very young people have for every thing that belongs to their own house; or from the general human weakness, which, on meeting a good or a very beautiful thing at the beginning of the road, passes by saying to itself, "Eh! I shall meet many such in the course of my life," — at all events, up to this time Volodya had not looked upon Katenka as a woman.

Volodya was evidently very much bored all that summer. His ennui proceeded from his scorn for us, which, as I have said, he did not attempt to hide. The expression of his face said constantly, "Fu! how tiresome! and there's nobody to talk to." Perhaps he would set out on a hunt in the morning with his gun, or would read a book in his room, without dressing himself, until dinner. If papa was not at home, he even brought his book to the table, and went on reading, without exchanging a syllable with any of us, which made us feel guilty of something or other towards him. In the evening, too, he lay with his feet on the sofa in the drawing-room, and slept with his head resting on his hand, or invented the strangest nonsense, which was at times even improper, and lied with a serious face, which made Mimi grow angry, and turn red in spots, while we were dying with laughter; but he never condescended to talk seriously with any member of our family except papa, and, once in a while, with me. I quite involuntarily aped my brother in his views about the girls, although I was not so much afraid of sentiment as he was, and my contempt for the girls was far from being so deep and firmly rooted. I even made several attempts that summer, out of ennui, to enter into closer relations with Liubotchka and Katenka, and converse with them; but on every occasion I found such an absence of the capacity for logical thought, and such ignorance of the simplest, most ordinary things, such as, for example, what money was, what was taught in the university, what war is, and so on, and such indifference to the explanations of all these things, that these attempts only served to confirm me in my unfavorable opinion of them.

I remember how, one evening, Liubotchka was repeating some intolerably tiresome passage for the hundredth time on the piano. Volodya was lying dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and muttering at intervals with a certain malicious irony, but without addressing himself to any one in particular, "Ai! there she pounds away; she's a musician, a *Beethoven* [this name he uttered with special irony], that's

clever, now once more, that's it," and so on. Katenka and I were still at the tea-table, and I do not remember how Katenka led the conversation to her favorite topic, — love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and I began in a lofty way to define love as the desire to acquire in another that which you had not yourself, and so forth. But Katenka retorted, that, on the contrary, it was not love, if a girl contemplated marrying a rich man, and that, in her opinion, property was the most worthless of all things, but that the only true love was that which can endure separation (I understood by this, that she was hinting at her love for Dubkoff). Volodya, who must have overheard our conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and cried interrogatively, "*Kamenka Rasskikh?*"

"Oh, your eternal nonsense!" said Katenka.

"*V pereschnitzu?*"[1] went on Volodya, emphasizing each vowel. And I could not but think that Volodya was quite right.

Entirely separate from the general qualities of intelligence, sensibility, and artistic feeling, there is a private quality which is more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families, which I call *understanding*. The essential point of this quality consists in a certain feeling of proportion which has been agreed upon, and in an accepted, one-sided view of subjects. Two men of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this quality, can always allow their expression of feeling to reach a certain point, beyond which both of them foresee the phrase. At one and the same moment they perceive where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and dissimulation begins; while, with people of another understanding, it may appear quite otherwise. For people with one understanding, every object which they have in common presents itself chiefly through its ridiculous, its beautiful, or its foul side. In order to render more easy this identity of comprehension, there arises, among people of a certain circle or family, a tongue of its own, certain terms of speech, certain words even, which denote those shades of meaning which do not exist for other people. In our family, this understanding was developed to the highest degree between papa and us two brothers. Dubkoff also had fitted our little circle pretty well, and *understood;* but Dmitri, although much cleverer than he,

[1] As will be seen from what follows, these words are nonsense, and make as much sense untranslated as they would if an arbitrary meaning were assigned to them.

was stupid on this point. But in no case was this faculty developed to such a pitch of refinement as between Volodya and myself, who had grown up under identical conditions. Papa was already far behind us, and much that was as clear to us as two times two was incomprehensible to him. For instance, Volodya and I had agreed, God knows why, upon the following words with corresponding meanings: *Raisins* signified a vain-glorious desire to show that I had money; *a bump* (the fingers must be joined, and the special emphasis placed on two of the consonants at the same time) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish; a noun employed in the plural signified unreasonable passion for the object; and so forth, and so forth. Moreover, the meaning depended on the expression of countenance, on the conversation as a whole; so that, whatever new expression one of us invented for a new shade of meaning, the other understood it exactly in that sense at the first hint. The girls did not have our understanding, and this was the chief cause of our moral solitude, and of the scorn which we felt for them.

Perhaps they had an *understanding* of their own; but it was so unlike ours, that, where we beheld a phrase, they saw a sentiment: our irony was truth to them, and so forth. But I did not understand at the time that they were not to blame in this respect, and that this lack of comprehension did not prevent them from being very good and clever girls; but I despised them. Having, moreover, hit upon the idea of frankness, and carrying the application of it to extremes in my own case, I accused Liubotchka, with her peaceful, trusting nature, of secrecy, because she saw no necessity for digging up and examining all her thoughts and spiritual instincts. For example, it seemed to me all excessive hypocrisy when Liubotchka made the sign of the cross over papa every night, and when she and Katenka wept in the chapel when they went to have the mass for mamma's soul, and when Katenka sighed and rolled her eyes when she played on the piano; and I asked myself, When did they learn to dissimulate thus like grown-up people, and why were they not ashamed of themselves?

CHAPTER XXX.

MY OCCUPATIONS.

In spite of this, I came into nearer relations with our young ladies that summer than in other years, by reason of a passion for music which had made its appearance in me. That spring, a young man, a neighbor, came to call upon us in the country, who had no sooner entered the drawing-room than he began to gaze at the piano, and to move his chair imperceptibly towards it as he conversed, among others, with Mimi and Katenka. Having discussed the weather, and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led the conversation to a tuner, to music, to the piano, and finally he announced that he played; and very soon he had executed three waltzes, while Liubotchka, Mimi, and Katenka stood around the piano and looked at him. This young man never came again; but his playing pleased me extremely, and his attitude at the piano, and the way he shook his hair, and, in particular, the manner in which he took octaves with his left hand, swiftly extending his thumb and little finger over the space of the octave, then slowly drawing them away, and again briskly extending them. This graceful gesture, his careless *pose*, the way he tossed his hair, and the attention which our ladies paid to his talent, inspired me with the idea of playing on the piano. Having convinced myself, in consequence of this idea, that I had talent and a passion for music, I undertook to learn. In this respect, I behaved like millions of the male and especially of the female sex, who study without a good teacher, without a real vocation, and without the slightest comprehension of what art can give, and of how necessary it is to apply to it in order that it may furnish something. Music, or rather playing on the piano, was for me a means of captivating girls through their feelings. With the help of Katenka, who taught me my notes and broke my thick fingers in a little, in which process, by

the way, I consumed two months of such zeal that I even exercised my disobedient fourth finger on my knee at dinner and on my pillow in bed, I at once began to play *pieces*, and played them, of course, soulfully (*avec âme*), as even Katenka confessed, but utterly out of time.

The choice of pieces was familiar, — waltzes, galops, romances, arrangements, and so forth, — all by those pleasing composers of which any man possessed of a little healthy taste will select a little pile for you from the heaps of very beautiful things in the music-shops, and say, "These are what you must not play, because nothing worse, more tasteless, and more senseless was ever written on music-paper;" and which you find upon the pianoforte of every young Russian lady, probably for that very reason. We had, it is true, the unhappy "Sonate Pathétique," and Beethoven's sonatas in C-minor, which are forever being murdered by young ladies, and which Liubotchka played in memory of mamma, and other fine things, which her Moscow teacher had given her; but there were also compositions by this teacher, absurd marches and galops, which Liubotchka played as well. Katenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred, to every thing else, "Le Fou" and the "Nightingale," which Katenka played in such a manner that her fingers were not visible, and I already began to play quite loudly and connectedly. I acquired the young man's gestures, and often mourned because there were no strangers to look on when I was playing. But Liszt and Kalkbrenner soon proved beyond my powers, and I perceived the impossibility of overtaking Katenka. Fancying, in consequence of this, that classical music was easier, and partly for the sake of originality, I all at once came to the conclusion that I liked learned German music, began to go into raptures when Liubotchka played the "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, this sonata had long ago excited my extreme disgust. I began to play Beethoven myself, and to pronounce it *Beeethoven*. But through all this muddle and hypocrisy, as I now recall, there was something in the nature of talent in me, for music often produced on me an effect sufficiently powerful to call forth tears, and the things which pleased me I could manage to pick out upon the piano without notes; so that, if any one had then taught me to look upon music as an end, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means of fascinating girls by the swiftness and

sentiment of my execution, I might, perhaps, have actually become a very respectable musician.

The perusal of French romances, of which Volodya had brought down a great many, was another of my occupations during this summer. At that time "Monte Cristo" and various "Mysteries" had just begun to make their appearance; and I buried myself in the romances of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural personages and occurrences were as living for me as reality; and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not even exist for me, but living, acting people and adventures appeared before me out of the printed book. If I had never anywhere met people like those I read about, still I did not for a second doubt their *existence*.

I discovered in myself all the passions which were described, and a likeness to all the characters, and to the heroes and the villains of every romance, as a sensitive man finds in himself all the symptoms of all possible diseases when he reads a medical book. What pleased me in these romances was the artful thoughts and fiery sentiments, the genuine characters: the good man was thoroughly good, the bad man was as thoroughly bad: exactly as I fancied people were in my early youth. It pleased me very, very much, that this was all in French, and that I could remember and quote, on the occasion of a noble deed, the magnanimous words uttered by the noble heroes. How many different French phrases I concocted with the aid of those romances, for Kolpikoff if I should ever encounter him again, and for *her*, when I should at length meet her, and declare my love to her! I prepared such things to say to them, that they would have died on hearing me. On the foundation of these novels I even constructed new ideals of the moral worth which I wished to attain to. Most of all, I desired to be "noble" in all my deeds and behavior (I say noble, and not *blagorodnuii*, because the French word has another meaning, which the Germans understood when they adopted the word *nobel*,[1] and did not confound it with *ehrlich*); next to be *passionate;* and lastly, to be what I already had an inclination to be, as *comme il faut* as possible. I even endeavored to resemble, in my personal appearance and habits, the heroes who possessed any of these qualities. I remember that in one, out of the hun-

[1] *Nobel* means noble, generous. *Ehrlich* signifies honest, honorable, faithful, and so forth.

dreds of novels which I read that summer, there was an excessively passionate hero, with thick eyebrows; and I so much desired to be like him externally (I felt myself to be exactly like him morally), that, as I examined my eyebrows in the mirror, it occurred to me to cut them a little, in order that they might grow thicker; but when I began to cut them I chanced to shear away more in one place. I had to trim it down evenly; and when that was accomplished I looked in the glass, and beheld myself, to my horror, without any eyebrows, and consequently very ugly indeed. However, I took comfort in the hope that my brows would soon grow out thick, like the passionate man's, and was only disturbed as to what our family would say when they should see me without my eyebrows. I got some powder from Volodya, rubbed it on my eyebrows, and set fire to it. Although the powder did not flash up, I was sufficiently like a person who has been burned. No one suspected my trick, and my brows really did grow out much thicker after I had forgotten the passionate man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

COMME IL FAUT.

SEVERAL times already, in the course of this narrative, I have referred to the idea corresponding to this French heading; and now I feel the necessity of devoting a whole chapter to this idea, which was one of the most false and pernicious with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be separated into many classes, — into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and civilians, into clever people and stupid, and so on. But every man, without exception, has his own favorite principal subdivisions under which he mechanically classes each new individual. My chief and favorite subdivision of people, at the time of which I write, was into people who were *comme il faut*, and people who were *comme il ne faut pas*. The second class was again subdivided into people who were simply not *comme il faut*, and the common people. People who were *comme il faut*, I considered worthy of holding equal intercourse with me; as for the second class, I pretended to despise them, but in reality I hated them, and cherished towards them a certain sense of personal injury; the third did not exist for me — I scorned them utterly. *My comme il faut* consisted first and chiefly in an excellent knowledge of the French tongue, and a good pronunciation in particular. A man who did not pronounce French well instantly awakened a feeling of hatred in me. "Why do you want to talk like us, when you don't know how?" I asked him mentally, with biting irony. The second condition of *comme il faut* was long, clean, polished finger-nails; a third was a knowledge of how to bow, dance, and converse; a fourth, and very important one, was indifference to every thing, and the constant expression of a certain elegant, scornful *ennui*. Besides these, I had general indications, by means of which I decided without having spoken to a man, to which class he belonged.

The chief of these, besides the arrangement of his room, his seal, his handwriting, and his equipage, was his feet. The relations of his boots to his trousers immediately settled the status of the man in my eyes. Boots without heels, with pointed toes, and trousers with narrow bottoms, and without straps, — this was *common;* boots with round, narrow toes and heels, and trousers narrow below with straps surrounding the feet, or wide with straps which arched over the toes like canopies, — this was a man of *mauvais genre;* and so on.

It is strange that this idea should have so deeply inoculated me, who was decidedly disqualified to be *comme il faut*. But perhaps the very reason that it took such deep root in me was because it cost me vast labor to acquire this *comme il faut*. It is fearful to recall how much of my priceless time at the best period of life, sixteen, I wasted in the acquirement of this quality. It all seemed to come easily to all those whom I imitated, — Volodya, Dubkoff, and the greater part of my acquaintances. I gazed at them with envy, and labored secretly at the French tongue, at the art of bowing, without regard to the person I bowed to, at conversation, at dancing, at cultivating indifference and *ennui*, at my finger-nails, — where I cut my flesh with the scissors, — and all the while I felt that much labor yet remained before I should attain my object. But as for my room, my writing-table, my equipage — all these I did not in the least know how to arrange in such a manner that they should be *comme il faut*, although I strove to attend to it, in spite of my repugnance to practical matters. But it seemed as though these troubles all settled themselves excellently with every one else, and as though they could not be otherwise. I remember, once, after arduous and fruitless labor over my nails, asking Dubkoff, whose nails were wonderfully fine, whether they had been so long, and how he managed it. Dubkoff replied, "I have never done any thing, as far back as I can remember, to make them so, and I don't understand how any nice man can have any other kind of nails." This answer wounded me deeply. I did not then know that one of the chief conditions of being *comme il faut* is secrecy with regard to the labors with which that *comme il faut* is obtained. *Comme il faut* was not only a great merit, in my opinion, a very fine quality, a perfection which I desired to attain, but it was the indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness, nor glory, nor any thing good in the world. I

should not have respected a renowned artist, nor a *savant*, nor a benefactor of the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut*. The man who was *comme il faut* stood incomparably higher than they; he allowed them the liberty of painting pictures, writing music and books, of doing good; he even praised them for so doing, for why should not good be praised, in whatever it consisted? but he could not stand on one level with them: he was *comme il faut*, and they were not, and that was enough. It even seems to me that if we had had a brother, a mother, or a father who was not *comme il faut*, I should have said it was a misfortune, but that there could be nothing in common between them and me. But neither the loss of golden time, employed in constant worry over the observation of all the conditions of *comme il faut* which were so difficult for me, which excluded every serious interest, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the lack of attention to all the fine deeds which took place outside the circle of the *comme il faut*, — this was not the chief harm which this idea did me. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* is a fixed position in society; that a man need not exert himself to become either an official or a cartwright, a soldier or a *savant*, if he is *comme il faut;* that, having once attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the level of the majority of mankind.

At a certain period of adolescence, after many blunders and distractions, every man, as a rule, feels the necessity of taking an active part in social life, selects some branch of industry, and devotes himself to it; but this rarely happens with a man *comme il faut*. I have known, and I still know, many, very many old people who are proud, self-confident, sharp in their judgments, who, if the question were put to them in the other world, "Who are you? What have you done there below?" would not be able to return any other answer than, "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut*" (I was a thoroughly genteel man).

This fate awaited me.

CHAPTER XXXII.

YOUTH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the jumble of ideas which passed through my brain, I was young that summer, innocent, free, and therefore almost happy. Sometimes, and tolerably often too, I rose early. (I slept in the open air on the terrace, and the brilliant, oblique rays of the morning sun awakened me.) I dressed myself rapidly, took a towel and a volume of French romance under my arm, and went for a bath in the river, under the shadow of a birch grove, which was half a verst distant from the house. Then I stretched myself out upon the grass in the shade, raising my eyes now and then from my book to glance at the surface of the river, which purpled in the shadows as it began to undulate beneath the morning breeze; at the field of yellowing grain; at the opposite shore; at the bright-red morning rays of light, which tinged lower and ever lower the trunks of the beeches, which, hiding one behind the other, retreated from me towards the fresh depths of the wood: and I enjoyed the consciousness of the same fresh young force of life within myself which breathed forth from nature all about me. When tiny gray morning clouds filled the heavens, and I shivered after my bath, I often set out on a pathless tramp across forest and meadow, wetting my boots through and through with delight in the fresh dew. At that time, I indulged in vivid dreams of heroes from the last romance I had read, and fancied myself now a colonel, now a minister, then a wonderfully strong man, then a man of passions; and I kept glancing round incessantly, in some trepidation, in the hope of suddenly meeting *her* somewhere in some meadow, or behind some tree. When, in the course of such wanderings, I came across some peasants or peasant women at work, although the *common people* did not exist for me, I always experienced a powerful, involuntary emotion, and

tried not to let them see me. When it had become hot, but our ladies had not yet made their appearance for tea, I often went into the orchard or the garden, to eat whatever vegetables and fruits were ripe. And this occupation furnished me with one of my chief pleasures. In the apple-orchard, perhaps you have crept into the very midst of a tall, thick, overgrown raspberry-bush. Overhead is the hot, clear sky; all around is the pale-green, thorny verdure of the raspberry-bush, mingled with weeds. The dark-green nettle, with its thin, flowery crest, stretches gracefully upwards; the claw-like burdock, with its unnatural, prickly, purple flowers, grows rankly above the raspberry-bush and higher than your head, and here and there, in company with the nettle, reaches even to the luxuriantly drooping, pale-green boughs of the old apple-tree, high up upon which, close to the hot sun, apples, round, shining as though made of bone, but still immature, are ripening. Below, a young raspberry-bush, leafless and almost dry, twists and turns as it reaches out towards the sun, green, needle-like spears of grass thrusting themselves between the last year's leaves, and all, besprinkled with dew, grow green and rich in the eternal shade, as though they did not know how brightly the sun is playing upon the apples.

In this thicket, it is always damp: it is redolent of dense and constant shade, of spiders' webs and windfalls of apples, which already lie blackening upon the rotting earth; of raspberries, and sometimes of the bugs, which you swallow unwittingly with your berry, — after which, you eat another as speedily as possible. As you advance, you frighten the sparrows who always dwell in this thicket; you hear their anxious twittering, and the beating of their swift, tiny wings against the branches; you hear in one spot the hum of the wasp, and, somewhere on the paths, the footstep of the gardener, of Akim the little fool, and his perpetual purring to himself; you think to yourself, "No! neither he nor any one in the world can find me here." With both hands, you pick the juicy berries right and left from their white, conical stalks, and swallow them with delight one after the other. Your legs are wet through, far above the knee; your head is full of some frightful nonsense or other (you repeat mentally, a thousand times in succession, "A-a-n-d to-oo-o twen-ty-y-y, a-a-n-d to-oo-o se-e-v-ee-en"); your arms and legs are dripping; your trousers are stinging hot with nettles; the perpendicular rays of the sun, which have pene-

trated the thicket, begin to burn your head; your desire to eat has long since vanished, and you sit on in the wilderness, and listen and look and meditate, and mechanically pull off and swallow still more berries.

I generally went to the drawing-room at eleven, usually after tea, when the ladies were already seated at their work. Around the first window, curtained with a blind of unbleached linen, through a crevice of which the brilliant sun casts such dazzling, fiery circles on every thing which comes in its way that it pains the eyes to look at them, stands the embroidery-frame, over whose white linen the flies promenade peacefully. At the frame sits Mimi, shaking her head incessantly, in an angry manner, and moving from place to place to escape the sun, which, suddenly breaking through somewhere or other, casts a burning streak of light now on her hand, now on her face. Through the other three windows it falls, with the shadows of the frames, in full, brilliant, square patches. Upon one of these, on the unpainted floor of the drawing-room, lies Milka, from ancient habit, and pricks up her ears and watches the flies as they walk about over the square of light. Katenka knits or reads, as she sits on the sofa, and flourishes her white hands, which seem transparent in the bright light, impatiently, or shakes her head, with a frown, in order to drive off the flies which have crawled into her thick golden locks and are fluttering there. Liubotchka either paces back and forth in the room, with her hands behind her, waiting until they shall go into the garden, or plays some piece upon the piano, with every note of which I have long been familiar. I seat myself somewhere, and listen to the music or the reading, and wait until I can sit down to the piano myself. After dinner I occasionally condescended to ride on horseback with the girls (I considered walking exercise unsuitable to my age and position in the world); and our excursions, during which I led them through extraordinary places and ravines, were very pleasant. Sometimes we had adventures, in which I exhibited great bravery, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and regarded me as their protector. In the evening, if there are no visitors, after tea, which we drink in the shady veranda, and after a stroll with papa on the business of the estate, I lie down in my old place on the veranda, and read and dream, as of old, as I listen to Katenka's and Liubotchka's music. Sometimes when I am left alone in the

drawing-room, and Liubotchka is playing some ancient music, I drop my book, and, gazing through the open door of the balcony at the curling, drooping boughs of the lofty beeches, upon which the shadows of evening are already falling, and at the pure heavens, in which, if you gaze fixedly, a dusty yellowish spot seems to appear all at once, and vanish again, and lending an ear to the sounds of music from the hall, to the creaking of the gate, the voices of women and the herd returning to the village, I suddenly recall Natalya Savischna with great vividness, and mamma, and Karl Ivanitch, and for a moment I feel sad. But my soul is so full of life and hope at this period, that these memories only brush me with their wings, and soar away.

After supper, and sometimes after a walk by night in the garden with some one, — I was afraid to traverse the dark alleys alone, — I went off alone to sleep on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure, in spite of the millions of mosquitoes which devoured me. When the moon was at the full, I often spent whole nights seated on my mattress, gazing at the lights and shadows, listening to the stillness and the noises, dreaming of various subjects, especially of poetic and voluptuous bliss, which then seemed to me to be the highest happiness in life, and grieving because, up to this time, it had been granted to me to imagine it only. Sometimes when all have but just dispersed, and the lights in the drawing-room have been transferred to the upper chambers, where feminine voices, and the sound of windows opening and shutting, have become audible, I betake myself to the gallery, and pace it listening eagerly to all the sounds of the house as it lapses into sleep. So long as there is the smallest, unfounded hope of a bliss, even though incomplete, such as that I dream of, I cannot calmly construct an imaginary bliss for myself.

At every sound of naked feet, at every cough, sigh, touch given to a window, or rustle of a dress, I spring from my bed, I hearken like a robber, I peer about, and become agitated without any visible cause. But now the lights disappear in the upper windows; the sounds of footsteps and conversation are replaced by snores; the night-watchman begins to tap upon his board; the garden grows more gloomy, and yet brighter, as the streaks of red light from the windows disappear from it; the last candle flits from the pantry to the ante-room, throwing a strip of light upon the

dewy garden; and through the window I can see the bent figure of Foka, on his way to bed, clad in a wrapper, and with a candle in his hands. I often took a great and agitating delight in creeping over the damp grass, in the black shadow of the house, approaching the window of the anteroom, and listening, as I held my breath, to the snores of the boy, the groans of Foka, who supposed that no one could hear him, and the sound of his aged voice as he recited prayers for a long, long time. At length his last candle was extinguished, the window was slammed to, and I remained quite alone; and glancing about on all sides, to see whether there was a white woman anywhere, beside the clumps of shrubbery or beside my bed, I hastened to the veranda at a trot. And sometimes I lay on my bed with my face to the garden, and, covering myself as much as possible from the mosquitoes and bats, I gazed into the garden, listened to the sounds of the night, and dreamed of love and bliss.

Then every thing acquired another meaning for me; and the sight of the ancient beeches, as their branches on one side shone in the light of the moonlit heavens, on the other side casting black shadows over the bushes and the road; and the calm, splendid gleam of the pond increasing like a sound; and the moonlit gleam of dewdrops upon the flowers in front of the veranda, which threw their graceful shadows across the gray beds; and the sound of the snipe beyond the pond; and the voice of a man on the highway; and the quiet, almost inaudible scraping of two old beeches against each other; and the hum of a mosquito over my ear and beneath the coverlet; and the fall of an apple which has been caught on the dry bough, upon the dry leaves; and the hops of the frogs which sometimes even got so far as the veranda steps, and shone rather mysteriously in the moonlight with their green backs, — all this assumed a strange significance for me, the significance of a beauty too great, and of an endless happiness. And then *she* appeared, with a long black braid of hair, a swelling bosom, always sad and very beautiful, with bare arms and voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and for one moment of her love I sacrificed my whole life. But the moon rose higher and higher, brighter and brighter in the sky; the gorgeous gleam of the pond, swelling like a sound, became clearer and clearer; the shadows grew blacker and blacker, the light more and more transparent: and as I looked upon and listened to it all, something told me that *she*

with her bare arms and fiery embrace was far, very far from being the whole of happiness, that love for her was far, very far from being all of bliss; and the more I gazed upon the high, full moon, the more and more lofty, the purer and purer, the nearer and nearer to Him, to the source of all beauty and bliss, did true beauty and bliss seem to me; and tears of an unsatisfied but agitated joy rushed to my eyes.

And still I was alone, and still it seemed to me that this mysteriously magnificent nature, the bright sphere of the moon which draws one to her, and hangs in a lofty but uncertain spot in the pale blue heavens, and yet seems to stand everywhere as though filling with itself all immeasurable space, and I, an insignificant worm, already stained with all poor, petty earthly passions, but endowed also with a boundlessly compelling power of imagination and of love, — it seemed to me at such moments, as though nature and the moon and I were all one and the same.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NEIGHBORS.

I HAD been very much surprised, the first day we were in the country, that papa should call the Epifanoffs fine people, and still more surprised that he should go to their house. There was a lawsuit of long standing between us and the Epifanoffs. I had heard papa rage over this lawsuit many a time when I was a child, storm at the Epifanoffs, and summon various people to defend him against them, as I understood it; I had heard Yakov call them our enemies, and *serfs;*[1] and I remember how mamma requested that no mention of these people might be made in her house or in her presence.

On these data I had constructed for myself, in my childhood, such a fine and clear idea that the Epifanoffs were our *enemies*, who were ready not only to cut papa's throat or to strangle him, but that of his son also if they could catch him, and that they were *black people* in the literal sense of the word, that when I beheld Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanoff, *la belle Flamande*, waiting upon mamma the year she died, it was with difficulty that I could believe that she was one of that family of black people; and I still retained the basest opinion of this family. Although we often met them in the course of this summer, I continued to be strongly prejudiced against the whole family. In reality, this was what the Epifanoffs were. The family consisted of the mother, a widow of fifteen years' standing, who was still a fresh and merry old lady, the beautiful daughter Avdotya Vasilievna, and a stuttering son, Piotr Vasilievitch, who was a retired lieutenant, and a bachelor of a very serious character.

Anna Dmitrievna Epifanoff had lived apart from her husband for twenty years before his death, sometimes in Peterburg, where she had relatives, but for the most part in her

[1] *Tchernuie liudi*, black people.

village of Muitishcha, which was situated at a distance of three versts from us. Such horrors were related in the neighborhood about her manner of life, that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. In consequence of this, mamma requested that even the name of the Epifanova might not be mentioned in her house; but speaking entirely without irony, it was impossible to believe even a tenth part of the most malicious of all possible scandals, — the scandals of neighbors in the country. But when I knew Anna Dmitrievna, although she had in the house a peasant business manager named Mitiuscha, who was always pomaded and curled, and dressed in a coat after the Circassian fashion, who stood behind Anna Dmitrievna's chair at dinner, while she frequently invited her guests in French in his presence to admire his handsome eyes and mouth, there was nothing of the sort which rumor continued to talk about. In fact, it appears that for the last ten years, from the time, indeed, when Anna Dmitrievna had recalled her dutiful son Petruscha from the service, she had entirely changed her manner of life.

Anna Dmitrievna's estate was small, a hundred souls in all, and her expenses during her gay life were large, so that ten years before this, of course, the mortgages and double mortgages on her estate had fallen due, and its sale by auction was unavoidable. Fancying in these extremities that the trusteeship, the inventory of the estate, the arrival of the judge, and such like unpleasantnesses arose not so much from her failure to pay the interest, as from the fact that she was a woman, Anna Dmitrievna wrote to her son, who was with his regiment, to come to the rescue of his mother in this strait.

Although Piotr Vasilievitch was doing so well in the service that he hoped soon to be earning his own bit of bread, he gave up every thing, went on the retired list, and like a respectful son, who considered it as his first duty to comfort his mother's old age (as he wrote with perfect sincerity in his letters), came to the village.

Piotr Vasilievitch, in spite of his homely face, his awkwardness, and his stutter, was a man of very firm principles, and remarkable practical sense. He kept possession of the property by means of small loans, temporizing, prayers, and promises. Having turned property-owner, Piotr Vasilievitch donned his father's fur-lined coat which had been laid up in

the storeroom, got rid of his horses and carriages, taught visitors not to come to Muitishcha, dug drains, increased the arable land, cut down the peasants' allotments, felled his woods and sold them in a business-like way, and got his affairs into order. Piotr Vasilievitch took a vow, and kept it, that, until all the debts were paid, he would wear no other clothes than his father's *bekescha* (coat), and a canvas paletot which he made for himself, and that he would not ride in any other way than in a telega with the peasants' work-horses. He endeavored to impose this stoical manner of life upon all the family, in so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted. In the drawing-room he stammered, and conducted himself in the most slavish manner towards his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, scolded people if they did not do what Anna Dmitrievna commanded; but in his own study, and in the office, he called every one to strict account because a duck had been sent to the table without his orders, or because a muzhik had been sent by Anna Dmitrievna to inquire after some neighbor's health, or because the peasant girls had been sent to the woods for raspberries, instead of being at work weeding the garden.

In the course of three years, all the debts had been paid, and Piotr Vasilievitch returned from a trip to Moscow in new clothes and a tarantass. But in spite of this flourishing state of affairs, he still retained the same stoical proclivities, in which he seemed to take a glowing pride before his own family and strangers; and he often said with a stutter, "Any one who really wants to see me will be glad to see me in my tulup,[1] and he will also eat my cabbage-soup and gruel — I eat them," he added. Every word and movement expressed pride founded upon the consciousness that he had sacrificed himself for his mother, and had redeemed the property, and scorn for others because they had done nothing of the sort.

The characters of the mother and daughter were totally unlike this, and they differed from each other in many respects. The mother was one of the most agreeable and cheerful women in society, and always equably good-natured. She really rejoiced in every thing that was gay and pleasing. She even possessed, in the highest degree, the capacity of enjoying the sight of young people making merry, which is a

[1] Sheepskin coat.

trait encountered only in the most good-natured old people. Her daughter, Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, was of a serious character; or, rather, she possessed that peculiarly indifferent, dreamy disposition, united to haughtiness which was utterly without grounds, and which unmarried beauties generally possess. When she wished to be gay, her mirth proved rather strange, as though she were laughing at herself, at those with whom she spoke, or at all the world, which she assuredly did not mean to do. I often wondered and questioned myself as to what she meant by such phrases as these: "Yes, I am awfully handsome; of course everybody is in love with me," and so on. Anna Dmitrievna was always active. She had a passion for arranging the little house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty things. Her chambers and garden were not large or luxurious; but every thing was so clean, so neatly arranged, and every thing bore such a general imprint of that daintily light mirth which a pretty waltz or polka expresses, that the word *toy*, which was often used in commendation by her guests, was particularly suited to Anna Dmitrievna's tiny garden and apartments. And Anna Dmitrievna herself was a toy — small, thin, with a bright complexion, and pretty little hands, always merry, and always becomingly dressed. Only the rather excessively swollen, dark-lilac veins which were traced upon her little hands, disturbed this general character.

Avdotya Vasilievna, on the contrary, hardly ever did any thing, and not only was not fond of busying herself over flowers and dainty trifles, but she occupied herself too little with herself, and always ran off to dress when visitors arrived. But when she returned dressed to the room, she was remarkably pretty, with the exception of the cold expression of her eyes and smile, which is characteristic of all very handsome faces. Her strictly regular and very beautiful face and her stately figure seemed to be constantly saying to you, "You may look at me, if you please."

But notwithstanding the vivacious character of the mother, and the indifferent, dreamy exterior of the daughter, something told us that the former had never loved any thing either now or in times past, except what was pretty and gay; and that Avdotya Vasilievna was one of those natures which, if they once love, will sacrifice their whole life to the one they love.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FATHER'S MARRIAGE.

FATHER was forty-eight years old when he took Avdotya Vasilievna Epifanova for his second wife.

I fancy that when papa came alone, in the spring, to the country, with the girls, he was in that nervously happy and sympathetic state of mind in which gamblers usually are when they have ceased playing after large winnings. He felt that much unexhausted luck yet remained for him, which, if he did not care to employ it any longer on cards, he might expend upon general success in life. Moreover, it was spring; he was unexpectedly in possession of a good deal of money; he was entirely alone, and bored. In discussing matters with Yakov, and recalling the interminable lawsuit with the Epifanoffs, and the beautiful Avdotya Vasilievna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I can fancy how he said to Yakov, "Do you know, Yakov Kharlamitch, I think it would be better to yield that cursed piece of ground to them than to go on with this suit; hey? What do you think?"

I can imagine how Yakov's fingers twisted a negative behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that "we have the rights of that business, *after all*, Piotr Alexandrovitch."

But papa ordered the calash to be got ready, put on his fashionable olive coat, brushed the remains of his hair, sprinkled his handkerchief with perfume, and in the most cheerful frame of mind, which was inspired in him by the conviction that he was acting in a lordly way, and chiefly by the hope of seeing a pretty woman, he drove off to his neighbor's.

I only know that papa, at his visit, did not find Piotr Vasilievitch, who was in the fields; and he passed an hour or two with the ladies. I can imagine how he overflowed with amiability, how he charmed them, as he tapped the

floor with his soft boots, whispered, and made sheep's-eyes. I can imagine, too, how the merry little old woman conceived a sudden tender affection for him, and how animated her cold and beautiful daughter became.

When the maid-servant ran panting to announce to Piotr Vasilievitch that old Irteneff himself had come, I can imagine how he answered angrily, "Well, what of it? What has he come for?" and how, in consequence of this, he returned home as quietly as possible, and perhaps even turning in to his study, put on his dirty paletot expressly, and sent word to the cook not to dare, under any circumstances whatever, to make any additions to the dinner, even if the ladies ordered it.

I often saw papa in Epifanoff's company afterwards, so that I can form a vivid idea of that first meeting. I can imagine how, in spite of the fact that papa offered to terminate that suit peacefully, Piotr Vasilievitch was gloomy and angry because he had sacrificed his career to his mother, and papa had done nothing of the sort, and so did not admire him in the least; and how papa, pretending not to see this gloom, was merry and playful, and treated him as a wonderful jester, which at times rather offended Piotr Vasilievitch, though he could not help yielding to him occasionally, against his will. Papa, with his proclivity for turning every thing into jest, called Piotr Vasilievitch Colonel, for some reason or other; and in spite of the fact that Epifanoff once remarked, in my presence, reddening with vexation, and stuttering even worse than usual, that he "was not a co-co-co-co-lonel, but a lieu-lieu-lieu-lieutenant," papa called him Colonel again five minutes afterwards.[1]

Liubotchka told me, that before our arrival in the village he saw the Epifanoffs every day, and was extremely gay. Papa, with his faculty for arranging every thing in a certain original, jesting, and at the same time simple and elegant manner, had got up hunting and fishing parties, and some fireworks, at which the Epifanoffs had been present. And things would have been jollier still, said Liubotchka, if it had not been for that intolerable Piotr Vasilievitch, who pouted and stuttered, and upset every thing.

But that is what I contrived to observe during the time

[1] The touch of probability necessary to allow Irteneff to do this without seeming to intend a direct offence is furnished by the similarity of the first syllables of the words in Russian: *polkovnik* and *porutchik*.

that I saw papa with Dunitchka, as mamma had called her. Papa was constantly in that happy mood which had struck me on the day of our arrival. He was so gay and young, and full of life and happiness, that the beams of this happiness spread over all about him, and involuntarily infected them with the same mood. He never went so much as a step apart from Avdotya Vasilievna when she was in the room, and paid her incessantly such sweet compliments, that I felt ashamed for him; or he sat gazing at her in silence, and twitched his shoulders in a passionate and self-satisfied sort of way, and coughed; and sometimes even whispered to her smilingly. All this was done with that expression, that *jesting way*, which was characteristic of him in the most serious matters.

Avdotya Vasilievna seemed to have appropriated to herself from papa the expression of happiness, which at this period beamed in her great blue eyes almost constantly, with the exception of the moments when such shyness took possession of her, all of a sudden, that it made me, who was acquainted with the feeling, pained and sorry to look at her. At such moments, she visibly feared every glance and movement; it seemed to her as though every one were staring at her, thinking only of her, and considered every thing about her improper. She glanced timidly at all; the color constantly flooded her face, and retreated from it; and she began to talk loudly and daringly, uttering nonsense for the most part, and she was conscious of it, and conscious that everybody including papa was listening, and then she blushed still more. But in such cases, papa did not even observe the nonsense, but went on coughing as passionately as ever, and gazing at her with joyous rapture. I observed that, although Avdotya's fits of shyness came upon her without any cause, they sometimes immediately followed the mention of some young and beautiful woman in papa's presence. The constant transitions from thoughtfulness to this strange, awkward gayety of hers, of which I have already spoken, the repetition of papa's favorite words and turns of speech, her way of continuing with other people discussions which had been begun with papa, all this would have explained to me the relations which existed between papa and Avdotya Vasilievna, had the person in question been any one but my own father, and had I been a little older; but I suspected nothing, even when papa, on receiving in my presence a letter from Piotr Vasilie-

vitch, was very much put out, and ceased his visits to the Epifanoffs until the end of August.

At the end of August, papa again began to visit our neighbors; and on the day before Volodya and I set out for Moscow, he announced to us that he was going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS.

EVERY one in the house had known the fact on the day before the official announcement, and various verdicts had been pronounced on it. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and cried. Katenka sat with her, and only came out to dinner, with an injured expression of countenance which she had evidently borrowed from her mother. Liubotchka, on the contrary, was very cheerful, and said at dinner that she knew a splendid secret which she would not tell any one.

"There's nothing splendid in your secret," said Volodya, who did not share her satisfaction: "on the contrary, if you were capable of thinking of any thing serious, you would understand that it is very bad." Liubotchka looked at him intently in amazement, and said nothing.

After dinner, Volodya wanted to take me by the arm; but fearing probably that this would be too much like tenderness, he merely touched me on the elbow, and motioned me to the hall with a nod.

"Do you know the secret which Liubotchka mentioned?" he said to me, when he had satisfied himself that we were alone.

Volodya and I rarely talked to each other face to face about any thing serious, so that when it did happen, we felt a kind of mutual awkwardness, and little boys began to dance in our eyes, as Volodya expressed it; but now, in answer to the consternation expressed in my eyes, he continued to stare me steadily and seriously in the eye with an expression which said, "There's nothing to be alarmed about, but we're brothers all the same, and must consult together upon a weighty family matter." I understood him, and he proceeded:

"Papa is going to marry the Epifanova, you know?"

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

"It's not nice at all," went on Volodya.

"Why?"

"Why?" he replied with vexation: "it's very pleasant to have such a stammering uncle, a colonel, and all those connections. Yes, and she only seems good now; but that proves nothing, and who knows what she'll turn out? Granted that it makes no difference to us, still Liubotchka must soon come out in the world. It's not very pleasant with such a stepmother; she even speaks French badly, and what manners she may give her! She's a fish-wife and nothing more: suppose she is good, she's a fish-wife all the same," concluded Volodya, evidently very much pleased with this appellation of "fish-wife."

Strange as it was to me to hear Volodya thus calmly pass judgment on papa's choice, it struck me that he was right.

"Why does papa marry?" I inquired.

"It's a queer story: God only knows. All I know is, that Piotr Alexandrovitch persuaded him to marry, and demanded it; that papa did not wish to, and then he took a fancy to, out of some idea of chivalry: it's a queer story. I have but just begun to understand father," went on Volodya (his calling him "father" instead of "papa" wounded me deeply); "that he is a very fine man, good and intelligent, but so light-minded and fickle: it's amazing! He can't look at a woman with any coolness. Why, you know that he has never been acquainted with any woman, that he has not been in love with her. You know it's so; and even with Mimi."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you that I found out a while ago that he was in love with Mimi when she was young, wrote her verses, and there was something between them. Mimi suffers to this day." And Volodya broke into a laugh.

"It can't be so!" I said in amazement.

"But the chief point," continued Volodya, becoming serious again, and beginning suddenly to speak in French, "is, how agreeable such a marriage will be to all our kin! And she'll be sure to have children."

Volodya's sensible view, and his foresight, startled me so that I did not know what to say in reply.

Just then Liubotchka approached us.

"So you know?" she asked, with a glad face.

"Yes," said Volodya; "but I am surprised, Liubotchka. You are no longer a child in swaddling-clothes: how can

you feel glad that papa is going to marry a worthless woman?"

Liubotchka suddenly looked grave, and became thoughtful.

"Volodya! why do you say worthless? How dare you speak so of Avdotya Vasilievna? If papa is going to marry her, then of course she is not worthless."

"Well, not worthless; that was only my way of putting it: but still" —

"There's no 'but still' about it," broke in Liubotchka, with warmth. "I didn't say that the young lady you are in love with was worthless. How can you say it about papa and an excellent woman, even if you are my eldest brother? Don't say that to me: you must not say it."

"And why can't one judge" —

"Such a father as ours must not be judged," interrupted Liubotchka again. "Mimi may judge, but not you, my eldest brother."

"No, you understand nothing about it yet," said Volodya contemptuously. "Listen. Is it a good thing that some Epifanova, *Dunitchka*, should take the place of your dead mother?"

Liubotchka remained silent for a minute, and then all at once tears rose to her eyes.

"I knew that you were proud, but I did not know that you were so wicked," said she, and left us.

"*V bulku!*"[1] said Volodya, pulling a gravely comical face, and with troubled eyes. "Just try to argue with them," he went on, as though reproaching himself for having forgotten himself to such a degree as to make up his mind to condescend to a conversation with Liubotchka.

The weather was bad on the following day, and neither papa nor the ladies had come down for their tea when I entered the drawing-room. There had been a cold autumnal rain during the night; the remains of the clouds, which had emptied themselves over night, were still flying through the sky; the sun, which had already risen quite high, shone dimly through them, and was designated by a bright circle. It was windy, damp, and cold. The door was open into the garden; pools of the night-rain were drying off the pavement of the terrace, which was black with moisture. The wind was swinging the open door back and forth on its hinges; the paths were damp and muddy; the old birches, with their

[1] Nonsense in the secret jargon explained in chap. xxix.

bare white boughs, the bushes and the grass, the nettles, the currants, the elder, with the pale side of its leaves turned out, struggled each on its own spot, and seemed to want to tear themselves from their roots; round yellow leaves flew, twisting and chasing each other, from the linden-alley, and, as they became wet through, spread themselves on the wet road, and on the damp, dark-green aftermath of the meadow. My thoughts were occupied with my father's second marriage, from the point of view from which Volodya had looked at it. The future of my sister, our future, and even that of my father, promised nothing good to me. I was troubled by the thought that an outsider, a stranger, and, most of all, a *young* woman, who had no right to it, should all at once take the place, in many respects, — of whom? She was a simple *young* lady, and she was taking the place of my dead mother! I was sad, and my father seemed to me more and more guilty. At that moment, I heard his voice and Volodya's talking in the butler's pantry. I did not want to see my father just at that moment, and I passed out through the door; but Liubotchka came for me, and said that papa was asking for me.

He was standing in the drawing-room, resting one hand on the piano, and gazing in my direction impatiently, and at the same time triumphantly. That expression of youth and happiness which I had observed upon his face during all this period was not there now. He looked troubled. Volodya was walking about the room with a pipe in his hand. I went up to my father, and said good-morning to him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with decision, as he raised his head, and in that peculiar, brisk tone in which palpably disagreeable things, which it is too late to judge, are spoken of, "you know, I think, that I am going to marry Avdotya Vasilievna." (He remained silent for a while.) "I never wanted to marry after your mamma, but" — (he paused for a moment) "but — but it's evidently fate. Dunitchka is a dear, kind girl, and no longer very young. I hope you will love her, children; and she already loves you heartily, and she is good. Now," he said, turning to me and Volodya, and apparently making haste to speak, lest we should succeed in interrupting, "it's time for you to leave here; but I shall remain until the new year, when I shall come to Moscow" (again he hesitated) "with my wife and Liubotchka." It pained me to see my father seem so timid and guilty before us, and I stepped up closer to him; but Volodya con-

tinued to smoke, and paced the room with drooping head. "So, my friends, this is what your old man has devised," concluded papa, as he blushed and coughed, and pressed Volodya's hand and mine. There were tears in his eyes when he said it; and I observed that the hand which he extended to Volodya, who was at the other end of the room at the moment, trembled a little. The sight of this trembling hand impressed me painfully, and a strange thought occurred to me, and touched me still more: the thought came to me that papa had served in the year '12, and had been a brave officer, as was well known. I retained his large, muscular hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine vigorously; and, gulping down his tears, he suddenly took Liubotchka's black head in both hands, and began to kiss her on the eyes. Volodya pretended to drop his pipe; and, stooping over, he slyly wiped his eyes with his fist, and left the room, making an effort to do so unobserved.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The wedding was to take place in two weeks; but our lectures had begun, and Volodya and I went back to Moscow at the beginning of September. The Nekhliudoffs had also returned from the country. Dmitri (we had promised when we parted to write to each other, and of course we had not done so a single time) immediately came to me, and we decided that, on the following day, he should take me to the university for my first lecture.

It was a brilliant, sunny day.

As soon as I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in this throng of gay young fellows which undulated noisily through all the doors and corridors in the brilliant sunlight. The sensation of knowing that I was a member of this large company was very pleasant. But very few among all these individuals were known to me, and the acquaintance was limited to a nod of the head, and the words, "How are you, Irteneff?" But, all around me, they were shaking hands with each other and chatting, — words of friendship, smiles, good-will, jests, showered from all quarters. Everywhere I was conscious of the bond which united all this youthful company, and I felt sadly that this bond had missed me in some way. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this and of the vexation thereby engendered, on the contrary, I even discovered very speedily that it was a very good thing that I did not belong to this *outré* society; that I must have my own little circle of nice people; and I seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B., Baron Z., Prince P., Ivin, and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ivin and the Count. I set about observing all that went on around me. Semenoff, with his gray, rumpled hair and his white teeth, and with his coat unbuttoned, sat not far from

me, propping himself up on his elbows, and gnawing at a pen. The gymnasist, who had stood first in the examination, was sitting upon the first bench, with his neck still bound up in the black neckcloth, and playing with a silver watch-key upon his satin vest. Ikonin, who had got into the university, was seated on the highest bench, in blue trousers with spring bottoms, laughing and shouting that he was on Parnassus. Ilinka, who, to my amazement, saluted me not only coldly, but even scornfully, as if desirous of reminding me that we were all equal here, seated himself in front of me, and, putting up his thin legs upon the bench in a particularly free and easy way (for my benefit, as it seemed to me), chatted with another student, and glanced at me now and then.

The Ivin party beside me conversed in French. These gentlemen seemed to me frightfully stupid. Every word of their conversation which I overheard not only seemed to me senseless but incorrect, simply not French at all. ("*Ce n'est pas français*," I said to myself in my own mind); and the attitudes, speeches, and behavior of Semenoff, Ilinka, and others, seemed to me ignoble, ungentlemanly, not "*comme il faut*."

I did not belong to any company; and conscious of my isolation, and my unfitness for making approaches, I became angry. One student on the bench in front of me was biting his nails, which were all red with hangnails; and this seemed so revolting to me that I even moved my seat farther away from him. But in my inmost soul I remember that this first day was a very doleful one for me.

When the professor entered, and all began to rustle about, and then became silent, I remember that I extended my satirical view of things to the professor, and I was surprised that the professor should begin his lecture with an introductory phrase which had no sense, according to my opinion. I wanted the lecture to begin at the end, and to be so wise that nothing could be cut out nor a single word added to it. Having been undeceived in this respect, I immediately sketched eighteen profiles, joined together in a circle like a wreath, under the heading, "First Lecture," inscribed in the handsomely bound note-book which I had brought with me, and only moved my hand across the paper now and then so that the professor (who, I was convinced, was paying a great deal of attention to me) might think that I was writing.

Having decided, during this same lecture, that it was not necessary to write down every thing that every professor said, and that it would even be stupid to do so, I kept to that rule during the whole of my course.

At the succeeding lectures I did not feel my isolation so strongly; I made many acquaintances, shook hands and chatted: but for some reason or other no real union took place between me and my comrades, and it still frequently happened that I was sad, and that I dissimulated. I could not join the company of Ivin and the aristocrats, as they were called, because, as I now remember, I was rough and savage with them, and only bowed to them when they bowed to me; and they evidently had very little need of my acquaintance. But this took place for a very different reason with the majority. As soon as I was conscious that a comrade was beginning to be favorably inclined towards me, I immediately gave him to understand that I dined at Prince Ivan Ivanitch's, and that I had a drozhky. All this I said simply for the sake of showing myself off in a more favorable light, and in order that my comrade might love me all the more; but in almost every instance, on the contrary, to my amazement, my comrade suddenly became proud and cold towards me in consequence of the news of my relationship with Prince Ivan.

We had among us a student maintained at the expense of the crown, Operoff, a modest, extremely capable, and zealous young man, who always gave his hand to every one like a board, without bending his fingers or making any movement with it, so that the jesters among his comrades sometimes shook hands with him in the same way, and called it shaking hands "like a board." I almost always sat beside him, and we frequently conversed. Operoff pleased me particularly by the free opinions to which he gave utterance, about the professors. He defined, in a very clear and categorical manner, the merits and defects of each professor's instruction; and he even ridiculed them sometimes, which produced a particularly strange and startling effect upon me, as it came from his very small mouth in his quiet voice. Nevertheless, he carefully wrote down all the lectures, without exception, in his minute hand. We had begun to make friends, we had decided to prepare our lessons together, and his small, gray, short-sighted eyes had already begun to turn to me with pleasure, when I went and seated myself beside

him in my own place. But I found it necessary to explain to him once, in the course of conversation, that when my mother was dying she had begged my father not to send us to any institutions supported by the crown, and that all crown scholars, though they might be very learned, were not at all the thing for me: "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut*," "They are not genteel," said I, stammering, and conscious that I blushed for some reason or other. Operoff said nothing to me; but at succeeding lectures he did not greet me first, did not give me his board, did not address me, and when I seated myself in my place he bent his head sideways on his finger away from the books, and pretended that he was not looking on. I was surprised at Operoff's causeless coldness. But I considered it improper for a young man of good birth to coax the crown student *Operoff;* and I left him in peace, although his coolness grieved me, I must confess. Once I arrived earlier than he, and as the lecture was by a favorite professor, and the students who were not in the habit of attending lectures had flocked to it, and all the seats were occupied, I sat down in Operoff's place, laid my note-books on the desk, and went out. On my return to the auditorium I was surprised to find my note-books removed to the rear bench, and Operoff seated in his own place. I remarked to him that I had laid my books there.

"I don't know," he retorted, suddenly flashing up, and not glancing at me.

"I tell you that I placed my books there," said, I purposely beginning to get heated, and thinking to frighten him with my boldness. "Everybody saw it," I added, glancing round at the students; but although many of them looked at me with curiosity, no one replied.

"Places are not purchased here; the one who comes first takes his seat," said Operoff, settling himself angrily in his place, and casting a fleeting and agitated glance upon me.

"That means that you are ill-bred," said I.

It seemed as though Operoff muttered something; it even seemed as though he muttered that I was "a stupid little boy," but I certainly did not hear it. And what would have been the good if I had heard it? should we revile each other like rustic louts? (I was very fond of the word *manant*, and it served me as an answer and a solution in many a complicated affair.) Perhaps I might have said something more; but just then the door slammed, and the professor, in his

blue frock-coat, entered his desk with a scrape of his foot.

However, when I needed the note-books, before the examinations, Operoff, remembering his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study them with him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Affairs of the heart engrossed my attention a good deal in the course of the winter. I was in love three times. Once I fell passionately in love with a very plump lady who rode in the Freytag riding-school, in consequence of which I went to the school every Tuesday and Friday — the days on which she rode — in order to gaze at her; but on every occasion I was so much afraid that she would see me, and for that reason I always stood so far away from her, and fled so precipitately from the place where she had to pass through, and turned aside so negligently when she glanced in my direction, that I did not even get a good look at her face, and to this day I do not know whether she was actually pretty or not.

Dubkoff, who was acquainted with this lady, once caught me at the school hiding behind a footman, and the fur cloaks which he was carrying; and having learned of my passion from Dmitri, he so frightened me with a proposal to introduce me to this amazon, that I fled headlong from the place; and the very idea that he had told her about me prevented my ever daring to enter the school again, even as far as the lackeys, from the fear of meeting her.

When I was in love with strangers, and especially with married women, I was overwhelmed with a shyness which was a thousand times more powerful than that which I had experienced in Sonitchka's case. I feared, more than any thing else in the world, that the object of my love would discover it, and even my existence. It seemed to me that if she heard of the sentiments which I entertained towards her, it would be such an insult to her that she would never be able to forgive me. And, in fact, if that amazon had known in detail how, when I peeped at her from behind the lackeys, I meditated seizing her, and carrying her off to the country, and

how I was going to live there with her, and what I was going to do, she might perhaps with justice have felt very much insulted. But I could not clearly imagine that if she knew me she would not also instantly know all my thoughts, and that therefore there was nothing disgraceful in simply making her acquaintance.

I fell in love again with Sonitchka when I saw her with my sister. My second love for her had passed away long ago; but I fell in love for the third time, because Liubotchka gave me a volume of verses which Sonitchka had copied, in which many gloomily amorous passages from Lermontoff's "Demon" were underlined in red ink, and had flowers laid in to mark them. Recalling how Volodya had kissed his lady-love's little purse the year before, I tried to do the same; and in fact, when, alone in my room in the evening, I fell into reveries, and pressed my lips to the flowers as I gazed upon them, I was conscious of a certain agreeably tearful sentiment, and was in love again, or at least fancied I was, for several days.

And, finally, I fell in love for the third time that winter, with the young lady with whom Volodya was in love, and who visited at our house. As I now recall that young lady, there was nothing pretty about her, and nothing of that particular beauty which generally pleased me. She was the daughter of a well-known intellectual and learned lady of Moscow; she was small, thin, with long blonde curls of English fashion, and a transparent profile. Everybody said that this young lady was more clever and learned than her mother; but I could form no judgment whatever on this point, for, feeling a kind of passion-fraught terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning, I only spoke to her once, and that with inexpressible trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volodya, who was never restrained by the presence of others in the expression of his raptures, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the young woman. As I felt that the news that *two brothers were in love with the same young woman* would not be agreeable to Volodya, I did not mention my love to him. But, on the contrary, that which afforded me the greatest satisfaction in this sentiment was that our love was so pure, that, although its object was one and the same charming being, we should remain friends, and ready, should the emergency occur, to sacrifice ourselves for each other. It

appeared, however, with regard to the readiness for sacrifice, that Volodya did not share my feeling at all; for he was so passionately enamoured, that he wanted to slap a genuine diplomat's face, and challenge him to a duel, because he was to marry her, as it was said. It was very agreeable to me to sacrifice my feelings, probably because it cost me no effort, so that I only spoke to the young lady once, and that in a fantastic kind of way, about the worth of scientific music; and my love passed away on the following week, as I made no endeavor to cherish it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORLD.

The worldly pleasures to which I had dreamed of devoting myself when I entered the university, in imitation of my elder brother, quite disenchanted me during the winter. Volodya danced a great deal, papa also went to balls with his young wife; but they must have considered me still too youthful or unfitted for such pleasures, and no one introduced me in those houses when balls were given. In spite of my promise of frankness to Dmitri, I did not speak to any one, even to him, of my desire to go to balls, and of how it pained and vexed me that I was forgotten, and evidently regarded as a philosopher, which I pretended to be in consequence.

But in the course of the winter, Princess Kornakova had an evening party. She invited all of us herself, and me among the rest; and I was to go to a ball for the first time. Volodya came to my room before he set out, and wanted to see how I was dressed. This proceeding on his part greatly surprised and abashed me. It seemed to me that the desire to be well dressed was very disgraceful, and that it was necessary to conceal it; he, on the other hand, considered this desire natural and indispensable to such a degree, that he said very frankly that he was afraid I should do myself discredit. He ordered me to be sure to don varnished shoes, and was struck with horror when I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, arranged my watch for me in a particular way, and carried me off to the hair-dresser's on the Kuznetzky bridge. They curled my hair: Volodya stepped off, and viewed me from a distance.

"There, that's good, but can't you flatten down the hair where it parts on the crown?" he said, turning to the hair-dresser.

But in spite of all M. Charles's anointing of my tuft with some gummy essence, it stood up the same as ever when I

put on my hat; and altogether my appearance when curled seemed to me much uglier even than before. My only salvation was an affectation of negligence. Only in this way was my exterior like any thing whatever.

Volodya, it appears, was of the same opinion, for he begged me to get rid of the curls; and when I had done this, and still did not look well, he did not glance at me again, and was silent and gloomy all the way to the Kornakoffs' house.

I entered the Kornakoffs' apartments boldly with Volodya; but when the Princess invited me to dance, and I said, for some reason or other, that I did not dance, in spite of the fact that I had come with the sole idea of dancing a very great deal, I grew timid; and when I was left alone with people whom I did not know, I lapsed into my ordinary insurmountable and ever-increasing shyness. I stood dumb in one place the entire evening.

During a waltz, one of the Princesses came up to me, and, with the official amiability which was common to the entire family, asked me why I was not dancing? I remember how shy I grew at this question, but how at the same time, and quite involuntarily so far as I was concerned, a self-satisfied smile spread over my countenance, and I began to utter such nonsense in pompous French full of parentheses, that it makes me ashamed to remember it now after the lapse of ten years. The music must have thus acted upon me, exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the not very intelligible portion of my speech. I said something about the highest society, about the frivolity of men and women; and at last I got so entangled that I came to a standstill in the middle of a word in some sentence or other, which there was no possibility of completing.

Even the Princess, who was worldly by nature, became confused, and gazed reproachfully at me. I smiled. At that critical moment, Volodya, who had perceived that I was speaking with warmth, and probably wanted to know how I was making up for not dancing by my conversation, approached us with Dubkoff. On perceiving my smiling face and the frightened mien of the Princess, and hearing the frightful stuff with which I wound up, he reddened, and turned away. The Princess rose and left me. I went on smiling, but suffered so much from the consciousness of my stupidity, that I was ready to sink through the earth, and I felt the necessity of making some movement, at any cost,

and of saying something to effect some change in my position. I went up to Dubkoff, and inquired if he had danced many waltzes with *her*. By this I seemed to be jesting and in a merry mood, but in reality I was beseeching the assistance of that very Dubkoff to whom I had shouted, "Silence!" during the dinner at Jahr's. Dubkoff pretended not to hear me, and turned aside. I approached Volodya, and said with an effort, and trying to impart a jesting tone to my voice, "Well, how now, Volodya? have I got myself up gorgeously?" But Volodya looked at me as much as to say, "You don't talk like that to me when we are alone," and he walked away from me in silence, evidently fearing that I should still get into some difficulty.

"My God! my brother also deserts me!" I thought.

But, for some reason, I had not the strength to take my departure. I stood on gloomily, till the end of the evening, in one place; and only when all were crowded into the anteroom as they dispersed, and the footman put my coat upon the tip of my hat, so that it tilted up, I laughed in a sickly way through my tears, and said, without addressing any one in particular, "How pleasant it is!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CAROUSE.

ALTHOUGH I had not as yet, in consequence of Dmitri's influence, given myself up to the usual pleasures of students, which are called *carouses*, it had been my lot once, during the course of this winter, to take part in such a merry-making; and I carried away with me a not wholly agreeable impression. This is the way it was.

One day, during a lecture at the beginning of the year, Baron Z., a tall, blonde young man, with a very serious expression upon his regular features, invited us all to his house to pass an evening as comrades together. All of us meant, of course, all the members of our class who were more or less *comme il faut;* among whose number, of course, neither Grap nor Semenoff nor Operoff were included, nor any of the meaner fellows. Volodya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carouse of first-year men; but I expected great and remarkable pleasure from this to me entirely novel mode of passing the time. and I was at Baron Z.'s punctually at eight o'clock, — the hour indicated.

Baron Z., in a white vest and with his coat unbuttoned, was receiving his guests in the brilliantly lighted hall and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents dwelt: they had given up the state apartments to him for that evening's festivity. In the corridor, the heads and dresses of curious maids were visible; and in the pantry, the dress of a lady, whom I took to be the Baroness herself, flashed by once.

The guests were twenty in number, and were all students, with the exception of Herr Frost, who had come with Ivin, and a tall, ruddy-complexioned gentleman in plain clothes, who attended to the banquet, and who was known to everybody as a relative of the Baron, and a former student at the University of Dorpat. The over-brilliant illumination, and

the usual regal decoration of the state apartments, produced a chilling effect at first upon this youthful company, all of whose members involuntarily kept close to the walls, with the exception of a few bold spirits and the student from Dorpat, who had already unbuttoned his waistcoat, and seemed to be in every room and in every corner of every room at one and the same time, and to fill the whole apartment with the sound of his resonant and agreeable and never-silent tenor voice. But the fellows either remained silent, or modestly discussed the professors, the sciences, the examinations, and serious and interesting subjects, on the whole. Every one, without exception, stared at the door of the supper-room, and wore the expression which said, though they strove to hide it, "Why, it's time to begin!" I also felt that it was time to begin, and I awaited the *beginning* with impatient joy.

After tea, which the footman handed round to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost in Russian, —

"Do you know how to make punch, Frost?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Frost, wriggling his calves; but the Dorpat student again addressed him in Russian: —

"Then set about it" (he called him *thou*, as a fellow-student at Dorpat); and Frost began to go from the drawing-room to the supper-room, from the supper-room to the drawing-room, with great strides of his curved and muscular legs; and there speedily made its appearance on the table a large soup-tureen, and in it a ten-pound loaf of sugar, surrounded by three student-daggers laid crosswise. During this time, Baron Z. had kept incessantly approaching all the guests, who were assembled in the drawing-room, and saying to all, with an immovably-serious face and in almost the same words, "Come, gentlemen, let us mutually drink to brotherhood in student fashion, or we shall have no comradeship at all in our class." And, in fact, the Dorpat student, after taking off his coat, and stripping up his white shirt-sleeves above his white elbows, and planting his feet far apart in a a decided fashion, had already set fire to the rum in the soup-tureen.

"Put out the lights, gentlemen!" cried the Dorpat student suddenly, as loudly and pleasantly as he could have done if we had all shouted. But we all gazed silently at the soup-tureen, and at the Dorpat student's white shirt, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

"Extinguish the lights, Frost!" cried the Dorpat student again, and in German, having evidently become too much heated. Frost and all the rest of us set about extinguishing the candles. All was dark in the room, only the white sleeves and the hands which lifted the loaf of sugar on the daggers were illuminated by the bluish flame. The Dorpat student's loud tenor was no longer alone, for talking and laughter proceeded from every quarter of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine and perfectly clean shirts). I did the same, and understood that *it had begun.* Although nothing jolly had happened so far, I was firmly convinced that it would be capital when we had drunk a glass of the beverage which had been prepared.

The beverage was a success. The Dorpat student poured the punch into glasses, spotting the table a good deal in the process, and shouted, "Now, gentlemen, give your hands!" And each time that we took a full, sticky glass in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost struck up a German song, in which the exclamation *juchhe* was frequently repeated; we joined in discordantly, began to clink our glasses, to shout something, to praise the punch, and to quaff the sweet, strong liquor through our hands or simply. There was nothing to wait for now, therefore the carouse was in full swing. I had already drunk a full glass of punch, they poured me another; my temples began to throb, the fire seemed crimson, every one was shouting and laughing around me: but still it not only did not seem jolly, but I was even convinced that I, and every one else, was bored, and that I and the others considered it indispensable, for some reason or other, to pretend that it was very jolly. The only one who could not have been dissimulating was the Dorpat student. He grew constantly redder and more talkative, filled every one's empty glass, and spilled more and more on the table, which became all sweet and sticky. I do not remember in just what order things occurred, but I recollect that I was awfully fond of Frost and the Dorpat student that evening, that I learned a German song by heart. and kissed them both on their sweet lips. I also recollect that I hated the Dorpat student that same evening, and wanted to fling a chair at him, but refrained. I recollect, that in addition to the consciousness of the insubordination of all my limbs, which I had experienced at Jahr's, my head ached and swam so that evening that I was awfully afraid I was going to die

that very minute. I also recollect that we all seated ourselves on the floor, for some reason or other, flourished our arms in imitation of oars, sang "Adown our Mother Volga," and that, meantime, I was thinking that it was not at all necessary to do so. Furthermore, I recollect that, as I lay on the floor, I hooked one leg around the other, stretched myself out in gypsy fashion, twisted some one's neck, and thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk. I remember too, that we had supper, and drank something else; that I went out into the courtyard to refresh myself, and my head felt cold; and that I noticed when I went away that it was dreadfully dark, that the step of my drozhky (*prolyótka*) had become steep and slippery, and that it was impossible to hold on to Kuzma, because he had become weak, and swayed about like a rag. But I remember chiefly, that in the course of the evening I constantly felt that I was behaving very stupidly in feigning to be very jolly, to be very fond of drinking a great deal, and did not think of being drunk, and all the time I felt that the others were behaving very foolishly in pretending the same. It seemed to me that it was disagreeable for each one individually, as it was for me; but as each supposed that he alone experienced this disagreeable sensation, he considered himself bound to feign gayety in order not to interfere with the general jollity. Moreover, strange to say, I felt that dissimulation was incumbent on me simply because three bottles of champagne at ten rubles apiece, and ten bottles of rum at four rubles, had been poured into the soup-tureen, which amounted to seventy rubles, besides the supper. I was so fully convinced of this, that I was very much surprised the next day at the lecture, when my comrades who had been at Baron Z.'s not only were not ashamed to mention that they had been there, but talked about the party so that other students could hear. They said that it was a splendid carouse; that the Dorpat fellows were great hands at these things, and that twenty men had drunk forty bottles of rum between them, and that many had been left for dead under the tables. I could not understand why they talked about it, and even lied about themselves.

CHAPTER XL.

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS.

DURING the winter, I not only saw a great deal of Dmitri, who came to our house quite frequently, but of all his family, with whom I began to associate.

The Nekhliudoffs, the mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home; and the Princess liked to have young people come to see her in the evening, men of the sort, as she expressed it, who were capable of passing a whole evening without cards and dancing. But there must have been very few such men; for I rarely met any visitors there, though I went there nearly every evening. I became accustomed to the members of this family, and to their various dispositions, and had already formed a clear conception of their mutual relations. I became accustomed to their rooms and furniture; and when there were no guests I felt myself perfectly at my ease, except on the occasions when I was left alone in the room with Varenka. It still seemed to me as if, although not a very pretty girl, she would like very much to have me fall in love with her. But even this agitation began to pass off. She had such a natural appearance of not caring whether she talked to me, or to her brother, or Liubov Sergieevna, that I acquired the habit of looking upon her as upon a person to whom it was not at all either disgraceful or dangerous to show the pleasure which I took in her society. During the whole period of my acquaintance with her, she seemed to me on different days very ugly, again not such a very ugly girl; but never once did I ask myself with regard to her, "Am I in love with her, or not?" I sometimes chanced to talk directly to her, but more frequently I conversed with her by directing my remarks in her presence to Liubov Sergieevna or Dmitri, and this last method gave me particular pleasure. I took great satisfaction in talking before her, in listening to her singing, and in the general

consciousness of her presence in the room where I was; but the thought as to what my relations with Varenka would eventually become, and dreams of sacrificing myself for my friend in case he should fall in love with my sister, rarely entered my head now. If such ideas and dreams did occur to me, I strove to thrust aside any thought of the future, since I was content with the present.

In spite, however, of this intimacy, I continued to feel it my imperative duty to conceal from the whole Nekhliudoff society, and from Varenka in particular, my real sentiments and inclinations; and I endeavored to show myself an entirely different young man from what I was in reality, and such, indeed, as I could not be in reality. I strove to appear emotional; I went into raptures, I groaned, and made passionate gestures when any thing pleased me greatly: and at the same time I endeavored to seem indifferent to every unusual occurrence which I saw, or of which I was told. I tried to appear a malicious scorner who held nothing sacred, and at the same time a delicate observer. I tried to appear logical in all my actions, refined and accurate in my life, and at the same time a person who despised all material things. I can assert boldly that I was much better in reality than the strange being which I endeavored to represent as myself; but nevertheless, and represent myself as I would, the Nekhliudoffs liked me, and, happily for me as it turned out, did not believe in my dissimulation. Liubov Sergieevna alone, who, it seems, regarded me as a great egoist, a godless and sneering fellow, did not like me, and often quarrelled with me, got into a rage, and amazed me with her broken and incoherent phrases. But Dmitri still maintained the same strange rather than friendly relations with her, and said that no one understood her, and that she did him a very great deal of good. His friendship with her continued to be a grievance to his family.

Once Varenka, in discussing with me this union which was so incomprehensible to them all, explained it thus: "Dmitri is an egoist. He is too proud, and, in spite of all his cleverness, he is very fond of praise and admiration, loves to be first always; and *aunty*, in the innocence of her soul, finds herself admiring him; and has not sufficient tact to conceal this admiration from him, and so it comes to pass that she flatters, only not hypocritically, but in earnest."

I remembered this judgment, and on examining it after-

wards I could not but think that Varenka was very clever; and I exalted her in my own opinion with satisfaction, in consequence. This sort of exaltation, in consequence of the intelligence I had discovered in her, and of other moral qualities, I accomplished with a certain stern moderation, though with satisfaction; and I never went into ecstasies, the highest point of that exaltation. Thus, when Sophia Ivanovna, who talked unweariedly of her niece, told me how, when Varenka was a child in the country four years before, she had given all her clothes and shoes to the peasant children without permission, so that they had to be taken away afterwards, I did not at once accept that fact as worthy of exalting her in my opinion, but I mentally ridiculed her for such an unpractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhliudoffs', and among others Volodya and Dubkoff, I retired into the background in a self-satisfied way, and with a certain calm consciousness of power, as of a man of the house; did not talk, and merely listened to what others said. And every thing that was said seemed to me so incredibly stupid, that I inwardly wondered how such an intelligent, logical woman as the Princess, and all her logical family, could listen to such folly, and reply to it. Had it then occurred to me to compare what others said with what I said myself when I was alone, I should certainly not have marvelled in the least. I should have marvelled still less if I had believed that the members of our household — Avdotya, Vasilievna, Liubotchka, and Katenka — were just like all other women, and no worse than any others; and if I had recalled the fact that Dubkoff, Katenka, and Avdotya Vasilievna had conversed together for whole evenings, laughing merrily; and how, on nearly every occasion, Dubkoff, desiring to get up a discussion on something, recited, with feeling, the verses, "Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive,"[1] or extracts from "The Demon;"[2] and what nonsense they talked, on the whole, and with how much pleasure, for several hours together.

When there were visitors, of course Varenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone; and then there was no music or reading, which I was very fond of listening to. In conversing with visitors, she lost what was for me her chief charm, — her calm deliberation and simplicity. I

[1] An unfortunate guest at the banquet of life.
[2] A celebrated poem by Lermontoff.

remember what a strange surprise her conversations with my brother Volodya, about the theatre and the weather, were to me. I knew that Volodya avoided and despised commonplaces more than any thing else in the world; Varenka, also, always ridiculed hypocritically absorbing discussions about the weather, and so forth: then why, when they came together, did they constantly utter the most intolerable absurdities, and that, too, as though they were ashamed of each other? I went into a private rage with Varenka after every such conversation, ridiculed the visitors on the following day, but took still greater pleasure in being alone in the Nekhliudoff family circle.

At all events, I began to take more pleasure in being with Dmitri in his mother's drawing-room than alone face to face with him.

CHAPTER XLI.

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLIUDOFFS.

JUST at this time, my friendship with Dmitri hung by a hair. I had begun to criticise him too long ago not to find that he had failings; but, in our early youth, we love with the passions only, and therefore only perfect people. But as soon as the mist of passion begins, little by little, to decrease, or as soon as the clear rays of judgment begin to pierce it involuntarily, and we behold the object of our passion in his real aspect, with his merits and his shortcomings, the shortcomings alone strike us as something unexpected, in a vivid and exaggerated manner; the feeling of attraction towards a novelty, and the hope that it is not utterly impossible in another man, encourage us not only to coolness, but to repugnance for the former object of our passion, and we desert him without compunction, and hasten forward to seek some new perfection. If it was not precisely this which happened to me in my connection with Dmitri, it was because I was only bound to him by an obstinate, pedantic, and intellectual affection, rather than by an affection from the heart, which I was too much ashamed to be false to. We were bound, moreover, by our strange rule of frankness. We were afraid, that, if we parted, we should leave too much in each other's power all the moral secrets which we had confided to each other, and of which some were dishonorable to us. Besides, our rule of frankness, as was evident to us, had not been kept for a long time; and it embarrassed us, and brought about strange relations between us.

Almost every time that I went to Dmitri that winter, I found with him his comrade in the university, a student named Bezobyedoff, with whom he was engaged. Bezobyedoff was a small, thin, pock-marked man, with very small hands which were covered with freckles, and a great mass of

unkempt red hair. He was always very ragged and dirty, he was uncultivated, and he even studied badly. Dmitri's relations with him were, like his relations with Liubov Sergieevna, incomprehensible to me. The sole reason why he could have selected him from among all his comrades, and have become intimate with him, was, that there was not a student in the whole university who was uglier in appearance than Bezobyedoff. But it must have been precisely for that reason that Dmitri found it agreeable to exhibit friendship for him in spite of everybody. In his whole intercourse with this student, the haughty sentiment was expressed: "It's nothing to me who you are: you are all the same to me. I like him, and of course he's all right."

I was surprised that he did not find it hard to put a constant constraint upon himself, and that the unfortunate Bezobyedoff endured his awkward position. This friendship did not please me at all.

Once I came to Dmitri in the evening for the purpose of spending the evening in his mother's drawing-room with him, in conversation and in listening to Varenka's singing or reading; but Bezobyedoff was sitting up-stairs. Dmitri replied to me in a sharp tone that he could not come down because he had company, as I could see for myself.

"And what fun is there there?" he added: "it's much better to sit here and chat." Although the idea of sitting and talking with Bezobyedoff for a couple of hours did not attract me, I could not make up my mind to go to the drawing-room alone; and vexed to the soul at my friend's eccentricity, I seated myself in a rocking-chair, and began to rock in silence. I was very much provoked with Dmitri and with Bezobyedoff, because they had deprived me of the pleasure of going down-stairs. I wanted to see whether Bezobyedoff would take his departure soon; and I was angry with him and Dmitri as I listened in silence to their conversation. "A very agreeable guest! sit down with him!" thought I, when the footman brought tea, and Dmitri had to ask Bezobyedoff five times to take a glass, because the timid visitor considered himself bound to decline the first and second glasses, and to say, "Help yourself." Dmitri, with a visible effort, engaged his visitor in conversation, into which he made several vain efforts to drag me. I preserved a gloomy silence.

"There's nothing to be done: let no one dare suspect from my face that I am bored," I addressed myself men-

tally to Dmitri, as I rocked myself silently and regularly in my chair. I fanned the flame of quiet hatred towards my friend within me more and more. "What a fool!" I thought of him. "He might have spent a delightful evening with his dear relations, but no, he sits here with this beast; and now the time is past, it is already too late to go to the drawing-room;" and I peeped at my friend from behind the edge of my chair. His hands, his attitude, his neck, and especially the nape of it, and his knees, seemed so repulsive and mortifying that I could have taken great delight at that moment in doing something to him, even something extremely disagreeable.

At length Bezobyedoff rose, but Dmitri could not at once part from so agreeable a guest. He proposed to him that he should spend the night there; to which, fortunately, Bezobyedoff did not consent, and departed.

After having seen him off, Dmitri returned; and smiling brightly in a self-satisfied way, and rubbing his hands, probably because he had kept up his character, and because he had at last got rid of his *ennui*, he began to pace the room, glancing at me from time to time. He was still more repulsive to me. "How dare he walk and smile?" thought I.

"Why are you angry?" said he suddenly, halting in front of me.

"I am not angry at all," I answered, as one always answers on such occasions: "I am only vexed that you should dissimulate to me and to Bezobyedoff, and to yourself."

"What nonsense! I never dissimulate to any one."

"I have not forgotten our rule of frankness: I speak openly to you. I am convinced that that Bezobyedoff is as intolerable to you as to me, because he is stupid, and God knows what else; but you like to put on airs before him."

"No! and, in the first place, Bezobyedoff is a very fine man."

"And I tell you, yes; I will even go so far as to say to you that your friendship with Liubov Sergieevna is also founded on the fact that she considers you a god."

"And I tell you, no."

"But I tell you, yes, because I know it by my own case," I replied with the warmth of suppressed vexation, and desirous of disarming him by my frankness. "I have told you, and I repeat it, that it always seems to me that I like those people who say pleasant things to me; and when I come to

examine the matter well, I see that there is no real attachment.''

"No," went on Dmitri, adjusting his neckerchief with an angry motion of the neck; "when I love, neither praise nor blame can change my feelings."

"It is not true. I have confessed to you that when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I hated him for a while, and desired his death, just as you" —

"Speak for yourself. It's a great pity if you are such" —

"On the contrary," I cried, springing from my chair, and looking him in the eye with desperate bravery, "what you are saying is not right; did you not speak to me about my brother? I will not remind you of it, because that would be dishonorable. Did you not speak to me — And I will tell you how I understand you now" —

And, endeavoring to wound him even more painfully than he had wounded me, I began to demonstrate to him that he did not love any one, and to tell him every thing with which, as it seemed to me, I had a right to reproach him. I was very much pleased at having told him every thing, quite forgetting that the only possible object of this exposition, which consisted in his confessing the shortcomings with which I charged him, could not be attained at the present moment, when he was excited. But I never said this to him when he was in a state of composure, and could acknowledge it.

The dispute had already passed into a quarrel, when Dmitri became silent all at once, and went into the next room. I was on the point of following him, talking all the while, but he did not reply to me. I knew that violent passion was set down in his list of vices, and that he had conquered himself now. I cursed all his registers.

So this was to what our rule had led us, *to tell each other every thing that we thought, and never to say any thing about each other to any third person.* Carried away by frankness, we had sometimes proceeded to the most shameless confessions, announcing, to our own shame, ideas, dreams of desire and sentiment, such as I had just expressed to him, for example; and these confessions not only had not drawn closer the bond which united us, but they had dried up the feeling itself, and separated us. And now, all at once, egotism did not permit him to make the most trivial confession; and in the heat of our dispute we made use of the very weapons with which we had previously supplied each other, and which dealt frightfully painful blows.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STEPMOTHER.

Although papa had not meant to come to Moscow with his wife until after the new year, he arrived in October, at a season when there was excellent autumn hunting to be had with the dogs. Papa said that he had changed his plan because his case was to be heard in the senate; but Mimi told us that Avdotya Vasilievna had become so bored in the country, had spoken so frequently of Moscow, and feigned illness, that papa had decided to comply with her wishes. For she had never loved him, but had only murmured her love in everybody's ears, out of a desire to marry a rich man, said Mimi, sighing thoughtfully, as much as to say, "It's not what *some people* would have done for him, if he had but known how to prize them."

Some people were unjust to Avdotya Vasilievna. Her love for papa, passionate, devoted love, and self-sacrifice, were evident in every word, every look, and every movement. But this love did not in the least prevent her cherishing a desire, in company with the desire not to leave her husband, for remarkable headdresses from Madame Annette, for bonnets with extraordinary blue ostrich-feathers, and gowns of blue Venetian velvet, that artistically revealed her fine white arms and bosom, which had hitherto been exhibited to no one except to her husband and dressing-maids. Katenka took her mother's part, of course; while between our stepmother and us certain odd, jesting relations established themselves from the very day of her arrival. As soon as she alighted from the carriage, Volodya went up, scraping, and swaying back and forth, to kiss her hand, having assumed a grave face and troubled eyes, and said, as though he were introducing some one:

"I have the honor to offer my congratulations on the arrival of a dear mamma, and to kiss her hand."

"Ah, my dear son!" said Avdotya Vasilievna, with her beautiful, monotonous smile.

"And do not forget your second little son," said I, also approaching to kiss her hand, and involuntarily trying to assume the expression of Volodya's face and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of our mutual attachment, this expression might have indicated scorn of the exhibition of any tokens of affection; if we had already been ill-disposed towards each other, it might have indicated irony, or scorn of hypocrisy, or a desire to conceal our real relations from our father, who was present, and many other thoughts and feelings: but in the present case this expression, which suited Avdotya Vasilievna's taste extremely well, indicated nothing at all, and only pointed to an utter absence of all relations. I have often observed these false and jesting relations since, in other families, where the members of them foresee that the actual relations will not be quite agreeable; and these relations involuntarily established themselves between us and Avdotya Vasilievna. We hardly ever departed from them; we were always hypocritically polite to her, spoke French, scraped and bowed, and called her "*chère maman*," to which she always replied with jests, in the same style, and her beautiful, monotonous smile. Tearful Liubotchka alone, with her crooked legs and innocent prattle, took a liking to the stepmother, and strove very *naïvely*, and sometimes awkwardly, to bring her into closer connection with all our family; and in return, the only creature in all the world for whom Avdotya Vasilievna had a drop of affection, with the exception of her passionate love for papa, was Liubotchka. Avdotya Vasilievna even exhibited for her a certain ecstatic admiration and a timid respect, which greatly amazed me.

At first Avdotya was very fond of calling herself a stepmother, and hinting at the evil and unjust way in which children and members of the household always look upon a stepmother, and how different her position was in consequence of this. But though she had perceived all the unpleasantness of the position, she had done nothing to escape it; she did not caress one, make presents to another, and avoid grumbling, which would have been very easy for her, since she was very amiable, and not exacting in disposition. And she not only did not do this, but on the contrary, foreseeing all the unpleasantness of her position, she prepared herself for defence

without having been attacked; and, taking it for granted that all the members of the household wished to use all the means in their power to insult her, and make things disagreeable for her, she perceived design in every thing, and considered that the most dignified way for her was to suffer in silence; and, since she won no love by her abstention from action, of course she won ill-will. Moreover, she was so lacking in that quality of understanding which was developed to such a high degree in our house, and which I have already mentioned, and her habits were so opposed to those which had become rooted in our house, that this alone prejudiced people against her. In our neat, precise house she always lived as though she had but just arrived; she rose and retired now early, now late; at one time she would come out to dinner, at another she would not, and sometimes she had supper, and again she had none. She went about half-dressed the greater part of the time when we had no visitors, and was not ashamed to show herself to us, and even to the servants, in a white petticoat, with a shawl thrown around her, and with bare arms. At first this simplicity pleased me; but I very soon lost all the respect I had entertained for her, in consequence of this very simplicity. It seemed still stranger to us, that there were two totally dissimilar women in her, according to whether we had visitors or not: one, in the presence of guests, was a healthy, cold young beauty, elegantly dressed, neither clever nor foolish, but cheerful; the other, when no guests were by, was a sad, worn-out woman, no longer young, untidy, and bored, though affectionate. I often thought, as I looked at her when she returned smiling from making calls, and blushing with the winter cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, and went up to the mirror to survey herself as she removed her bonnet; or when she went to the carriage rustling in her rich, low-necked ball-dress, feeling a little ashamed, yet proud, before the servants; or at home, when we had little evening gatherings, in a close silk gown with some delicate lace about her soft neck, she beamed on all sides with her monotonous but beautiful smile, —what would those who raved over her have said if they could have seen her as I did on the evenings when she stayed at home, and strayed though the dimly lighted rooms like a shadow, as she awaited her husband's return from the club, in some sort of a wrapper, with unkempt hair? Sometimes she went to the piano, and played her one waltz, frowning

with the effort; then she would take a volume of romance, and, after reading a few lines out of the middle of it, throw it away; again, in order not to wake up the servants, she would go to the pantry herself, and get a cucumber and cold veal, and eat it standing by the pantry-window; or would wander from room to room aimlessly, both weary and bored. But what separated us from her more than any thing else was her lack of tact, which was expressed chiefly by the peculiar manner of her condescending attention when people talked to her about things which she did not understand. She was not to blame, because she had unconsciously acquired a habit of smiling slightly with the lips alone, and bending her head when she was told things which did not interest her (and nothing except herself and her husband did interest her); but that smile, and bend of the head, frequently repeated, were inexpressibly repellant. Her mirth, too, which seemed to ridicule herself, us, and all the world, was awkward, and communicated itself to no one; her sensibility was too artificial. But the chief thing of all was that she was not ashamed to talk constantly to every one about her love for papa. Although she did not lie in the least in saying of it that her whole life consisted in her love for her husband, and although she proved it with her whole life, yet, according to our views, such ceaseless, unreserved assertion of her affection was disgusting, and we were ashamed for her when she spoke of it before strangers, even more than when she made mistakes in French.

She loved her husband more than any thing in the world; and her husband loved her, especially at first, and when he saw that he was not the only one whom she pleased. The sole aim of her existence was the acquirement of her husband's love; but it seemed as though she purposely did every thing which could be disagreeable to him, and all with the object of showing him the full power of her love, and her readiness to sacrifice herself.

She loved gala attire; my father liked to see her a beauty in society, exciting praise and admiration: she sacrificed her love for festivities, for father's sake, and grew more and more accustomed to sit at home in a gray blouse. Papa, who always had considered freedom and equality indispensable conditions in family intercourse, hoped that his beloved Liubotchka and his good young wife would come together in a sincere and friendly way; but Avdotya Vasilievna was

sacrificing herself, and considered it requisite to show *the real mistress of the house*, as she called Liubotchka, an unsuitable amount of respect, which wounded papa deeply. He gambled a great deal that winter, and, towards the end, lost a good deal of money; and concealed his gambling matters from all the household, as he always did, not wishing to mix up his play with his family life. Avdotya Vasilievna sacrificed herself; sometimes she was ill, and towards the end of the winter she was *enciente*, but she considered it her duty to go to meet papa with her swinging gait, in her gray blouse, and with unkempt hair, at four or five o'clock in the morning, when he returned from his club, at times weary and ashamed after his losses.

She inquired, in an absent-minded way, whether he had been lucky at play; and listened, with condescending attention, as she smiled and rolled her head about, to what he told her as to his doings at the club, and to his request, a hundred times repeated, that she would never wait for him. But although his losses and winnings, upon which, according to his play, all papa's property depended, did not interest her in the least, she was the first to meet him every night when he returned from the club. Moreover, she was urged to these meetings, not by her passion for self-sacrifice alone, but by a certain concealed jealousy from which she suffered in the highest degree. No one in the world could convince her that papa was returning late from the club, and not from some mistress. She tried to read papa's love secrets in his face; and, as she could see nothing there, she sighed with a certain luxury of woe, and gave herself up to the contemplation of her unhappiness.

In consequence of these and many other incessant sacrifices, there came to be, in papa's conduct to his wife, towards the later months of the winter, during which he had lost a great deal, so that he was out of spirits the greater part of the time, an evident and mingled feeling of *quiet hate*, of that suppressed repugnance to the object of one's affections which expresses itself by an unconscious endeavor to cause that object every possible sort of petty moral unpleasantnesses.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEW COMRADES.

The winter passed away unperceived, and the thaw had already begun again, and at the university the lists of examinations had already been nailed up; when all at once I remembered that I must answer to the eighteen subjects which I had listened to, and not one of which I had heard, written down, or prepared. Strange that such a plain question, "How am I to pass the examinations?" had never once presented itself to me. But I had been in such a mist that whole winter, arising from my delight in being grown up and being *comme il faut*, that when it did occur to me, "How am I to pass the examinations?" I compared myself with my comrades, and thought, "They will pass, but the majority of them are not *comme il faut* yet; so I still have an extra advantage over them, and I must pass." I went to the lectures simply because I had become accustomed to it, and because papa sent me out of the house. Moreover, I had a great many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved the noise, the chattering, the laughing in the auditorium; I loved to sit on the rear bench during the lecture, and dream of something or other to the monotonous sound of the professor's voice, and to observe my comrades; I liked to run out at times with some one to Materna's, to drink *vodka* and take a bite, and, knowing that I might be punished for it, to enter the auditorium after the professor, creaking the door timidly; I loved to take part in a piece of mischief when class after class congregated amid laughter in the corridors. All this was very jolly.

When everybody had begun to attend the lectures more faithfully, and the professor of physics had finished his course, and had taken leave until the examinations, the students began to collect their note-books, and prepare them-

selves. I also began to think of preparing myself. Operoff and I continued to bow to each other, but were on the very coolest terms, as I have already said. He not only offered me his note-books, but invited me to prepare myself from them with him and other students. I thanked him, and consented, hoping by this honor to entirely smooth over my former disagreement with him; but all I asked was that all would be sure to meet at my house every time, as I had fine quarters.

I was told that the preparations would be made in turn at one house or another, according to its nearness. The first meeting took place at Zukhin's. It was a little room, behind a partition, in a large house on the Trubnoi Boulevard. I was late on the first day named, and came when they had already begun the reading. The little room was full of smoke from the coarse tobacco which Zukhin used, which was *makhorka*.[1] On the table stood a square bottle of *vodka*, glasses, bread, salt, and a mutton-bone.

Zukhin invited me, without rising, to take a drink of *vodka*, and to take off my coat.

"I think you are not accustomed to such an entertainment," he added.

All were in dirty calico shirts, with false bosoms. I removed my coat, trying not to show my scorn for them, and laid it on the sofa with an air of comradeship. Zukhin recited, referring now and then to the note-books: the others stopped him to ask questions; and he explained concisely, intelligently, and accurately. I began to listen; and as I did not understand much, not knowing what had gone before, I asked a question.

"Eh, batiuschka, you can't listen if you don't know that," said Zukhin. "I will give you the note-books, and you can go through them for to-morrow."

I was ashamed of my ignorance, and, conscious at the same time of the entire justice of Zukhin's remark, I ceased to listen, and busied myself with observations on these new associates. According to the classification of men into those who were *comme il faut*, and those who were *comme il ne faut pas*, they evidently belonged to the second division, and awakened in me, consequently, a feeling not only of scorn, but of a certain personal hatred which I experienced for them, because, though they were not *comme il faut*, they not

[1] Peasant tobacco (*nicotiana rustica*), grown in Little Russia.

only seemed to regard me as their equal, but even patronized me in a good-natured way. This feeling was aroused in me by their feet, and their dirty hands with their closely bitten nails, and one long nail on Operoff's little finger, and their pink shirts, and their false bosoms, and the oaths with which they affectionately addressed each other, and the dirty room, and Zukhin's habit of constantly blowing his nose a little, while he pressed one nostril with his finger, and in particular their manner of speaking, of employing and accenting certain words. For instance, they used *blockhead* instead of fool; *just so* instead of exactly; *splendid* instead of very beautiful; and so on: which seemed to me to be book-language, and disgustingly ungentlemanly. But that which aroused my *comme il faut* hatred was the accent which they placed on certain Russian, and especially on foreign words: they said máchine, áctivity, ón purpose, in the chimnéy, Shákspeare instead of Shakspéare, and so forth, and so forth.

But in spite of their exterior, which at that time was insuperably repugnant to me, I had a presentiment that there was something good about these people; and, envious of the jolly comradeship which united them, I felt attracted to them, and wanted to get better acquainted with them, which was not a difficult thing for me to do. I already knew the gentle and upright Operoff. Now, the dashing and remarkably clever Zukhin, who evidently reigned over this circle, pleased me extremely. He was a small, stout, dark-complexioned man, with somewhat swollen and always shining but extremely intelligent, lively, and independent face. This expression was especially due to his forehead, which was not lofty, but arched over deep black eyes, his short, bristling hair, and his thick black beard, which bore the appearance of never being shaved. He did not seem to think of himself (a thing which always pleased me in people), but it was evident that his mind was never idle. His was one of those expressive countenances which undergo an entire and sudden change in your eyes a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This is what happened in my eyes with Zukhin's face towards the end of the evening. New wrinkles suddenly made their appearance on his countenance, his eyes retreated still deeper, his smile became different, and his whole face was so changed that it was with difficulty that I recognized him.

When the meeting was at an end, Zukhin, the other stu-

dents, and I drank a glass of vodka apiece in order to show our desire to be good comrades, and hardly any remained in the bottle. Zukhin inquired who had a quarter-ruble, that the old woman who served him might be sent for more vodka. I offered my money; but Zukhin turned to Operoff as though he had not heard me, and Operoff, pulling out a little bead purse, gave him the money that was needed.

"See that you don't get drunk," said Operoff, who did not drink at all himself.

"By no means," replied Zukhin, sucking the marrow from the mutton-bone (I remember thinking at the time, "He is so clever because he eats a great deal of marrow.") "By no means," went on Zukhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was such that one noticed it involuntarily, and felt grateful to him for the smile. "Though I should get drunk, there's no harm. Now let's see, brothers: who will wager that I'll come out better than he will, or he better than I? It's all ready, brothers," he added, tapping his head boastfully. "There's Semenoff, he would not have broken down if he had not caroused so deeply."

In fact, that same gray-haired Semenoff, who had so much delighted me at the first examination by being homelier than myself, and who, after having passed second in the entrance examinations, had attended the lectures punctually during the first month of his student-hood, had caroused before the review, and towards the end of the year's course had not shown himself at the university at all.

"Where is he?" asked some one.

"I have lost sight of him," went on Zukhin. "The last time we were together we ruined Lisbon. He turned out a magnificent scamp. They say there was some story or other afterwards. That was a head! What fire there was in that man! What a mind! It's a pity if he has come to grief; but he certainly has. He wasn't the kind of a boy to sit still in the university with his outbreaks."

After a little further conversation, all rose to go, having agreed to meet at Zukhin's on the following days, because his quarters were the nearest to all the rest. When we all emerged into the courtyard, I was rather conscience-stricken that they should all be on foot, while I alone rode in a drozhky; and in my shame I proposed to Operoff to take him home. Zukhin had come out with us, and, borrowing a silver ruble of Operoff, he went off somewhere to visit for

the night. On the way Operoff told me a great deal about Zukhin's character, and manner of life; and when I reached home I did not go to sleep for a long time, for thinking of the new people with whom I had become acquainted. For a long while I did not fall asleep, but wavered, on the one hand, between respect for them whose learning, simplicity, honesty, and poetry of youth and daring, inclined me in their favor; and their ungentlemanly exterior, which repelled me, on the other hand. In spite of all this desire, it was at that time literally impossible for me to associate with them. Our ideas were entirely different. There was between us an abyss of shades, which constituted for me all the charm and reason of life, which were utterly incomprehensible to them, and *vice versa*. But the principal reason why we could not possibly associate was the twenty-ruble cloth of my coat, my drozhky, and my cambric shirts. This reason had particular weight with me. It seemed to me that I insulted them with the signs of my prosperity. I felt guilty before them; and I could not in any way enter upon equal, genuinely friendly relations with them, because I first humbled myself, then rebelled against my undeserved humiliation, and then proceeded to self-confidence. But the coarse, vicious side of Zukhin's character had been, during this period, to such a degree overwhelmed by that powerful poetry of bravery of which I had a presentiment in him, that it did not affect me at all unpleasantly.

For two weeks I went nearly every evening to study at Zukhin's. I studied very little; for, as I have already said, I had fallen behind my comrades, and as I had not sufficient force to study alone, in order to catch up with them, I only pretended to listen and understand what was read. It seemed to me that my companions divined my dissimulation; and I observed that they frequently skipped passages which they knew themselves, and never asked me.

Every day I became more and more lenient towards the disorder of this circle, I felt drawn towards it, and found much that was poetical in it. My word of honor alone, which I had given to Dmitri, not to go anywhere on a carouse with them, restrained my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I attempted to brag before them of my knowledge of literature, and particularly of French literature; and I led the conversation to that subject. It turned out, to my amazement, that, although they pronounced titles of foreign books

in Russian fashion, that they had read a great deal more than I, that they knew and prized English and even Spanish writers, and Lesage of whom I had never even heard. Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them (and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had read and learned as a child). They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval equally; and passed judgment, Zukhin in particular, upon literature much better and more clearly than I, as I could not but acknowledge. Neither had I any advantage over them in my knowledge of music. Still more to my amazement, Operoff played on the violin, another of the students who studied with us played the violoncello and the piano; and both played in the university orchestra, knew music very well, and prized it highly. In a word, with the exception of the French and German accent, they knew every thing that I attempted to brag about before them, much better than I did, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have boasted of my social position; but, unlike Volodya, I had none. What, then, was that height from which I looked down upon them? my acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanitch? my pronunciation of French? my drozhky? my cambric shirts? my finger-nails? And was not this all nonsense? — began to pass dimly through my mind at times, under the influence of envy for the fellowship and good-natured youthful mirth which I saw before me. They all called each other *thou*. The simplicity of their intercourse approached coarseness, but even beneath this rough exterior a fear of offending each other in any way was constantly visible. *Scamp* and *pig*, which were employed by them in an affectionate sense, only made me recoil, and gave me cause for inward ridicule; but these words did not offend them in the least, or prevent their standing on the most friendly footing with one another. They were careful and delicate in their dealings with one another, as only very poor and very young people are. But the chief point was, that I scented something broad and wild in the character of Zukhin and his adventures in Lisbon. I had a suspicion that these carouses must be something quite different from the sham with burnt rum and champagne in which I had participated at Baron Z.'s.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ZUKHIN AND SEMENOFF.

I DO not know to what class of society Zukhin belonged; but I know that he was from the C. gymnasiun, had no money whatever, and apparently was not of noble birth. He was eighteen at this time, though he appeared much older. He was remarkably clever, and particularly quick at grasping an idea; it was easier for him to embrace the whole of a many-sided subject, to foresee all its branches and the deductions from it, than to examine carefully by means of knowledge the laws by which these deductions are arrived at. He knew that he was clever; he was proud of it, and in consequence of this pride he was uniformly simple and good-natured in his intercourse with every one. He must have suffered much in the course of his life. His fiery, sensitive nature had already succeeded in reflecting in itself love and friendship and business and money. Although in a restricted measure, and in the lower classes of society, there was nothing for which, after having made proof of it, he did not feel either scorn, or a certain indifference and inattention, which proceeded from the too great facility with which he acquired every thing. Apparently he only grasped at every novelty for the sake of scorning what he had obtained after gaining his object, and his gifted nature always attained its goal, and had a right to its contempt. It was the same thing with the sciences: he studied little, took no notes, yet had a superior knowledge of mathematics, and boasted of it, saying that he could beat the professor. He thought a great deal of what they taught was nonsense; but with his characteristic, *unconsciously practical*, and *roguish* nature, he immediately fell in with what the professor required, and all the professors liked him. He was *out-spoken* in his bearing with the authorities, yet the authorities respected him. He not only did not respect or love the sciences, but he even despised those who occupied themselves

seriously with what he acquired so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not require the tenth part of his gifts; life in his position as a student did not offer any thing to which he could devote himself wholly: but, as he said, his fiery, active nature demanded life, and he gave himself up to dissipation of such a kind as his means permitted, and yielded himself with ardor and a desire to exhaust it so far as lay in his power. Now, before the examinations, Operoff's prediction was fulfilled. He disappeared for a couple of weeks, so that we made our preparations during the last part of the time at another student's rooms. But at the first examination, he made his appearance in the hall, pale, haggard, and with trembling hands, and passed into the second course in a brilliant manner.

At the beginning of the course, there were eight men in the company of carousers, at whose head stood Zukhin. Ikonin and Semenoff were among the number at first. The former left the company because he could not endure the wild dissipation to which they gave themselves over at the beginning of the year; but the second did not desert them, because it seemed a small thing to him. At first, all the men in our class looked upon them with a kind of horror, and related their pranks to each other.

The chief heroes of these pranks were Zukhin, and, towards the end of the year, Semenoff. All regarded Semenoff, towards the end, with a certain terror; and when he came to a lecture, which very rarely happened, there was a sensation in the auditorium.

Semenoff wound up his career of dissipation, just before the examinations, in the most original and energetic manner; to which I was a witness, thanks to my acquaintance with Zukhin. This is how it was. One evening, when we had just assembled at Zukhin's, and Operoff, having arranged beside him, in addition to the tallow candle in the candlestick, a tallow candle in a bottle, and, with his head bent down over the note-books, was beginning to read in his shrill voice from his minutely written notes on physics, the landlady entered the room, and informed Zukhin that some one had come with a note for him.[1] . . .

[1] The rest of the story is omitted in the Russian.

CHAPTER XLV.

I MAKE A FAILURE.

At length the first examination arrived, on the differential and integral calculus; but I was in a kind of a strange mist, and had no clear conception of what awaited me. It occurred to me during the evening, after enjoying the society of Zūkhin and his comrades, that it was necessary to make some change in my convictions; that there was something about them which was not nice, and not just what it should be: but in the morning, in the light of the sun, I again became *comme il faut*, was very well content with that, and desired no alterations in myself.

It was in this frame of mind that I came to the first examination. I seated myself on a bench on the side where sat the princes, counts, and barons, and began to converse with them in French; and, strange as it may seem, the thought never occurred to me that I should presently be called upon to answer questions upon a subject which I knew nothing about. I gazed coolly at those who went up to be examined, and I even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap, how goes it?" I said to Ilinka when he returned from the table. "Did you get frightened?"

"We'll see how you come out," said Ilinka, who had utterly rebelled against my influence from the day he entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill-disposed towards me.

I smiled scornfully at Ilinka's reply, although the doubt which he expressed alarmed me for a moment. But the mist again spread itself over this feeling; and I remained indifferent and absent-minded, so that I promised to go and lunch with Baron Z. at Materna's just as soon as I had been examined (as though this was a matter of the utmost insignificance to me). When I was called up with Ikonin, I arranged the skirts of my uniform, and stepped up to the examination table with perfect nonchalance.

A slight chill of terror coursed through my back only when the young professor — the same one who had questioned me at the entrance examination — looked me straight in the face, and I touched the note-paper on which the questions were written. Although Ikonin took his ticket with the same swaying of his whole body as during the preceding examinations, he answered after a fashion, though very badly. And I did what he had done at the first examinations: I did even worse; for I took a second card, and made no reply at all. The professor looked me compassionately in the face, and said in a firm but quiet voice, —

"You will not pass into the second class, Mr. Irteneff. It will be better not to present yourself for examination. This course must be weeded out. — And the same with you, Mr. Ikonin," he added.

Ikonin asked permission to be re-examined, as though it were an alms; but the professor replied that he could not accomplish in two days what he had not accomplished in the course of a year, and that he could not possibly pass. Ikonin begged again in a humble and pitiful manner, but the professor again refused.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said in the same low but firm voice.

It was only then that I could make up my mind to leave the table; and I was ashamed at having, as it were, taken part by my silence in Ikonin's prayers. I do not remember how I traversed the hall, past the students; what reply I made to their questions; how I made my way into the anteroom, and got home.

For three days I did not leave my room: I saw no one; I found solace in tears, as in my childhood, and wept a great deal. I looked up my pistols, in order that I might shoot myself if I should want to do so very much. I thought that Ilinka Grap would spit in my face when he met me, and that he would be quite right in so doing; that Operoff would rejoice in my misfortune, and tell everybody about it; that Kolpikoff was quite correct in insulting me at Jahr's; that my stupid speeches to Princess Kornakova could have no other result; and so on, and so on. All the moments of my life which had been torturing to my self-love, and hard to bear, passed through my mind one after the other; and I tried to blame some one else for my misfortunes. I thought that some one had done this on purpose; I invented a whole

intrigue against myself; I grumbled at the professors, at my comrades, at Volodya, at Dmitri, at papa because he had sent me to the university; I complained of Providence for having allowed me to live to see such disgrace. Finally, conscious of my complete ruin in the eyes of all who knew me, I begged papa to let me enter the hussars, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was displeased with me; but, on seeing my terrible grief, he comforted me by saying that it was not so very bad; that matters might be arranged if I would take a different course of study. Volodya too, who did not see any thing dreadful in my misfortune, said that in another course I should at least not feel ashamed before my fellow-students.

Our ladies did not understand it at all, and would not, or could not, comprehend what an examination was, — what it meant, to fail to pass; and only pitied me, because they saw my grief.

Dmitri came to see me every day, and was extremely gentle and tender during this whole period; but, for that very reason, it seemed to me that he had grown cold towards me. It always seemed to me a pain and an insult, when, mounting to my room, he sat down close to me in silence, with a little of that expression which a doctor wears when he seats himself at the bedside of a very sick man. Sophia Ivanovna and Varenka sent me books by him, which I had formerly wanted, and wished me to come to see them; but, in this very attention, I perceived a haughty and insulting condescension towards me, the man who had fallen so very low. At the end of three days, I became somewhat composed: but, even up to our departure for the country, I did not leave the house; and, thinking only of my grief, I lounged idly from room to room, endeavoring to avoid all members of the household.

I thought and thought; and finally, late in the evening, as I was sitting down-stairs and listening to Avdotya Vasilievna's waltz, I suddenly sprang up, ran up-stairs, got my note-book, on which was written, "Rules of Life," opened it, and a moment of repentance and moral expansion came over me. I wept, but no longer with tears of despair. When I recovered myself, I decided to write down my rules of life again; and I was firmly convinced that I should never henceforth do any thing wrong, nor spend a single minute in idleness, nor ever alter my rules.

Whether this moral impetus lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new laws it imposed upon my moral development, I shall relate in the following and happier half of my youth.[1]

[1] This last half of the Memoirs, if written, has never been published.

WHAT TO DO?

THOUGHTS EVOKED BY THE CENSUS OF MOSCOW

BY

COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

A NEW AND AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION FROM THE UNABRIDGED RUSSIAN MANUSCRIPT

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INTRODUCTION.

GREAT social questions face us. They are rising like ominous storm-clouds above the horizon, not only in what are sometimes called the "effete monarchies" of the Old World, but here in this New World, in this favored land. Thoughtful men and women are everywhere busying themselves with their solution.

Side by side with the portentous increase of wealth, is the more portentous increase of destitution and crime. On the one side, unheard-of luxury; on the other, desperate poverty. On the one side, pride and idleness; on the other, beggary and anarchy. There are warnings in history, — two mighty warnings, — the fall of Rome, the French Revolution. Rome sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind. The French aristocracy cried, "*Après nous le déluge;*" but the deluge came *while*, not *after;* it was a deluge of blood.

Modern civilization is sowing the whirlwind: what shall we or our children reap? There are enormous wrongs. Can they be righted while yet there is time? How?

Various methods have suggested themselves. Some are visionary: some would be practicable if men's eyes were opened.

Who doubts, that, if alcoholic drinks could be banished from the earth, the question of poverty and crime would be practically settled?

Meanwhile, associated charities rally earnest men and women, and home missionaries devote their lives to this work.

But still the problem grows more ominous.

A voice from Russia — the voice, as it were, of a prophet — has proclaimed another and inexorable way.

A nobleman, rich and famous, a popular novelist, a great land-owner, with every thing in his grasp that ambition might suggest, found himself face to face with this question.

He had lived the idle, luxurious life of "the upper classes," the world over, and thought to compound with his conscience by a *dilettante* system of money-giving. With this charitable object in view, he investigated the poverty of Moscow, which is exactly like the poverty of every other city, — Paris, London, New York, Berlin, Boston, — and after systematic examination he came to the conclusion that the mere giving of money only added to the existing evil.

Then the great question took possession of him, — *What Must We Do?*

He discovered *a* solution which he claims to be *the* solution, and he has carried it out in the spirit of Sakya Muni and of Christ.

Absolute renunciation in the line of the text, "Whoso loseth his life shall find it."

For Count Tolstoï, true life is to be found only in labor — bodily labor, mental labor, moral labor, all co-ordinated into the one struggle with nature — the struggle for existence in which every man must lend a hand to aid his neighbor.

It is democracy pure and simple.

It is socialism in its grim and classic but divine features.

It is organized anarchy, if one may be permitted to use such a paradox. No rulers, no armies, no money, no taxes, no possessions, no cities, but every man living in accordance with the Golden Rule, eating his bread in the sweat of his brow; while art and science, legitimate when removed from the realm of private gain, shall serve to educate the people, and make them better.

The story of Count Tolstoï's great struggle, and of his

arrival at the solution, is told by himself in a series of papers collected under the general head "*What To Do?*" or, more correctly, "*What Must We Do Then?*"

The theories presented, and the experiences related, were, in some details, too radical for an autocratic country like Russia; and the authorized edition of Count Tolstoï's collected writings, contains only garbled extracts from this work.

The work circulates, however, in Russia, in unpublished form; and a friend and disciple of the Count, having a copy in his possession, put it into an English translation, with the design that it should be published in America in a form cheap enough to reach the masses. Such is the explanation of the present edition of "*What To Do?*" It will be found in many respects different from the translation published last year. It is complete and unabridged.

The reader must not forget that it was written for Russians, and that, therefore, it must be judged with reference to Russian conditions. But no one can read these glowing pages without a thrill of admiration for the honesty and manliness of the great novelist, who has himself shown his sincerity by adopting the manner of life which he holds up as the ideal of the world.

His words are eloquent; they ring often with solemn warning; and they are to be read, not for curiosity, as those of a fanatic, but for instruction, as the prophecy of a seer.

N. H. DOLE.

BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1888.

WHAT MUST WE DO THEN?

"And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?

"He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." (Luke iii. 10, 11.)

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

"The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

"But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" (Matt. vi. 19–25.)

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

"(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 31–33.)

"For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." (Luke xviii. 25.)

I.

Having passed the greater part of my life in the country, I came at length, in the year 1881, to reside in Moscow, where I was immediately struck with the extreme state of pauperism in that city. Though well acquainted with the privations of the poor in rural districts, I had not the faintest conception of their actual condition in towns.

In Moscow it is impossible to pass a street without meeting beggars of a peculiar kind quite unlike those in the

country, who go about there, as the saying is, "with a bag and the name of Christ."

The Moscow beggars neither carry a bag nor ask for alms. In most cases when they meet you, they only try to catch your eye, and act according to the expression of your face.

I know of one such, a bankrupt gentleman. He is an old man, who advances slowly, limping painfully on each leg. When he meets you, he limps, and makes a bow. If you stop, he takes off his cap, furnished with a cockade, bows again, and begs. If you do not stop, he pretends only to be lame, and continues limping along.

That is a specimen of a genuine Moscow beggar, and an experienced one.

At first I did not know why such mendicants did not ask openly; but afterwards I learned why, without understanding the reason.

One day I saw a policeman push a ragged peasant, all swollen from dropsy, into a cab. I asked what he had been doing, and the policeman replied, —

"Begging."

"Is begging, then, forbidden?"

"So it seems," he answered. As the man was being driven away, I took another cab, and followed. I wished to find out whether mendicancy was really forbidden, and if so, why it was? I could not at all understand how it was possible to forbid one man asking something from another; and, moreover, I had my doubts whether it was illegal in a city where it flourished to such an extent.

I entered the police-station where the pauper had been taken, and asked an official armed with sword and pistol, and seated at a table, what he had been arrested for.

The man looked up at me sharply, and said, "What business is that of yours?"

However, feeling the necessity of some explanation, he added, "The authorities order such fellows to be arrested, so I suppose it is necessary."

I went away. The policeman who had brought the man was sitting in the window of the ante-room, studying his note-book. I said to him, —

"Is it really true that poor people are not allowed to ask for alms in Christ's name?"

The man started, as if waking up from a sleep, stared at

me, then relapsed again into a state of stolid indifference, and, reseating himself on the window-sill, said, —

"The authorities require it, so you see it is necessary."

And as he became again absorbed in his note-book, I went down the steps towards my cab.

"Well! have they locked him up?" asked the cabman. He had evidently become interested in the matter.

"They have," I answered. He shook his head.

"Is begging, then, forbidden here in Moscow?" I asked.

"I can't tell you," he said.

"How," I said, "can a man be locked up, for begging in the name of Christ?"

"Nowadays things have changed, and you see it is forbidden," he answered.

Since that time, I have seen policemen several times taking paupers to the police-station, and thence to the work-house: indeed, I once met a whole crowd of these poor creatures, about thirty, escorted before and behind by policemen. I asked what they had been doing.

"Begging," was the reply.

It appears that, according to law, medicancy is forbidden in Moscow, notwithstanding the great number of beggars one meets there in every street, whole rows of them near the churches during service-time, and most of all at funerals. But why are some caught and locked up, while others are let alone? This I have not been able to solve. Either there are lawful and unlawful beggars amongst them, or else there are so many that it is impossible to catch them all; or, perhaps, though some are taken up, others fill their places.

There are a great variety of such mendicants in Moscow. There are those that make a living by begging. There are also honestly destitute people, such as have somehow chanced to reach Moscow, and are really in extreme need.

Amongst these last are men and women evidently from the country. I have often met such. Some of them who had fallen ill, and afterward recovered and left the hospital, could now find no means, either of feeding themselves, or of getting away from Moscow; some of them, besides, had taken to drink (such probably was the case of the man with dropsy whom I met); some were in good health, but had been burned out of house and home, or else were very old, or were

widowed or deserted women with children; some others were sound as to health, and quite capable of working.

These robust fellows especially interested me, — the more so, because, since my arrival in Moscow, I had, for the sake of exercise, contracted the habit of going to the Sparrow Hills, and working there with two peasants, who sawed wood. These men were exactly like the beggars whom I often met in the streets. One was called Peter, and was an ex-soldier from Kaluga; the other, Simon, from Vladímir. They possessed nothing save the clothes on their backs: and they earned, by working very hard, from forty to forty-five kopeks a day; out of this they both put a little aside, — the Kaluga soldier, in order to buy a fur coat; the Vladímir peasant, in order to get money enough to return to his home in the country.

Meeting, therefore, in the streets similar individuals, I was particularly interested in them, and failed to understand why some begged whilst others worked.

Whenever I met a beggar of this description, I used to ask him how it was that he had come to such a state. Once I met a strong, healthy-looking peasant: he asked alms. I questioned him as to who he was, and whence he had come.

He told me he had come from Kaluga, in search of work. He had at first found some, such as sawing old timber into fire-wood; but after he and his companion had finished the job, though they had continually looked for more work, they had not found any; his companion had left him, and he himself had passed a fortnight in the utmost need, and, having sold all he possessed to obtain food, had not now enough, even to buy the tools necessary for sawing.

I gave him the money for a saw, and told him where to go for work. I had previously arranged with Peter and Simon that they should accept a new fellow-worker, and find him a companion.

"Be sure you come! There is plenty of work to be done," I said on parting.

"You may depend on me," he answered. "Do you think there can be any pleasure in knocking about, begging, if I could work?"

The man solemnly promised that he would come; and he seemed to be honest, and really meaning to work.

Next day, on coming to my friends, Peter and Simon, I asked them whether the man had arrived. They said he had

not; nor, indeed, did he come at all: and in this way I was frequently deceived.

I have also been deceived by those who stated that they only wanted a little money to buy a ticket, in order to return home, and whom I again met in the streets a few days later. Many of them I came to know well, and they knew me; though occasionally, having forgotten me, they would repeat the same false tale; but sometimes they would turn away on recognizing me.

In this way I discovered, that, even in this class of men, there are many rogues.

But still, these poor rogues were also very much to be pitied: they were all of them ragged, hungry paupers; they are of the sort who die of cold in the streets, or hang themselves to escape living, as the papers frequently tell us.

II.

When I talked to my town friends about this pauperism which surrounded them, they always replied, "Oh! you have seen nothing yet! You should go to the Khitrof Market, and visit the lodging-houses there, if you want to see the genuine 'Golden Company.'"

One jovial friend of mine added, that the number of these paupers had so increased, that they already formed, not a "Golden Company," but a "Golden Regiment."

My lively friend was right; but he would have been yet nearer the truth had he said that these men formed, in Moscow, not a company, nor a regiment, but a whole army, — an army, I should judge, of about fifty thousand.

The regular townspeople, when they spoke to me about the pauperism of the city, always seemed to feel a certain pleasure or pride in being able to give me such precise information.

I remember I noticed, when visiting London, that the citizens there seemed also to find a certain satisfaction in telling me about London destitution, as though it were something to be proud of.

However, wishing to inspect this poverty about which I had heard so much, I turned my steps very often towards the Khitrof Market; but, on each occasion, I felt a sensation of pain and shame. "Why should you go to look at the

suffering of human beings whom you cannot help?" said one voice within me. "If you live here, and see all that is pleasant in town life, go and see also what is wretched," replied another.

And so, one cold, windy day in December, two years ago, I went to the Khitrof Market, the centre of the town pauperism.

It was on a week-day, about four in the afternoon. While still a good distance off, I noticed greater and greater numbers of men in strange garb, evidently not originally meant for them; and in yet stranger foot-apparel, men of a peculiar unhealthy complexion, and all apparently showing a remarkable indifference to all that surrounded them.

Men in the strangest, most incongruous costumes sauntered along, evidently without the least thought as to how they might look in the eyes of others. They were all going in the same direction. Without asking the way, which was unknown to me, I followed them, and came to the Khitrof Market.

There I found women likewise in ragged capes, rough-looking cloaks, jackets, boots, and goloshes. Perfectly free and easy in their manner, notwithstanding the grotesque monstrosity of their attire, these women, old and young, were sitting, bargaining, strolling about, and abusing one another.

Market-time having evidently passed, there were not many people there; and as most of them were going up-hill, through the market-place, and all in the same direction, I followed them.

The farther I went, the greater became the stream of people flowing into the one road. Having passed the market, and gone up the street, I found that I was following two women, one old, the other young. Both were clothed in some gray ragged stuff. They were talking, as they walked, about some kind of business.

Every expression was unfailingly accompanied by some obscene word. They were neither of them drunk, but were absorbed with their own affairs; and the men passing, and those about them, paid not the slightest attention to their language, which sounded so strange to me. It appeared to be the generally accepted manner of speech in those parts. On the left we passed some private night-lodging-houses, and some of the crowd entered them: others continued to ascend the hill towards a large corner house. The majority

of the people walking along with me went into this house. In front of it, people all of the same sort were standing and sitting, on the sidewalk and in the snow.

At the right of the entrance were women; at the left, men. I passed by the men: I passed by the women (there were several hundreds in all), and stopped where the crowd ceased.

This building was the "Liapin free night-lodging-house." The crowd was composed of night-lodgers, waiting to be let in. At five o'clock in the evening this house is opened and the crowd admitted. Hither came almost all the people whom I followed.

I remained standing where the file of men ended. Those nearest to me stared at me till I had to look at them. The remnants of garments covering their bodies were very various; but the one expression of the eyes of all alike seemed to be, "Why have you, a man from another world, stopped here with us? Who are you? Are you a self-satisfied man of wealth, desiring to be gladdened by the sight of our need, to divert yourself in your idleness, and to mock at us? or are you that which does not and can not exist, — a man who pities us?"

On all their faces the same question was written. Each would look at me, meet my eyes, and turn away again.

I wanted to speak to some one of them, but for a long time I could not summon up courage. However, eventually our mutual exchange of glances introduced us to each other; and we felt that, however widely separated were our social positions in life, after all we were fellow-men, and so ceased to be afraid of one another.

Next to me stood a peasant with a swollen face, and red beard, in a ragged jacket, and worn-out goloshes on his naked feet, though there were eight degrees of frost.[1] For the third or fourth time our eyes met; and I felt so drawn to him that I was no longer ashamed to address him (to have refrained from doing so would have been the only real shame), and asked him where he came from.

He answered eagerly, while a crowd began to collect round us, that he had come from Smolensk in search of work, in order to be able to buy bread, and pay his taxes.

"There is no work to be had nowadays," he said: "the soldiers have got hold of it all. So here am I knocking

[1] Réaumur.

about; and God is my witness, I have not had any thing to eat for two days."

He said this shyly, with an attempt at a smile. A seiler[1] of warm drinks, an old soldier, was standing near. I called him, and made him pour out a glass for him. The peasant took the warm vessel in his hands, and, before drinking, warmed them against the glass, trying not to lose any of the precious heat; and whilst doing this he related to me his story.

The adventures of these people, or at least the stories which they tell, are almost always the same: He had had a little work; then it had ceased: and here, in the night-lodging-house, his purse, containing his money and passport, had been stolen from him. Now he could not leave Moscow.

He told me that during the day he warmed himself in public-houses, eating any stale crust of bread which might be given him. His night's lodging here in Liapin's house cost him nothing.

He was only waiting for the round of the police-sergeant to lock him up for being without his passport, when he would be sent on foot, with a party of men similarly situated, to the place of his birth.

"They say the inspection will take place on Thursday, when I shall be taken up; so I must try and keep on until then." (The prison and his compulsory journey appeared to him as the "promised land.") While he was speaking, two or three men in the crowd said they were also in exactly the same situation.

A thin, pale youth, with a long nose, only a shirt upon his back, and that torn about the shoulders, and a tattered cap on his head, edged his way to me through the crowd. He was shivering violently all the time, but tried, as he caught my eye, to smile scornfully at the peasant's talk, thinking thus to show his superiority.

I offered him some drink.

He warmed his hands on the tumbler as the other had done; but just as he began to speak, he was shouldered aside by a big, black, hook-nosed, bare-headed fellow, in a thin shirt and waistcoat, who also asked for some drink.

Then a tall old man, with a thin beard, in an overcoat fastened round the waist with a cord, and in matting-shoes, had some. He was drunk.

[1] A sbiten-seller: *sbiten* is a hot drink made of herbs or spices and molasses.

Then came a little man, with a swollen face and teary eyes, in a coarse brown jacket, and with knees protruding through his torn trousers, and knocking against each other with cold. He shivered so that he could not hold the glass, and spilled the contents over his clothes: the others took to abusing him, but he only grinned miserably, and shivered.

After him came an ugly, deformed man in rags, and with bare feet. Then an individual of the officer type; another belonging to the church class; then a strange-looking being without a nose, — and all of them hungry, cold, suppliant, and humble, — crowded round me, and stretched out their hands for the glass; but the drink was exhausted. Then one man asked for money: I gave him some. A second and a third followed, till the whole crowd pressed on me. In the general confusion the gatekeeper of the neighboring house shouted to the crowd to clear the pavement before his house, and the people submissively obeyed.

Some of them undertook to control the tumult, and took me under their protection. They attempted to drag me out of the crush. But the crowd that formerly had lined the pavement in a long file, now had become condensed about me. Every one looked at me and begged; and it seemed as if each face were more pitiful, harassed, and degraded than the other. I distributed all the money I had, — only about twenty rubles, — and entered the lodging-house with the crowd. The house was enormous, and consisted of four parts. In the upper stories were the men's rooms; on the ground-floor the women's. I went first into the women's dormitory, — a large room, filled with beds resembling the berths in a third-class railway-carriage. They were arranged in two tiers, one above the other.

Strange-looking women in ragged dresses, without jackets, old and young, kept coming in and occupying places, some below, others climbing above. Some of the elder ones crossed themselves, pronouncing the name of the founder of the refuge. Some laughed and swore.

I went up-stairs. There, in a similar way, the men had taken their places. Amongst them I recognized one of those to whom I had given money. On seeing him I suddenly felt horribly ashamed, and made haste to leave.

And with a sense of having committed some crime, I returned home. There I entered along the carpeted steps into the rug-covered hall, and, having taken off my fur coat,

sat down to a meal of five courses, served by two footmen in livery, with white ties and white gloves. And a scene of the past came suddenly before me. Thirty years ago I saw a man's head cut off under the guillotine in Paris before a crowd of thousands of spectators. I was aware that the man had been a great criminal: I was acquainted with all the arguments in justification of capital punishment for such offences. I saw this execution carried out deliberately: but at the moment that the head and body were severed from each other by the keen blade, I gasped, and realized in every fibre of my being, that all the arguments which I had hitherto heard upon capital punishment were wickedly false; that, no matter how many might agree as to its being a lawful act, it was literally murder; whatever other title men might give it, they thus had virtually committed murder, that worst of all crimes: and there was I, both by my silence and my non-interference, an aider, abetter, and participator in the sin.

Similar convictions were now again forced upon me when I beheld the misery, cold, hunger, and humiliation of thousands of my fellow-men. I realized not only with my brain, but in every pulse of my soul, that, whilst there were thousands of such sufferers in Moscow, I, with tens of thousands of others, filled myself daily to repletion with luxurious dainties of every description, took the tenderest care of my horses, and clothed my very floors with velvet carpets!

Whatever the wise and learned of the world might say about it, however unalterable the course of life might seem to be, the same evil was continually being enacted, and I, by my own personal habits of luxury, was a promoter of that evil.

The difference between the two cases was only this: that in the first, all I could have done would have been to shout out to the murderers standing near the guillotine, who were accomplishing the deed, that they were committing a murder, though of course knowing that my interference would have been in vain. Whereas, in this second case, I might have given away, not only the drink and the small sum of money I had with me, but also the coat from off my shoulders, and all that I possessed at home. Yet I had not done so, and therefore felt, and feel, and can never cease to feel, myself a partaker in a crime which is continually being committed, so long as I have superfluous food whilst others have none, so long as I have two coats whilst there exists one man without any.

III.

On the same evening that I returned from Liapin's house, I imparted my impressions to a friend: and he, a resident of the town, began to explain to me, not without a certain satisfaction, that this was the most natural state of things in a town; that it was only owing to my provincialism that I found any thing remarkable in it; and that it had ever been, and ever would be, so, such being one of the inevitable conditions of civilization. In London it was yet worse, . . . therefore there could be nothing wrong about it, and there was nothing to be disturbed and troubled about.

I began to argue with my friend, but with such warmth and so angrily, that my wife rushed in from the adjoining room to ask what had happened. It appeared that I had, without being aware of it, shouted out in an agonized voice, gesticulating wildly, "We should not go on living in this way! we must not live so! we have no right!" I was rebuked for my unnecessary excitement; I was told that I could not talk quietly upon any question; that I was irritable; and it was pointed out to me that the existence of such misery as I had witnessed, should in no way be a reason for embittering the life of my home-circle.

I felt that this was perfectly just, and held my tongue; but in the depth of my soul I knew that I was right, and I could not quiet my conscience.

The town life, which had previously seemed alien and strange to me, became now so hateful that all the indulgences of a luxurious existence, in which I had formerly delighted, now served to torment me.

However much I tried to find some kind of excuse for my mode of life, I could not contemplate without irritation either my own or other people's drawing-rooms, nor a clean, richly served dinner-table, nor a carriage with well-fed coachman and horses, nor the shops, theatres, and entertainments. I could not help seeing, in contrast with all this, those hungry, shivering, and degraded inhabitants of the night-lodging-house. And I could never free myself from the thought that these two conditions were inseparable — that the one proceeded from the other. I remember that the sense of culpability which I had felt from the first moment

never left me; but with this feeling another soon became mingled, which lessened the first.

When I talked to my intimate friends and acquaintances about my impressions on Liapin's house, they all answered in the same way, and expressed besides their appreciation of my kindness and tender-heartedness, and gave me to understand that the sight had so impressed me because I, Leo Tolstoi, was kind-hearted and good. And I willingly allowed myself to believe it.

The natural consequence of this was, that the first keen sense of self-reproach and shame was blunted, and was replaced by a sense of satisfaction at my own virtue, and a desire to make it known to others. "It is in truth," I said to myself, "probably not my connection with a luxurious life which is at fault, but the unavoidable circumstances of life. And thus a change in my particular life cannot alter the evil which I have seen."

In changing my own life, I should only render myself and those nearest and dearest to me miserable, whilst that other misery would remain the same; and therefore my object should be, not to alter my own way of living, as I had at first imagined, but to try as much as was in my power to ameliorate the position of those unfortunate ones who had excited my compassion.

The whole matter, I reasoned, lies in the fact that I, being an extremely kind and good man, wish to do good to my fellow-men. And I began to arrange a plan of philanthropic activity in which I might exhibit all my virtues. I must, however, here remark, that, while planning this charitable effort, in the depth of my heart I felt that I was not doing the right thing; but, as too often happens, reason and imagination were stifling the voice of conscience. About this time the census was being taken, and it seemed to me a good opportunity for instituting that charitable organization in which I wanted to shine.

I was acquainted with many philanthropic institutions and societies already existing in Moscow, but all their activity seemed to me both wrongly directed and insignificant in comparison with what I myself wished to do. And this was what I invented to excite sympathy amongst the rich people for the poor: I began to collect money, and enlist men who wished to help in the work, and who would, in company with the census officers, visit all the nests of pauperism, entering

into relations with the poor, finding out the details of their needs, helping them with money and work, sending them out of Moscow, placing their children in schools, and their old men and women in homes and houses of refuge.

I thought, moreover, that, from those who undertook this work, there could be formed a permanent society, which, dividing between its members the various districts of Moscow, would take care that new cases of want and misery should be avoided, and so by degrees stifle pauperism at its very birth, accomplishing their task, not so much by cure, as by prevention.

I already saw in the future, begging and poverty entirely disappearing, I having been the means of its accomplishment. Then all of us who were rich could go on living in all our luxury as before, dwelling in fine houses, eating dinners of five courses, driving in our carriages to theatres and entertainments, and no longer being harassed by such sights as I had witnessed at Liapin's house.

Having invented this plan, I wrote an article about it; and, before even giving it to be printed, I went to those acquaintances from whom I hoped to obtain co-operation, and expounded to all whom I visited that day (chiefly the rich) the ideas I afterwards published in my article.

I proposed to profit by the census in order to study the state of pauperism in Moscow, and to help to exterminate it by personal effort and money, after which we might all with a quiet conscience enjoy our usual pleasures. All listened to me attentively and seriously; but, in every case, I remarked that the moment my hearers came to understand what I was driving at, they seemed to become uncomfortable and somewhat embarrassed. But it was principally, I feel sure, on my account; because they considered all that I said to be folly. It seemed as though some other motive compelled my listeners to agree for the moment with my foolishness. — "Oh, yes! Certainly. It would be delightful," they said: "of course it is impossible not to sympathize with you. Your idea is splendid. I myself have had the same; but . . . people here are so indifferent, that it is hardly reasonable to expect a great success. However, as far as I am concerned, I am, of course, ready to share in the enterprise."

Similar answers I received from all. They consented, as it appeared to me, not because they were persuaded by my arguments, nor in compliance with my request, but because

of some exterior reason, which rendered it impossible for them to refuse.

I remarked this partly because none of those who promised me their help in the form of money, defined the sum they meant to give; so that I had to name the amount by asking, "May I count upon you for twenty-five, or one hundred, or two hundred, or three hundred, rubles?" And not one of them paid the money. I draw attention to this fact, because, when people are going to pay for what they are anxious to have, they are generally in haste to give it. Suppose it were to secure a box to see Sarah Bernhardt, the money is immediately produced. Here, however, of all who agreed to give, and expressed their sympathy, no one immediately produced the amount, but merely silently acquiesced in the sum I happened to name.

In the last house I visited that day, there was a large party. The mistress of the house had for some years been employed in works of charity. Several carriages were waiting at the door of the house. Footmen in expensive liveries were seated in the hall. In the spacious drawing-room, ladies, old and young, wearing rich dresses and ornaments, were talking to some young men, and dressing up small dolls, destined for a lottery in aid of the poor.

The sight of this drawing-room, and of the people assembled there, struck me very painfully. For not only was their property worth several million rubles; not only could the interest on the capital spent here on dresses, laces, bronzes, jewels, carriages, horses, liveries, footmen, exceed a hundred times the value of these ladies' work; not only was this the case, — but even the expenses caused by this very party of ladies and gentlemen, the gloves, linen, candles, tea, sugar, cakes, all this represented a sum a hundred times exceeding the value of the work done.

I saw all this, and therefore might have understood that here, at all events, I should not find sympathy for my plan; but I had come in order to give an invitation, and, however painful it was to me, I said what I wished to say, repeating almost the words of my article.

One lady present offered me some money, adding that, owing to her sensibilities, she did not feel strong enough to visit the poor herself, but that she would give help in this form. How much money, and when she would give it, she did not say. Another lady and a young man offered their

services in visiting the poor, but I did not profit by their offer. The principal person I addressed, told me that it would be impossible to do much, because the means were not forthcoming. And the means were scarce, because all the rich men in Moscow who were known, and could be counted upon, had given all it was possible to get from them; their charities having already been rewarded with titles, medals, and other distinctions, this being the only effectual method of insuring success in the collection of money, — namely, to obtain new honors from the authorities, and that being very difficult.

Having returned home, I went to bed, not only with a presentiment that nothing would result from my idea, but also with the shameful consciousness of having, during the whole day, been doing something vile and contemptible. However, I did not desist.

First, the work had been begun, and false shame would have prevented my giving it up; secondly, not only the success of the enterprise itself, but even my occupation in it, afforded me the possibility of continuing to live in my usual way: whereas, the failure of this enterprise would have put me under the constraint of giving up my present mode of life, and of seeking another. Of this, I was unconsciously afraid: therefore, I refused to listen to my inner voice, and continued what I had begun.

Having sent my article to be printed, I read a proof-copy at a census-meeting in the town-hall, hesitatingly, and blushing till my cheeks burned again, so uncomfortable did I feel. I saw that all my hearers felt equally uncomfortable.

Upon my question, whether the managers of the census would accept my proposal that they should remain at their posts in order to form a link between society and those in need, an awkward silence ensued.

Then two of those present made speeches, which seemed to mend the awkwardness of my suggestions: sympathy for me was expressed along with their general approbation. They, however, pointed out the impracticability of my scheme. Every one seemed more at ease: but afterwards, when, still wishing to succeed, I asked each district manager separately, whether he was willing during the census to investigate the needs of the poor, and afterwards remain at his post in order to form this link between the poor and the rich, all again were confounded; it seemed as

though their looks said, "Why, out of personal regard for you, we have listened to your silly proposition; but here you come out with it again!" Such was the expression of their faces, but in words they told me that they consented; and two of them, separately, but as though they had agreed together, said in the same words, "We regard it as our moral duty to do so." The same impression was produced by my words upon the students, who had volunteered to act as clerks during the census, when I told them that they might then, besides their scientific pursuits, accomplish also a charitable work.

When we talked the matter over, I noticed that they were shy of looking me straight in the face, as one often hesitates to look into the face of a good-natured man who is talking nonsense. The same impression was produced by my article upon the editor of the paper when I handed it to him; also upon my son, my wife, and various other people. Every one seemed embarrassed, but all found it necessary to approve of the idea itself; and all, immediately after this approbation, began to express their doubts as to the success of the plan, and, for some reason or other (all without exception), took to condemning the indifference and coldness of society and of the world, though evidently excluding themselves.

In the depth of my soul, I continued to feel that all this was not the right thing, that nothing would come of it; but the article had been printed, and I had agreed to take part in the census. I had put a plan into action, and now the plan itself drew me along.

IV.

In accordance with my request, the part of the town was assigned to me for the census which contained the houses generally known under the name of the Rzhanoff lodgings. I had long before heard that they were considered to be the lowest circle of poverty and vice, and that was the reason that I asked the officers of the census to assign me this district.

My desire was gratified.

Having received the appointment from the Town Council, I went, a few days before the census, alone, to inspect my district. With the help of a plan I was furnished with, I

soon found the Rzhanoff Houses, — approached by a street, which terminated on the left-hand side of a gloomy building without any apparent entrance. From the aspect of this house, I guessed it was the one I was in search of. On descending the street, I had come across some boys, from ten to fourteen years old, in short coats, sliding down the frozen gutter, some on their feet, others upon a single skate.

The boys were ragged, and, like all town boys, sharp and bold. I stopped to look at them. An old woman in torn clothes, with hanging yellow cheeks, came round the corner. She was going up-hill, and, like a horse out of wind, gasped painfully at every step ; and, when abreast of me, she stopped with hoarse, choking breath. In any other place, this old woman would have asked alms of me, but here she only began to talk.

"Just look at them!" she said, pointing to the sliding boys ; "always at mischief! They will become the same Rzhanoff good-for-nothings as their fathers." One boy, in an overcoat and visorless cap, overhearing her words, stopped. "You shut up!" he shouted. "You're only an old Rzhanoff goat yourself!"

I asked the boy if he lived here. "Yes, and so does she. She stole some boots," he called out, and, pushing himself off, slid on.

The woman gave vent to a torrent of abuse, interrupted by her cough. During this squabble an old white-haired man, all in rags, came down the middle of the street, brandishing his arms, and carrying in one hand a bundle of small loaves. He seemed to have just fortified himself with a glass of liquor. He had evidently heard the old woman's abuse, and took her side.

"I'll give it you, you little devils, you!" he cried out, pretending to rush after them ; and, having passed behind me, he stepped upon the pavement. If you saw this old man in a fashionable street, you would be struck with his air of decrepitude, feebleness, and poverty. Here he appeared in the character of a merry workman, returning from his day's labor.

I followed him. He turned round the corner to the left into an alley ; and, having passed the front of the house and the gate, he disappeared through the door of an inn. Into this alley the doors of the latter, a public-house, and several small eating-houses, opened. It was the Rzhanoff Houses.

Every thing was gray, dirty, and foul-smelling, — buildings, lodgings, courts, and people. Most of those I met here were in tattered clothes, half naked. Some were passing along, others were running from one door to another. Two were bargaining about some rags. I went round the whole building, down another lane and a court, and, having returned, stopped at the archway of the Rzhanoff Houses.

I wanted to go in, and see what was going on inside, but the idea made me feel painfully awkward. What should I say if they asked me what I had come for?

However, after a little hesitation, I went in. The moment I entered the court, I was conscious of a most revolting odor. The court was dreadfully dirty. I turned round the corner, and at the same instant heard the steps of people running along the boards of the gallery, and thence down the stairs.

First a gaunt-looking woman, with tucked-up sleeves, a faded pink dress, and shoes on her stockingless feet, rushed out; after her, a rough-haired man in a red shirt, and extremely wide trousers, like a petticoat, and with goloshes on his feet. The man caught her under the stairs: "You sha'n't escape me," he said, laughing.

"Just listen to the squint-eyed devil!" began the woman, who was evidently not averse to his attentions; but, having caught sight of me, she exclaimed angrily, "Who are you looking for?" As I did not want any one in particular, I felt somewhat confused, and went away.

This little incident, though by no means remarkable in itself, suddenly showed to me the work I was about to undertake in an entirely new light, especially after what I had seen on the other side of the courtyard, — the scolding old woman, the light-hearted old man, and the sliding boys. I had meditated doing good to these people by the help of the rich men of Moscow. I now realized, for the first time, that all these poor unfortunates, whom I had been wishing to help, had, besides the time they spent suffering from cold and hunger, in waiting to get a lodging, several hours daily to get through, and that they must somehow fill up the rest of the twenty-four hours of every day, — a whole life, of which I had never thought before. I realized now, for the first time, that all these people, besides the mere effort to find food and shelter from the cold, must live through the rest of every day of their life as other people have to do,

must get angry at times, and be dull, and try to appear light-hearted, and be sad or merry. And now, for the first time (however strange the confession may sound), I was fully aware that the task which I was undertaking could not simply consist in feeding and clothing a thousand people (just as one might feed a thousand head of sheep, and drive them into shelter), but must develop some more essential help. And when I considered that each one of these individuals was just such another man as myself, possessing also a past history, with the same passions, temptations, and errors, the same thoughts, the same questions to be answered, then suddenly the work before me appeared stupendous, and I felt my own utter helplessness; — but it had been begun, and I was resolved to continue it.

V.

On the appointed day, the students who were to assist me started early in the morning; while I, the instigator, only joined them at twelve o'clock. I could not come earlier; as I did not get up till ten, after which I had to take some coffee, and then smoke for the sake of my digestion. Twelve o'clock then found me at the door of the Rzhanoff Houses. A policeman showed me a public-house, to which the census-clerks referred all those who wished to inquire for them. I entered, and found it very dirty and unsavory. Here, right in front of me, was a counter; to the left a small room, furnished with tables covered with soiled napkins; to the right a large room on pillars, containing similar little tables placed in the windows and along the walls; with men here and there having tea, some very ragged, others well dressed, apparently workmen or small shopkeepers. There were also several women. In spite of the dirt, it was easy to see, by the business air of the man in charge, and the ready, obliging manners of the waiters, that the eating-house was driving a good trade. I had no sooner entered than one of the waiters was already preparing to assist me in getting off my overcoat, and anxious to take my orders, showing that evidently the people here were in the habit of doing their work quickly and readily.

My inquiry for the census-clerks was answered by a call for "Ványa" from a little man dressed in foreign fashion,

who was arranging something in a cupboard behind the counter. This was the proprietor of the public-house, a peasant from Kaluga, Iván Fedotitch by name, who also rented half of the other houses, sub-letting the rooms to lodgers. In answer to his call, a thin, sallow-faced, hook-nosed lad, of some eighteen years, came forward hastily; and the landlord said, "Take this gentleman to the clerks: they have gone to the main body of the building over the well."

The lad put down his napkin, pulled a coat on over his white shirt and trousers, picked up a large cap, then, with quick, short steps, he led the way by a back-door through the buildings. At the entrance of a greasy, malodorous kitchen, we met an old woman, who was carefully carrying in a rag some putrid tripe. We descended into a court, built up all round with wooden buildings on stone foundations. The smell was most offensive, and seemed to be concentrated in a privy, to which numbers of people were constantly resorting. This awful cesspool forced itself upon one's notice by the pestilential atmosphere around it.

The boy, taking care not to soil his white trousers, led me cautiously across frozen and unfrozen filth, and approached one of the buildings. The people crossing the yard and galleries all stopped to gaze at me. It was evident that a cleanly-dressed man was an unusual sight in the place.

The boy asked a woman whom we met, whether she had seen where the census officials had entered, and three people at once answered his question: some said that they were over the well: others said that they had been there, but had now gone to Nikita Ivanovitch's.

An old man in the middle of the court, who had only a shirt on, said that they were at No. 30. The boy concluded that this information was the most probable, and led me to No. 30, into the basement, where darkness and a bad smell, different from that which filled the court, prevailed.

We continued to descend along a dark passage. As we were traversing it, a door was suddenly opened; and out of it came a drunken old man in a shirt, evidently not of the peasant class. A shrieking washerwoman, with tucked-up sleeves and soapy arms, was pushing him out of the room. "Ványa" (my guide) shoved him aside, saying, "It won't do to kick up such a row here—and you an officer too!"

When we arrived at No. 30, Ványa pulled the door, which opened with the sound of a wet slap; and we felt a gush of

soapy steam, and an odor of bad food and tobacco, and entered into complete darkness. The windows were on the other side; and we were in a crooked corridor, that went right and left, and with doors leading, at different angles, into rooms separated from it by a partition of unevenly laid boards, roughly whitewashed.

In a dark room to the left we could see a woman washing at a trough. Another old woman was looking out of a door at the right. Near an open door was a hairy, red-skinned peasant in bark shoes, sitting on a couch. His hands rested upon his knees; and he was swinging his feet, and looking sadly at his shoes.

At the end of the passage was a small door leading into the room where the census officers were assembled. This was the room of the landlady of the whole of No. 30. She rented the apartment from Iván Fedotitch, and sub-let the rooms to ordinary or night lodgers.

In this tiny room a student sat under an image glittering with gilt paper, and, with the air of a magistrate, was putting questions to a man dressed in shirt and vest. This last was a friend of the landlady's, who was answering the questions in her stead. The landlady herself, — an old woman, — and two inquisitive lodgers, were also present.

When I entered, the room was quite filled up. I pushed through to the table, shook hands with the student, and he went on extracting his information; while I studied the inhabitants, and put questions to them for my own ends.

It appeared, however, I could find no one here upon whom to bestow my benevolence. The landlady of the rooms, notwithstanding their wretchedness and filth (which especially struck me in comparison with the mansion in which I lived), was well off, even from the point of view of town poverty; and compared with the country destitution, with which I was well acquainted, she lived luxuriously. She had a feather-bed, a quilted blanket, a samovár, a fur cloak, a cupboard, with dishes, plates, etc. The landlady's friend had the same well-to-do appearance, and boasted even a watch and chain. The lodgers were poor, but among them there was no one requiring immediate help.

Three only applied for aid, — the woman washing linen, who said she had been abandoned by her husband; an old widowed woman, without means of livelihood; and the peasant in the ragged shoes, who told me he had not had

any thing to eat that day. But, upon gathering more precise information, it became evident that all these people were not in extreme want, and that, in order really to help, it would be necessary to become more intimately acquainted with them

When I offered the washerwoman to place her children in a "home," she became confused, thought over it some time, then thanked me much, but evidently did not desire it: she wished rather to be given some money. Her eldest daughter helped her in the washing, and the second acted as nurse to the little boy.

The old woman asked to be put into a refuge; but, upon examining her corner, I saw that she was not in dire distress. She had a box containing her property: she had a teapot, two cups, and old bonbon-boxes with tea and sugar. She knitted stockings and gloves, and received a monthly allowance from a lady benefactress.

The peasant was evidently more desirous of wetting his throat after his last day's drunkenness than of food, and any thing given him would have gone to the public-house. In these rooms, therefore, there was no one whom I could have rendered in any respect happier by helping them with money.

There were only paupers there, — and paupers, it seemed to me, of a questionable kind.

I put down the names of the old woman, the laundress, and the peasant, and settled in my mind that it would be necessary to do something for them, but that first I should aid those other especially unfortunate ones whom I expected to come across in this house. I made up my mind that some system was necessary in distributing the aid which we had to give: first, we should find the most needy, and then come to such as these.

But in the next lodging, and in the next again, I found only similar cases, which would have to be looked into more closely before being helped. Of those whom pecuniary aid alone would have rendered happy, I found none.

However ashamed I feel in confessing it, I began to experience a certain disappointment at not finding in these houses any thing resembling what I had expected. I thought to find very exceptional people; but, when I had gone over all the lodgings, I became convinced that their inhabitants were in no way extremely peculiar, but much like those amongst whom I lived.

As with us, so also with them, there were some more or less good, and others more or less bad: there were some more or less happy, and others more or less unhappy. Those who were unhappy amongst them would have been equally wretched with us, their misery being within themselves, — a misery not to be mended by any kind of bank-note.

VI.

The inhabitants of these houses belonged to the lowest population of the town, which in Moscow amounts to perhaps more than a hundred thousand. In this house, there were representative men of all kinds, — petty employers and journeymen, shoemakers, brushmakers, joiners, hackney coachmen, jobbers carrying on business on their own account, washerwomen, second-hand dealers, money-lenders, day-laborers, and others without any definite occupation: here also lodged beggars and women of the town.

Many like those whom I had seen waiting in front of Liapin's house lived here, but they were mixed up with the working-people; and, besides, those whom I then saw were in a most wretched condition, when, having eaten and drunk all they had, they were turned out of the public-house, and, cold and hungry, were waiting, as for heavenly manna, to be admitted into the free night-lodging-house, — day by day longing to be taken to prison, in order to be sent back to their respective homes. Here I saw the same men among a greater number of working-people, and at a time, when, by some means or other, they had got a few farthings to pay for their night's lodging, and perhaps a ruble or two for food and drink.

However strange it may sound, I had no such feelings here as I experienced in Liapin's house; but, on the contrary, during my first visiting-round, I and the students had a sensation which was rather agreeable than otherwise. I might even say it was entirely agreeable.

My first impression was, that the majority of those lodging here were workingmen, and very kindly disposed. We found most of the lodgers at work, — the washerwomen at their tubs, the joiners by their benches, the bootmakers at their lasts. The tiny rooms were full of people, and the work was going on cheerfully and with energy. There was a smell of per-

spiration among the workmen, of leather at the bootmaker's, of chips in the carpenter's shop. We often heard songs, and saw bare, sinewy arms working briskly and skilfully.

Everywhere we were received kindly and cheerfully. Nearly everywhere our intrusion into the daily life of these people excited in them no desire to show us their importance, or to rate us soundly, as happens when such visits are paid to the lodgings of well-to-do people. On the contrary, all our questions were answered respectfully without any particular importance being attached to them, — served, indeed, only as an excuse for them to be merry, and to joke as to how they were to be enrolled on the list; how such a one was as good as two, and how two others ought to be reckoned as one.

Many we found at dinner or at tea; and each time, in answer to our greeting, "Bread and salt," or, "Tea and sugar," they said, "You are welcome;" and some even made room for us to sit down. Instead of the place being the resort of an ever-shifting population, such as we expected to find here, it turned out that in this house were many rooms which had been tenanted by the same people for long periods.

One carpenter, with his workmen, and a bootmaker, with his journeymen, had been living here for ten years. The bootmaker's shop was very dirty and quite choked up, but all his men were working very cheerily. I tried to talk with one of the workmen, wishing to sound him about the miseries of his lot, what he owed to the master, and so forth; but he did not understand me, and spoke of his master and of his life from a very favorable point of view.

In one lodging, there lived an old man with his old wife. They dealt in apples. Their room was warm, clean, and filled with their belongings. The floor was covered with matting made of apple-sacks. There were chests, a cupboard, a samovár, and crockery. In the corner were many holy images, before which two lamps were burning: on the wall hung fur cloaks wrapped up in a sheet. The old woman with wrinkled face, kind and talkative, was apparently herself delighted with her quiet, respectable life.

Iván Fedotitch, the owner of the inn and of the lodgings, came out, and walked with us. He joked kindly with many of the lodgers, calling them all by their names, and giving us short sketches of their characters. They were as other men, did not consider themselves unhappy, but believed

they were like every one else, as in reality they were. We were prepared to see only dreadful things, and we met instead objects not only not repulsive, but estimable. And there were so many of them, compared with the ragged, ruined, unoccupied people we met now and then among them, that the latter did not in the least destroy the general impression. To the students it did not appear so remarkable as it did to me. They were merely performing an act, as they thought, useful to science, and, in passing, made casual observations: but I was a benefactor; my object in going there was to help the unhappy, ruined, depraved men and women whom I had expected to meet in this house. And suddenly, instead of unhappy, ruined, depraved beings, I found the majority to be workingmen, quiet, satisfied, cheerful, kind, and very good.

I was still more strongly impressed when I found that in these lodgings the crying want I wished to relieve had already been relieved before I came. But by whom? By these same unhappy, depraved beings whom I was prepared to save; and this help was given in a way not open to me.

In one cellar lay a lonely old man suffering from typhus-fever. He had no connections in the world; yet a woman, — a widow with a little girl, — quite a stranger to him, but living in the corner next to him, nursed him, and gave him tea, and bought him medicine with her own money.

In another lodging lay a woman in puerperal fever. A woman of the town was nursing her child, and had prepared a sucking-bottle for him, and had not gone out to ply her sad trade for two days.

An orphan girl was taken into the family of a tailor, who had three children of his own. Thus, there remained only such miserable unoccupied men as retired officials, clerks, men-servants out of situations, beggars, tipsy people, prostitutes, children, whom it was not possible to help all at once by means of money, but whose cases it was necessary to consider carefully before assisting them. I had been seeking for men suffering from want of means, whom one might be able to help by sharing one's superfluities with them. I had not found them. All those I had seen, it would have been very difficult to assist materially without devoting time and care to them.

VII.

These unfortunate people ranged themselves in my mind under three heads: first, those who had lost former advantageous positions, and who were waiting to return to them (such men belonged to the lowest as well as to the highest classes of society); secondly, women of the town, who are very numerous in these houses; and thirdly, children.

The majority of those I found, and noted down, were men who had lost former places, and were desirous of returning to them. Such men were also numerous, being chiefly of the better class, and government officials. In almost all the lodgings we entered with the landlord, we were told, "Here we need not trouble to fill up the residential card ourselves: there is a man here who is able to do it, provided he is not tipsy."

And Iván Fedotitch would call by name some such individual, who always belonged to this class of ruined people of a higher grade. When thus summoned, the man, if he were not tipsy, was always willing to undertake the task: he kept nodding his head with a sense of importance, knitted his brows, inserted now and then learned terms in his remarks, and carefully holding in his dirty, trembling hands the neat pink card, looked round at his fellow-lodgers with pride and contempt, as if he were now, by the superiority of his education, triumphing over those who had been continually humbling him.

He was evidently pleased with having intercourse with the world which used pink cards, with a world of which he himself had once been a member.

To my questions about his life, this kind of man not only replied willingly, but with enthusiasm, — beginning to tell a story, fixed in his mind like a prayer, about all kinds of misfortunes which had happened to him, and chiefly about his former position, in which, considering his education, he ought to have remained.

Many such people are scattered about in all the tenements of the Rzhanoff Houses. One lodging-house was tenanted exclusively by them, women and men. As we approached them, Iván Fedotitch said, "Now, here's where the nobility live."

The lodging was full: almost all the lodgers — about forty

persons — were at home. In the whole house, there were no faces so ruined and degraded-looking as these, — if old, flabby; if young, pale and haggard.

I talked with several of them. Almost always the same story was told, only in different degrees of development. One and all had been once rich, or had still a rich father or brother or uncle; or either his father or the unfortunate himself had held a high office. Then came some misfortune caused by envious enemies or his own imprudent kindness, or some out-of-the-way occurrence; and, having lost every thing, he was obliged to descend to these strange and hateful surroundings, among lice and rags, in company with drunkards and loose characters, feeding upon bread and liver, and subsisting by beggary.

All the thoughts, desires, and recollections of these men are turned toward the past. The present appears to them as something unnatural, hideous, and unworthy of attention. The present does not exist for them. They have only recollections of the past, and expectations of the future, which may be realized at any moment, and for the attainment of which but very little is needed; but, unfortunately, this little is out of their reach; it cannot be got anywhere: and so they perish needlessly, one sooner, another later.

One needs only to be dressed respectably, in order to call on a well-known person who is kindly disposed toward him; another requires only to be dressed, have his debts paid, and go to some town or other; a third wants to take his effects out of pawn, and get a small sum to carry on a law-suit, which must be decided in his favor, and then all will be well again. All say that they have need of some external circumstance in order to regain that position which they think natural and happy for them.

If I had not been blinded by my pride in being a benefactor, I should have needed only to look a little closer into their faces, young and old, which were generally weak, sensual, but kind, in order to understand that their misfortunes could not be met by exterior means; that they could be happy in no situation, while their present conception of life remained the same; that they were by no means peculiar people in peculiarly unhappy circumstances, but that they were like all other men, ourselves included.

I remember well how my intercourse with men of this class was particularly trying to me. I now understand why it was

so. In them I saw my own self as in a mirror. If I had considered carefully my own life, and the lives of people of my own class, I should have seen, that, between us and these unfortunate men, there existed no essential difference.

Those who live around me in expensive suites of apartments, and houses of their own in the best streets of the city, eating something better, too, than liver or herring with their bread, are none the less unhappy. They also are discontented with their lot, regret the past, and desire a happier future, precisely as did the wretched tenants of the Rzhanoff Houses. Both wish to work less, and to be worked for more, the difference between them being only in degrees of idleness.

Unfortunately, I did not see this at first, nor did I understand that such people needed to be relieved, not by my charity, but of their own false views of the world; and that, to change a man's estimate of life, he must be given one more accurate than his own, which, unhappily, not possessing myself, I could not communicate to others.

These men were unhappy, not because, to use an illustration, they had not nourishing food, but because their stomachs were spoiled; and they required, not nourishment, but a tonic. I did not see, that, in order to help them, it was not necessary to give them food, but to teach them how to eat. Though I am anticipating, I must say, that, of all these people whose names I put down, I did not in reality help one, notwithstanding that all some of them had desired was done in order to relieve them. Of these I became acquainted with three men in particular. All three, after many failures and much assistance, are now just in the same position in which they were three years ago.

VIII.

The second class of unfortunates, whom I hoped afterwards to be able to help, were women of the town. Such women were very numerous in the Rzhanoff Houses; and they were of every kind, from young girls still bearing some likeness to women, to old and fearful-looking creatures without a vestige of humanity. The hope of helping these women, whom I had not at first in view, was aroused by the following circumstances.

When we had just finished half of our visiting-tour, we

had already acquired a somewhat mechanical method. On entering a new lodging, we at once asked for the landlord. One of us sat down, clearing a space to write; and the other went from one to another, questioning each man and woman in the room, and reporting the information obtained to the one who was writing.

On our entering one of the basement lodgings, the student went to look for the landlord; and I began to question all who were in the place. This place was thus divided: In the middle of the room, which was four yards square, there stood a stove. From the stove radiated four partitions, or screens, making a similar number of small compartments. In the first of these, which had two doors in it opposite each other, and four pallets, were an old man and a woman. Next to it was a rather long but narrow room, in which was the landlord, a young, pale, good-looking man, dressed in a gray woollen coat. To the left of the first division, there was a third small room where a man was sleeping, seemingly tipsy, and a woman in a pink dressing-gown. The fourth compartment was behind a partition, access to it being through the landlord's room.

The student entered the latter, while I remained in the first, questioning the old man and the woman. The former had been a typesetter, but had now no means of livelihood whatever.

The woman was a cook's wife.

I went into the third compartment, and asked the woman in the dressing-gown about the man who was asleep.

She answered that he was a visitor.

I asked her who she was.

She replied that she was a peasant girl from the county of Moscow.

"What is your occupation?" She laughed, and made no answer.

"What do you do for your living?" I repeated, thinking she had not understood the question.

"I sit in the inn," she said.

I did not understand her, and asked again, —

"What are your means of living?"

She gave me no answer, but continued to giggle. In the fourth room, where we had not yet been, I heard the voices of women also giggling.

The landlord came out of his room, and approached us.

He had evidently heard my questions and the woman's answers. He glanced sternly at her, and, turning to me, said, "She is a prostitute;" and it was evident that he was pleased that he knew this word, which is the one used in official circles, and at having pronounced it correctly. And having said this with a respectful smile of satisfaction towards me, he turned to the woman. As he did so, the expression of his face changed. In a peculiarly contemptuous manner, and with rapid utterance as one would speak to a dog, he said, without looking at her, "Don't be a fool! instead of saying you sit in the inn, speak plainly, and say you are a prostitute. — She does not even yet know her proper name," he said, turning to me.

This manner of speaking shocked me.

"It is not for us to shame her," I said. "If we were all living according to God's commandment, there would be no such persons."

"Yes, yes: of course you are right," said the landlord, with a forced smile.

"Therefore we must pity them, and not reproach them as if it were their own fault entirely."

I do not remember exactly what I said. I remember only that I was disgusted by the disdainful tone of this young landlord, in a lodging filled with females whom he termed prostitutes; and I pitied the woman, and expressed both feelings.

No sooner had I said this, than I heard from the small compartment where the giggling had been, the noise of creaking bed-boards; and over the partition, which did not reach to the ceiling, appeared the dishevelled curly head of a female with small swollen eyes, and a shining red face; a second, and then a third, head followed. They were evidently standing on their beds; and all three were stretching their necks and holding their breath, and looking silently at me with strained attention.

A painful silence followed.

The student, who had been smiling before this happened, now became grave; the landlord became confused, and cast down his eyes; and the women continued to look at me in expectation.

I felt more disconcerted than all the rest. I had certainly not expected that a casual word would produce such an effect. It was like the field of battle covered with dead

bones seen by the prophet Ezekiel, on which, trembling from contact with the spirit, the dead bones began to move. I had casually uttered a word of love and pity, which produced upon all such an effect that it seemed as if they had been only waiting for it, to cease to be corpses, and to become alive again.

They continued to look at me, as if wondering what would come next, as if waiting for me to say those words and do those acts by which these dry bones would begin to come together, — be covered with flesh and receive life.

But I felt, alas! that I had no such words or deeds to give, or to continue as I had begun. In the depth of my soul I felt that I had told a lie, that I myself was like them, that I had nothing more to say; and I began to write down on the domiciliary card the names and the occupations of all the lodgers there.

This occurrence led me into a new kind of error. I began to think that these unhappy ones also could be helped. This, in my self-deception it seemed to me, would be very easily done. I said to myself, "Now we shall put down the names of these women too; and afterwards, when we (though it never occurred to me to ask who were the *we*) have written every thing down, we can occupy ourselves with their affairs." I imagined that *we*, the very persons who, during many generations, have been leading such women into such a condition, and still continue to do so, could one fine morning wake, and remedy it all. And yet, if I could have recollected my conversation with the lost woman who was nursing the baby for the sick mother, I should have understood all the folly of such an idea.

When we first saw this woman nursing the child, we thought that it was hers; but upon our asking her what she was, she answered us plainly that she was unmarried. She did not say "prostitute." It was left for the rude proprietor of the lodgings to make use of that terrible word. The supposition that she had a child gave me the idea of helping her out of her present position.

"Is this child yours?" I asked.

"No: it is that woman's there."

"Why do you nurse him?"

"She asked me to: she is dying."

Though my surmise turned out to be wrong, I continued to speak with her in the same spirit. I began to question

her as to who she was, and how she came to be in such a position. She told me her story willingly, and very plainly. She belonged to the lower ranks of Moscow society, the daughter of a factory workman. She was left an orphan, and adopted by her aunt, from whose house she began to visit the inns. The aunt was now dead.

When I asked her whether she wished to change her course of life, my question did not even interest her. How can a supposition about something quite impossible awaken an interest in any one? She smiled, and said, - -

"Who would take me with a yellow ticket?"

"But," said I, "if it were possible to find you a situation as a cook or something else?" I said this because she looked like a strong woman, with a kind, dull, round face, not unlike many cooks I had seen.

Evidently my words did not please her. She repeated, "Cook! but I do not understand how to bake bread."

She spoke jestingly; but, by the expression of her face, I saw that she was unwilling; that she even considered the position and rank of a cook beneath her.

This woman, who, in the most simple manner, like the widow in the gospel, had sacrificed all that she had for a sick person, at the same time, like other women of the same profession, considered the position of a workman or working-woman low and despicable. She had been educated in order to live without work, — a life which all her friends considered quite natural. This was her misfortune. And by this she came into her present position, and is kept in it. This brought her to the inns. Who of us men and women will cure her of this false view of life? Are there among us men convinced that a laborious life is more respectable than an idle one, and who are living according to this conviction, and who make this the test of their esteem and respect?

If I had thought about it, I should have understood that neither I, nor anybody else I know, was able to cure a person of this disease.

I should have understood that those wondering and awakened faces that looked over the partition expressed merely astonishment at the pity shown to them, but no wish to reform their lives. They did not see the immorality of them. They knew that they were despised and condemned, but the reason for it they could not understand. They had lived in this manner from their infancy among women like them-

selves, who, they know very well, have always existed, do exist, and are so necessary to society, that there are officials deputed by government to see that they conform to regulations.

Besides, they know that they have power over men, and subdue them, and often influence them more than any other women. They see that their position in society, notwithstanding the fact that they are always blamed, is recognized by men as well as by women and by the government; and therefore they cannot even understand of what they have to repent, and wherein they should reform.

During one of our visiting-tours the student told me, that, in one of the lodgings, there was a woman about to sell her daughter, thirteen years old. Wishing to save this little girl, I went on purpose to their lodging.

Mother and daughter were living in great poverty. The mother, a small, dark-complexioned prostitute of forty years of age, was not simply ugly, but disagreeably ugly. The daughter also was bad-looking. To all my indirect questions about their mode of life, the mother replied curtly, with a look of suspicion and animosity, apparently feeling that I was an enemy with bad intentions: the daughter said nothing without looking first at the mother, in whom she evidently had entire confidence.

They did not awaken pity in my heart, but rather disgust. But I decided that it was necessary to save the daughter, to awaken an interest in ladies who might sympathize with the miserable condition of these women, and might so be brought here.

But if I had thought about the antecedents of the mother, how she had given birth to her daughter, how she had fed and educated her, certainly without any outside help, and with great sacrifices to herself; if I had thought of the view of life which had formed itself in her mind, — I should have understood, that, in the mother's conduct, there was nothing at all bad or immoral, seeing she had been doing for her daughter all she could; i.e., what she considered best for herself.

It was possible to take this girl away from her mother by force; but to convince her that she was doing wrong in selling her daughter, was not possible. It would first be necessary to save this woman — this mother — from a condition of life approved by every one, and according to which a

woman may live without marrying and without working, serving exclusively as a gratification to the passions. If I had thought about this, I should have understood that the majority of those ladies whom I wished to send here for the saving of this girl were not only themselves avoiding family duties, and leading idle and sensual lives, but were consciously educating their daughters for this very same mode of existence. One mother leads her daughter to the inn, and another to court and to balls. But the views of the world held by both mothers are the same; viz., that a woman must gratify the lusts of men, and for that she must be fed, dressed, and taken care of.

How, then, are our ladies to reform this woman and her daughter?

IX.

Still more strange were my dealings with the children. In my *rôle* as a benefactor, I paid attention to the children, too, wishing to save innocent beings from going to ruin in this den; and I wrote down their names in order to attend to them myself *afterwards*.

Among these children, my attention was particularly drawn to Serozha, a boy twelve years old. I sincerely pitied this clever, intelligent lad, who had been living with a bootmaker, and who was left without any place of refuge when his master was put into prison. I wished to do something for him.

I will now give the result of my benevolence in his case, because this boy's story will show my false position as a benefactor better than any thing else.

I took the boy into my house, and lodged him in the kitchen. Could I possibly bring a lousy boy out of a den of depravity to my children? I considered that I had been very kind in having put him where he was, amongst my servants. I thought myself a great benefactor for having given him some of my old clothes and fed him; though it was properly my cook who did it, not I. The boy remained in my house about a week.

During this week I saw him twice, and, passing by him, spoke some words to him, and, when out walking, called on a bootmaker whom I knew, and proposed the boy as an apprentice. A peasant who was on a visit at my house invited him to go to his village, and work in a family.

The boy refused to accept it, and disappeared within a week.

I went to Rzhanoff's house to inquire after him. He had returned there; but when I called, he was not at home. He had already been two days to the zoölogical gardens, where he hired himself for thirty kopeks a day to appear in a procession of savages in costume, leading an elephant. There was some public show on at the time.

I went to see him again, but he evidently avoided me. Had I reflected upon the life of this boy, and on my own, I should have understood that the boy had been spoiled by the fact of his having tasted the sweets of a merry and idle life, and that he had lost the habit of working. And I, in order to confer a benefit on him and reform him, took him into my own house; and what did he see there? He saw my children, some older than he, some younger, and some of the same age, who not only never did any thing for themselves, but gave as much work to others as they could. They dirtied and spoiled every thing about them, surfeited themselves with all sorts of dainties, broke the china, upset and threw to the dogs food which would have been a treat to him. If I took him out of a den and brought him to a respectable place, he could not but assimilate those views of life which existed there; and, according to these views, he understood, that, in a respectable position, one must live without working, eat and drink well, and lead a merry life.

True, he did not know that my children had much labor in learning the exceptions in Latin and Greek grammars; and he would not have been able to understand the object of such work. But one cannot help seeing, that, had he even understood it, the influence upon him of the example of my children would have been still stronger. He would have then understood that they were being educated in such a way, that, not working now, they might hereafter also work as little as possible, and enjoy the good things of life by virtue of their diplomas.

But what he did understand of it, made him go, not to the peasant to take care of cattle and feed on potatoes and kvas, but to the zoölogical gardens in the costume of a savage to lead an elephant for thirty kopeks a day. I ought to have understood how foolish it was of one who was educating his own children in complete idleness and luxury, to try to reform other men and their children, and save them from

going to ruin and idleness in what I called the *dens* in Rzhanoff's house; where, however, three-fourths of the men were working for themselves and for others. But then I understood nothing of all this.

In Rzhanoff's house, there were a great many children in the most miserable condition. There were children of prostitutes, orphans, and children carried about the streets by beggars. They were all very wretched. But my experience with Serozha showed me, that, so long as I continued living the life which I did, I was not able to help them.

While the latter was living with us, I remember that I took pains to hide from him our way of life, particularly that of my children. I felt that all my endeavors to lead him to a good and laborious life were frustrated by my example, and that of my children. It is very easy to take away a child from a prostitute or a beggar. It is very easy, when one has money, to wash him, dress him in new clothes, feed him well, and even teach him different accomplishments; but to teach him how to earn his living, is, for us who have not been earning ours, but have been doing just the contrary, not only difficult, but quite impossible, because by our example, and by the very improvements of his mode of life effected by us, without any cost on our part, we teach him the very opposite.

You may take a puppy, pet him, feed him, teach him to carry things after you, and be pleased with looking at him: but it is not enough to feed a man, dress him, and teach him Greek; you must teach him how to live; i.e., how to take less from others, and give them more in return: and yet we cannot help teaching him the very opposite, through our own mode of life, whether we take him into our own house, or put him into a home to bring up.

X.

I HAVE never since experienced such a feeling of compassion towards men, and of aversion towards myself, as I felt in Liapin's house. I was now filled with the desire to carry out the scheme which I had already begun, and to do good to those men whom I met with.

And, strange to say, though it might seem that to do good and to give money to those in want of it, was a good deed, and ought to dispose men to universal love, it turned out

quite the reverse; calling up in me bitter feeling, and a disposition to censure them. Even during our first visiting-tour a scene occurred similar to that in Liapin's house; but it failed to produce again the same effect, and created a very different impression.

It began with my finding in one of the lodgings a miserable person who required immediate help, — a woman who had not eaten food for two days.

It happened thus: In one very large and almost empty night-lodging, I asked an old woman whether there were any poor people who had nothing to eat. She hesitated a moment, and then named two; then suddenly, as if recollecting herself, she said, "Yes, there lies one of them," pointing to a pallet. "This one," she added, "indeed, has nothing to eat."

"You don't say so! Who is she?"

"She has been a lost woman; but as nobody takes her now, she can't earn any thing. The landlady has had pity on her, but now she wants to turn her out. — Agafia! I say, Agafia!" cried the old woman.

We went a little nearer, and saw something rise from the pallet. This was a gray-haired, dishevelled woman, thin as a skeleton, in a dirty, torn chemise, and with peculiarly glittering, immovable eyes. She looked fixedly beyond us, tried to snatch up her jacket behind her in order to cover her bony chest, and growled out like a dog, "What? what?"

I asked her how she managed to live. For some time she was unable to see the drift of my words, and said, "I do not know myself: they are going to turn me out."

I asked again; and oh, how ashamed of myself I feel! my hand can scarcely write it! I asked her whether it was true that she was starving. She replied in the same feverish, excited manner, "I had nothing to eat yesterday; I have had nothing to eat to-day."

The miserable aspect of this woman impressed me deeply, but quite differently, from what those had in Liapin's house: there, out of pity for them, I felt embarrassed and ashamed of myself; but here, I rejoiced that I had, at last, found what I had been looking for, — a hungry being.

I gave her a ruble, and I remember how glad I felt that the others had seen it.

The old woman forthwith asked me also for money. It was so pleasant to me to give, that I handed her some also,

without thinking whether it was necessary or not. She accompanied me to the door, and those who were in the corridor heard how she thanked me. Probably my questions about the poor provoked expectations, for some of the inmates began to follow us wherever we went.

Among those that begged, there were evidently drunkards, who gave me a most disagreeable impression; but, having once given to the old woman, I thought I had no right to refuse them, and I began to give away more. This only increased the number of applicants, and there was a stir throughout the whole lodging-house.

On the stairs and in the galleries, people appeared dogging my steps. When I came out of the yard, a boy ran quickly down the stairs, pushing through the people. He did not notice me, and said hurriedly, —

"He gave a ruble to Agafia!"

Having reached the ground, he, too, joined the crowd that was following me. I came out into the street. All sorts of people crowded round me, begging for money. Having given away all I had in coppers, I entered a shop and asked the proprietor to give me change for ten rubles.

And here a scene similar to that which took place in Liapin's house occurred. A dreadful confusion ensued. Old women, seedy gentlefolk, peasants, children, all crowded about the shop, stretching out their hands; I gave, and asked some of them about their position and means, and entered all in my note-book. The shopkeeper, having turned up the fur collar of his great-coat, was sitting like a statue, glancing now and then at the crowd, and again staring beyond it. He apparently felt like every one else, that all this was very foolish, but he dared not say so.

In Liapin's house the misery and humiliation of the people had overwhelmed me; and I felt myself to blame for it, and also felt the desire and the possibility of becoming a better man. But though the scene here was similar, it produced a quite different effect. In the first place, I felt angry with many of those who assailed me, and then I felt anxious as to what the shopmen and the dvorniks might think of me. I returned home that day with a weight on my mind. I knew that what I had done was foolish and inconsistent; but, as usual, when my conscience was troubled, I talked the more about my projected plan, as if I had no doubt whatever as to its success.

The next day I went alone to those whom I had noted down, and who seemed the most miserable, thinking they could be more easily helped than others.

As I have already mentioned, I was not really able to help any of these people. It turned out that to do so was more difficult than I had imagined: either I did not understand how to do it, or else it was indeed impossible.

I went several times before the last visiting-tour to Rzhanoff's house, and each time the same thing occurred: I was assailed by a crowd of men and women, in the midst of whom I utterly lost my presence of mind.

I felt the impossibility of doing any thing because there were so many of them, and I was angry with them because they were so many; besides, each of them, taken separately, did not awaken any sympathy in me. I felt that each one of them lied, or at least prevaricated, and regarded me only as a purse out of which money could be abstracted. It often seemed to me that the very money which was extorted from me did not improve their position, but only made it worse.

The oftener I went to these houses, the closer the intercourse which I had with the inmates, the more apparent became the impossibility of doing any thing; but, notwithstanding this, I did not give up my plan until after the last night tour with the census-takers.

I feel more ashamed of this visit than of any other. Formerly I had gone alone, but now twenty of us went together. At seven o'clock all those who wished to take part in this last tour began to assemble in my house. They were almost all strangers to me. Some students, an officer, and two of my fashionable acquaintances, who, after having repeated the usual phrase, "C'est très intéressant!" asked me to put them into the number of the census-takers.

These fashionable friends of mine had dressed themselves in shooting-jackets and high travelling boots, which they thought more suited to the visit than their ordinary attire. They carried with them peculiar pocket-books and extraordinary-looking pencils. They were in that agitated state of mind which one experiences just before going to a hunt, or to a duel, or into a battle. The falseness and foolishness of our enterprise was now more apparant to me when looking at them; but were we not all in the same ridiculous position?

Before starting we had a conference, somewhat like a council of war, as to what we should begin with, how to

divide ourselves, and so on. This conference was just like all other official councils, meetings, and committees: each spoke, not because he had any thing to say, or to ask, but because every one tried to find something to say in order not to be behind the rest. But during this conversation no one alluded to the acts of benevolence to which I had so many times referred; and however much ashamed I felt, I found it was needful to remind them that we must carry out our charitable intentions by writing down, during the visiting-tour, the names of all whom we should find in a destitute condition.

I had always felt ashamed to speak about these matters; but here, in the midst of our hurried preparations for the expedition, I could scarcely utter a word about them. All listened to me and seemed touched, all agreed with me in words; but it was evident that each of them knew that it was folly, and that it would lead to nothing, so they began at once to talk about other subjects, and continued doing so until it was time for us to start.

We came to the dark tavern, aroused the waiters, and began to sort our papers. When we were told that the people, having heard about this visiting-tour, had begun to leave their lodgings, we asked the landlord to shut the gate, and we ourselves went to the yard to persuade those to remain who wanted to escape, assuring them that no one would ask to see their tickets.

I remember the strange and painful impression produced upon me by these frightened night-lodgers. Ragged and half-dressed, they all appeared tall to me by the light of the lantern in the dark court-yard. Frightened and horrible in their terror, they stood in a small knot round the pestilential out-house, listening to our persuasions, but not believing us; and evidently, like hunted animals, were prepared to do any thing to escape from us.

Gentlemen of all kinds, town and country policemen, public prosecutors and judges, had, all their lives long, been hunting them in towns and villages, on the roads and in the streets, in the taverns and in the lodging-houses, and suddenly these gentlemen had come at night and shut the gate, only, forsooth, in order to count them; they found it as difficult to believe this as it would be for hares to believe that the dogs are come out not to catch but to count them.

But the gates were shut, and the frightened night-lodgers

returned to their respective places; and we, having separated into groups, began our visit. With me were my fashionable acquaintances and two students. Ványa, with a lantern, went before us in a great-coat and white trousers, and we followed. We entered lodgings well known to me. The place was familiar, some of the persons also; but the majority were new to me, and the spectacle was also a new and dreadful one, — still more dreadful than that which I had seen at Liapin's house. All the lodgings were filled, all the pallets occupied, and not only by one, but often by two persons. The sight was dreadful, because of the closeness with which these people were huddled together, and because of the indiscriminate commingling of men and women. Such of the latter as were not dead-drunk were sleeping with men. Many women with children slept with strange men on narrow beds.

The spectacle was dreadful, owing to the misery, dirt, raggedness, and terror of these people; and chiefly so because there were so many of them. One lodging, then another, then a third, a tenth, a twentieth, and so on, without end. And everywhere the same fearful stench, the same suffocating exhalation, the same confusion of sexes, men and women, drunk, or in a state of insensibility; the same terror, submissiveness, and guilt stamped on all faces, so that I felt deeply ashamed and grieved, as I had before at Liapin's. At last I understood that what I was about to do was disgusting, foolish, and therefore impossible; so I left off writing down their names and questioning them, knowing now that nothing would come of it.

At Liapin's I had been like a man who sees a horrible wound on the body of another. He feels sorry for the man, ashamed of not having relieved him before, yet he can still hope to help the sufferer; but now I was like a doctor who comes with his own medicines to the patient, uncovers his wound only to mangle it, and to confess to himself that all he has done has been in vain, and that his remedy is ineffectual.

XI.

This visit gave the last blow to my self-deception. It became very evident to me that my aim was not only foolish, but also productive of evil. And yet, though I knew this, it seemed to be my duty to continue my project a little longer:

first, because by the article which I had written, and my visits, I had raised the expectations of the poor; secondly, because what I had said and written had awakened the sympathy of some benefactors, many of whom had promised to assist me personally and with money. And I was expecting to be applied to by both, and hoped to satisfy them as well as I was able.

As regards the applications made to me by those who were in need, the following details may be given: I received more than a hundred letters, which came exclusively from the "rich poor," if I may so express myself. Some of them I visited, and some I left unanswered. In no instance did I succeed in doing any good. All the applications made to me were from persons who were once in a privileged position (I call such persons privileged who receive more from others than they give in return), had lost that position, and were desirous of regaining it. One wanted two hundred rubles in order to keep his business from going to ruin, and to enable him to finish the education of his children; another wanted to have a photographic establishment; a third wanted money to pay his debts, and take his best clothes out of pawn; a fourth was in need of a piano, in order to perfect himself, and earn money to support his family by giving lessons. The majority did not name any particular sum of money: they simply asked for help; but when I began to investigate what was necessary, it turned out that their wants increased in proportion to the help offered, and nothing satisfactory resulted. I repeat again, the fault may have been in my want of understanding; but in any case I helped no one, notwithstanding the fact that I made every effort to do so.

As for the philanthropists who were to co-operate with me, something very strange and quite unexpected occurred: of all who promised to assist with money, and even stated the amount they would give, not one contributed any thing for distribution among the poor.

The promises of pecuniary assistance amounted to about three thousand rubles; but of all these people, not one recollected his agreement, or gave me a single kopek. The students alone gave the money which they received as payment for visiting, about twelve rubles; so that my scheme, which was to have collected tens of thousands of rubles from the rich, and to have saved hundreds and thousands of

people from misery and vice, ended in my distributing at random some few rubles among those who came begging; and there remained on my hands the twelve rubles offered by the students, with twenty-five more sent me by the town-council for my labor as manager, which I positively did not know what to do with.

And so ended the affair.

Then, before leaving Moscow for the country, on the Sunday before the carnival I went to the Rzhanoff house in the morning in order to distribute the thirty-seven rubles among the poor. I visited all whom I knew in the lodgings, but found only one invalid, to whom I gave something, — I think, five rubles. There was nobody else to give to. Of course, many began to beg; but, as I did not know them, I made up my mind to take the advice of Iván Fedotitch, the tavern-keeper, respecting the distribution of the remaining thirty-two rubles.

It was the first day of the carnival. Everybody was smartly dressed, all had had food, and many were drunk. In the yard near the corner of the house stood an old-clothes man, dressed in a ragged peasant's coat and bark shoes. He was still hale and hearty. Sorting his purchases, he was putting them into different heaps, — leather, iron, and other things, — and was singing a merry song at the top of his voice.

I began to talk with him. He was seventy years of age; had no relatives; earned his living by dealing in old clothes, and not only did not complain, but said he had enough to eat, drink, and to spare. I asked him who in the place were particularly in want. He became cross, and said plainly that there was no one in want but drunkards and idlers; but on learning my object in asking, he begged of me five kopeks for drink, and ran to the tavern for it.

I also went to the tavern to see Iván Fedotitch, in order to ask him to distribute the money for me. It was full; gayly-dressed tipsy prostitutes were walking to and fro; all the tables were occupied; many people were already drunk; and in the small room some one was playing a harmonium, and two people were dancing. Iván Fedotitch, out of respect for me, ordered them to leave off, and sat down next me at a vacant table. I asked him, as he knew his lodgers well, to point out those most in want, as I was intrusted with a little money for distribution, and wished him to direct me. The

kind-hearted man (he died a year after), although he had to wait on his customers, gave me his attention for a time in order to oblige me. He began to think over it, and was evidently puzzled. One old waiter had overheard us, and took his part in the conference.

They began to go over his lodgers, some of whom were known to me, but they could not agree. "Paramonovna," suggested the waiter.

"Well, yes, she does go hungry sometimes; but she drinks."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, Spiridon Ivanovitch, he has children; that's the man for you."

But Iván Fedotitch had doubts about Spiridon too.

"Akulina, but she has a pension. Ah, but there is the blind man!"

To him I myself objected: I had just seen him. This was an old man of eighty years of age, without any relatives. One could scarcely imagine any condition to be worse; and yet I had just seen him lying drunk on a feather bed, cursing at his comparatively young mistress in the most filthy language.

They then named a one-armed boy and his mother. I saw that Iván Fedotitch was in great difficulty, owing to his conscientiousness, for he knew that every thing given away by me would be spent at his tavern. But as I had to get rid of my thirty-two rubles, I insisted, and we managed somehow or other to distribute the money. Those who received it were mostly well-dressed, and we had not far to go to find them: they were all in the tavern.

Thus ended all my benevolent enterprises; and I left for the country, vexed with every one, as it always happens when one does something foolish and harmful. Nothing came of it all, except the train of thoughts and feelings which it called forth in me, which not only did not cease, but doubly agitated my mind.

XII.

WHAT did it all mean?

I had lived in the country, and had entered into relations with the country-poor. It is not out of false modesty, but in order to state the truth, which is necessary in order to understand the run of all my thoughts and feelings, that I must

say that in the country I had done perhaps but little for the poor, the help which had been required of me was so small; but even the little I had done had been useful, and had formed round me an atmosphere of love and sympathy with my fellow-creatures, in the midst of whom it might yet be possible for me to quiet the gnawing of my conscience as to the unlawfulness of my life of luxury.

On going to the city I had hoped for the same happy relations with the poor, but there things were upon quite another footing. In the city, poverty was at once less truthful, more exacting, and more bitter, than in the country. It was chiefly because there was so much more of it accumulated together, that it produced upon me a most harrowing impression. What I experienced at Liapin's house made my own luxurious life seem monstrously evil. I could not doubt the sincerity and the strength of this conviction; yet, notwithstanding this, I was quite incapable of carrying out that revolution which demanded an entire change in my mode of life: I was frightened at the prospect, and so I resorted to compromises. I accepted what I was told by every one, and what has been said by everybody since the world began, — that riches and luxury contain in themselves no evil, that they are given by God, and that it is possible to help those in need whilst continuing to live luxuriously. I believed this, and wanted to do so. And I wrote an article in which I called upon all rich people to help. These all admitted themselves morally obliged to agree with me, but evidently did not wish, or could not, either do or give any thing for the poor.

I then began visiting, and discovered what I had in no way expected to see. On the one hand, I saw in these dens (as I had at first called them) men whom it was impossible for me to help, because they were working-men, accustomed to labor and privation, and therefore having a much firmer hold on life than I had. On the other hand, I saw miserable men whom I could not aid because they were just such as I was myself. The majority of the poor whom I saw were wretched, merely because they had lost the capacity, desire, and habit of earning their bread; in other words, their misery consisted in the fact that they were just like myself. Whereas, of poor people, to whom it was possible to give immediate assistance, — those suffering from illness, cold, and hunger, — I found none, except the starving Agafia; and I became persuaded that, being so far removed from the life of those whom I

wished to succor, it was almost impossible to find such need as I sought, because all real need was attended to by those amongst whom these unhappy creatures lived: and my principal conviction now was, that, with money, I could never reform that life of misery which these people led.

I was persuaded of this: yet a feeling of shame to leave off all I had begun, and self-deception as to my own virtues, made me continue my plan for some time longer, till it died a natural death; thus, only with great difficulty and the help of Iván Fedotitch, I managed to distribute in the tavern at Rzhanoff's house the thirty-seven rubles which I considered were not my own.

Of course I might have continued this style of thing, and have transformed it into a kind of charity; and, by importuning those who promised to give me money, I might have obtained and distributed more, thus comforting myself with the idea of my own excellence: but I became convinced on the one hand, that we rich people do not wish, and are also unable, to distribute to the poor a portion of our superfluities (we have so many wants ourselves), and that money should not be given to any one if we really wished to do good, and not merely to distribute it at random as I had done in the Rzhanoff tavern; so I dropped the affair entirely, and quitted Moscow, in despair, for my own village.

I intended on returning home to write a pamphlet on my experience, and to state why my project had not succeeded. I wanted to justify myself from the imputations which resulted from my article on the census; I wanted also to denounce society and its heartless indifference; and I desired to point out the causes of this town misery, and the necessity for endeavoring to remedy it, as well as those means which I thought were requisite for this purpose. I began even then to write, and fancied I had many very important facts to communicate. But in vain did I rack my brain: I could not manage it, notwithstanding the superabundance of material at my command, because of the irritation under which I wrote, and because I had not yet learned by experience what was necessary to grasp the question rightly; still more because I had not become fully conscious of the cause of it all, — a very simple cause, which was deep-rooted in myself; so the pamphlet was not finished at the commencement of the present year (1884–1885). In the matter of moral law we witness a strange phenomenon to which men pay too little

attention. If I speak to an unlearned man about geology, astronomy, history, natural philosophy, or mathematics, he receives the information as quite new to him, and never says to me, "There is nothing new in what you tell me; every one knows it, and I have known it for a long time."

But tell a man one of the highest moral truths in the simplest manner, in such a way as it has never been before formulated, and every ordinary man, particularly one who does not take any interest in moral questions, and, above all, one who dislikes them, is sure to say, "Who does not know that? It has been always known and expressed." And he really believes this. Only those who can appreciate moral truths know how to value their elucidation and simplification by a long and laborious process, or can prize the transition from a first vaguely understood proposition or desire to a firm and determined expression calling for a corresponding change of conduct.

We are all accustomed to consider moral doctrine to be a very insipid and dull affair, in which there cannot be any thing new or interesting; whereas, in reality, human life, with all its complicated and varied actions, which seem to have no connection with morals, — political activity, activity in the sciences, in the arts, and in commerce, — has no other object than to elucidate moral truths more and more, and to confirm, simplify, and make them accessible to all.

I recollect once while walking in a street in Moscow I saw a man come out and examine the flag-stones attentively; then, choosing one of them, he sat down by it and began to scrape or rub it vigorously.

"What is he doing with the pavement?" I wondered; and, having come up close to him, I discovered he was a young man from a butcher's shop, and was sharpening his knife on the flagstone. He was not thinking about the stones when examining them, and still less while doing his work: he was merely sharpening his knife. It was necessary for him to do so in order to cut the meat, but to me it seemed that he was doing something to the pavement.

In the same way mankind seems to be occupied with commerce, treaties, wars, sciences, arts; and yet for them one thing only is important, and they do only that, — they are elucidating those moral laws by which they live.

Moral laws are already in existence, and mankind has been merely re-discovering them: this elucidation appears to be

unimportant and imperceptible to one who has no need of moral law, and who does not desire to live by it. Yet this is not only the chief, but ought to be the sole, business of all men. This elucidation is imperceptible in the same way as the difference between a sharp knife and a blunt one is imperceptible. A knife remains a knife; and one who has not got to cut any thing with it, will not notice its edge: but for one who understands that all his life depends more or less upon whether his knife is blunt or sharp, every improvement in sharpening it is important; and such a man knows that there must be no limit to this improvement, and that the knife is only really a knife when it is sharp, and when it cuts what it has to cut.

The conviction of this truth flashed upon me when I began to write my pamphlet. Previously it seemed to me that I knew every thing about my subject, that I had a thorough understanding of every thing connected with those questions which had been awakened in me by the impressions made in Liapin's house during the census; but when I tried to sum them up, and to put them on paper, it turned out that the knife would not cut, and had to be sharpened: so it is only now after three years that I feel my knife is sharp enough for me to cut out what I want. It is not that I have learned new things: my thoughts are still the same; but they were blunt formerly; they kept scattering in every direction; there was no edge to them; nor was any thing brought, as it is now, to one central point, to one most simple and plain conclusion.

XIII.

I RECOLLECT that during the whole time of my unsuccessful endeavors to help the unfortunate inhabitants of Moscow, I felt that I was like a man trying to help others out of a morass, who was himself all the time stuck fast in it. Every effort made me feel the instability of that ground upon which I was standing. I was conscious that I myself was in this same morass; but this acknowledgment did not help me to look more closely under my feet in order to ascertain the nature of the ground upon which I stood: I kept looking for some exterior means to remedy the existing evil.

I felt then that my life was a bad one, and that people ought not to live so; yet I did not come to the most natural

and obvious conclusion, that I must first reform my own mode of life before I should have any conception of how to reform that of others. And so I began as it were at the wrong end. I was living in town, and I desired to improve the lives of the men there; but I was soon convinced that I had no power to do so, and I began to ponder over the nature of town life and town misery.

I said to myself over and over, "What is this town life and town misery? And why, while living in town, am I unable to help the town poor?" The only reply I found was, that I was powerless to do any thing for them: first, because there were too many collected together in one place; secondly, because none of them was at all like those in the country. And again I asked myself, "Why are there so many here, and in what do they differ from the country poor?"

To both these questions the answer was one and the same. There are many poor people in towns because there all those who have nothing to subsist on in the country are collected round the rich, and their peculiarity consists only in that they have all come into the towns from the country in order to get a living. (If there are any town poor born there, whose fathers and grandfathers were town born, these in their turn originally came there to get a living.) But what are we to understand by the expression, "getting a living in town"? There is something strange in the expression: it sounds like a joke when we reflect on its meaning. How is it that from the country — i.e., from places where there are woods, meadows, corn and cattle, where the earth yields the treasures of fertility — men come away in order to get a living in a place where there are none of these advantages, but only stones and dust? What, then, do these words signify, to "get a living in town"?

Such a phrase is constantly used, both by the employed and their employers, and that as if it were quite clear and intelligible. I remember now all the hundreds and thousands of town people living well or in want with whom I had spoken about their object in coming here: and all of them, without exception, told me they had quitted their villages in order to get a living; that according to the proverb, "Moscow neither sows nor reaps, yet lives in wealth;" that in Moscow there is abundance of every thing; and that, therefore, in Moscow one may get the money which is needed in

the country for getting corn, cottages, horses, and the other essentials of life.

But, in fact, the source of all wealth is the country; there only are real riches, — corn, woods, horses, and every thing necessary. Why then go to towns in order to get what is to be had in the country? And why should people carry away from the country into the towns such things as are necessary for country people, — flour, oats, horses, and cattle?

Hundreds of times have I spoken thus with peasants who live in towns; and from my talks with them, and from my own observations, it became clear to me that the accumulation of country people in our cities is partly necessary, because they could not otherwise earn their livelihood, and partly voluntary, because they are attracted by the temptations of a town life. It is true that the circumstances of a peasant are such, that, in order to satisfy the pecuniary demands made on him in his village, he cannot do it otherwise than by selling that corn and cattle which he very well knows will be necessary for himself; and he is compelled, whether he will or not, to go to town in order to earn back that which was his own. But it is also true that he is attracted to town by the charms of a comparatively easy way of getting money, and by the luxury of lif there; and, under the pretext of thus earning his living, he goes there in order to have easier work and better eating, to drink tea three times a day, to dress himself smartly, and even to get drunk, and lead a dissolute life.

The cause is a simple one, for property passing from the hands of the agriculturalist into those of non-agriculturalists thus accumulates in towns. Observe towards autumn how much wealth is gathered together in villages. Then come the demands of taxes, rents, recruiting; then the temptations of vodka, marriages, feasts, peddlers, and all sorts of other snares; so that in one way or other, this property, in all its various forms (sheep, calves, cows, horses, pigs, poultry, eggs, butter, hemp, flax, rye, oats, buckwheat, pease, hempseed, and flax-seed), passes into the hands of strangers, and is taken first to provincial towns, and from them to the capitals. A villager is compelled to dispose of all these in order to satisfy the demands made upon him, and the temptations offered him; and, having thus dispensed his goods, he is left in want, and must follow where his wealth has been taken;

and there he tries to earn back the money necessary for his most urgent needs at home; and so, being partly carried away by these temptations, he himself, along with others, makes use of the accumulated wealth.

Everywhere throughout Russia, and I think not only in Russia but all over the world, the same thing happens. The wealth of country producers passes into the hands of tradespeople, land-owners, government functionaries, manufacturers; the men who receive this wealth want to enjoy it, and to enjoy it fully they must be in town. In the village, in the first place, owing to the inhabitants being scattered, it is difficult for the rich to gratify all their desires: you do not find there all sorts of shops, banks, restaurants, theatres, and various kinds of public amusements.

Secondly, another of the chief pleasures procured by wealth, — vanity, the desire to astonish, to make a display before others, — cannot be gratified in the country for the same reason, its inhabitants being too scattered. There is no one in the country to appreciate luxury; there is no one to astonish. There you may have wl t you like to embellish your dwelling, — pictures, bronze statues, all sorts of carriages, fine toilets, — but there is nobody to look at them or to envy you; the peasants do not understand the value of all this, and cannot make head or tail of it. Thirdly, luxury in the country is even disagreeable to a man who has a conscience, and is an anxiety to a timid person. One feels uneasy or ashamed at taking a milk bath, or in feeding puppies with milk, when there are children close by needing it: one feels the same in building pavilions and gardens among a people who live in cottages covered with stable litter, and who have no wood to burn. There is no one in the village to prevent the stupid, uneducated peasants from spoiling our comforts.

And, therefore, rich people gather together in towns, and settle near those who, in similar positions, have similar desires. In towns, the enjoyment of all sorts of luxuries is carefully protected by a numerous police. The chief inhabitants of the town are government functionaries, round whom all sorts of master-workmen, artisans, and all the rich people have settled. There, a rich man has only to think about any thing in order to get it. It is also more agreeable for him to live there, because he can gratify his vanity; there are people with whom he may try to compete in luxury, whom he may astonish or eclipse. But it is especially

pleasant for a wealthy man to live in town, because, where his country life was uncomfortable, and somewhat incongruous on account of his luxury, in town, on the contrary, it would be uncomfortable for him not to live splendidly, and as his equals in wealth do.

What seemed out of place there, appears indispensable here. Rich people collect together in towns, and, under the protection of the authorities, peacefully enjoy all that has been brought there by the villagers. A countryman often cannot help going to town where a ceaseless round of feasting is going on, where what has been procured from the peasants is being spent; he comes into the town in order to feed upon those crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich; and partly by observing the careless, luxurious, and universally approved mode of living of these men, he begins to desire to order his own affairs in such a manner that he, too, may be able to work less, and avail himself more of the labor of others. And at last he decides to settle down in the neighborhood of the wealthy, trying by every means in his power to get back from them what is necessary for him, and submitting to all the conditions which the rich enforce. These country people assist in gratifying all the fancies of the wealthy: they serve them in public baths, in taverns, as coachmen, and as prostitutes. They manufacture carriages, make toys and dresses, and little by little learn from their wealthy neighbors how to live like them, not by real labor, but by all sorts of tricks, squeezing out from others the money they have collected, and so become depraved, and are ruined. It is then this same population, depraved by the wealth of towns, which forms that city misery which I wished to relieve, but could not.

And indeed, if one only reflects upon the condition of these country folk coming to town in order to earn money to buy bread or to pay taxes, seeing everywhere thousands of rubles foolishly squandered, and hundreds very easily earned, while they have to earn their pence by the hardest labor, one cannot but be astonished that there are still many of such people at work, and that they do not all of them have recourse to a more easy way of getting money, — by trade, begging, vice, cheating, and even robbery.

But it is only we who join in the ceaseless orgy going on in the towns who can get so accustomed to our own mode of life, that it seems quite natural to us for one fine gentleman

to occupy five large rooms which are heated with such a quantity of firewood as would be enough for twenty families to warm their homes, and cook their food with. To drive a short distance. we employ two thoroughbreds and two men; we cover our inlaid floors with carpets, and spend five or ten thousand rubles on a ball, or even twenty-five for a Christmas-tree, and so on. Yet a man who needs ten rubles in order to buy bread for his family, or from whom his last sheep is taken to meet a tax of seven rubles which he cannot save by the hardest labor, cannot get accustomed to all this, which we imagine must seem quite natural to the poor; there are even such *naïve* people as say that the poor are thankful to us because we feed them by living so luxuriously.

But poor people do not lose their reasoning powers because they are poor: they reason quite in the same manner as we do. When we have heard that some one has lost a fortune at cards, or squandered ten or twenty thousand rubles, the first thought that comes into our minds is: How stupid and bad this man must be to have parted with such a large sum without any equivalent; and how well I could have employed this money for some building I have long wanted to get done, or for the improvement of my estate, and so on.

So also do the poor reason on seeing how foolishly we waste our wealth; all the more forcibly, because this money is needed, not to satisfy their whims, but for the chief necessaries of life, of which they are in want. We are greatly mistaken in thinking that the poor, while able to reason thus, still look on unconcernedly at the luxury around them.

They have never acknowledged, and never will, that it is right for one man to be always idling, and for another to be continually working. At first they are astonished at it and offended; then, looking closer into the question, they see that this order of things is acknowledged to be lawful, and they try themselves to get rid of working, and to take part in the feasting. Some succeed in so doing, and acquire similar wanton habits; others, little by little, approach such a condition; others break down before they reach their object, and, having lost the habit of working, fill the night-houses and the haunts of vice.

The year before last we took from the village a young peasant to be our butler's assistant. He could not agree with the footman, and was sent away; he entered the service

of a merchant, pleased his masters, and now wears a watch and chain, and has smart boots.

In his place we took another peasant, a married man. He turned out a drunkard, and lost money. We took a third: he began to drink, and, having drunk up all he had, was for a long time in distress in a night-lodging-house. Our old cook took to drinking in the town, and fell ill. Last year a footman who used formerly to have fits of drunkenness, and who when in the village kept himself from it for five years, when living in Moscow without his wife, who used to keep him in order, began again to drink, and ruined himself. A young boy of our village is living as butler's assistant at my brother's. His grandfather, a blind old man, came to me while I was living in the country, and asked me to persuade this grandson to send ten rubles for taxes, because, unless this were done, the cow would have to be sold.

"He keeps telling me that he has to dress himself respectably," said the old man. "He got himself boots, and that ought to be enough; but I actually believe he would like to buy a watch!"

In these words the grandfather expressed the utmost degree of extravagance. And this was really so; for the old man could not afford a drop of oil for his food during the whole of Lent, and his wood was spoilt because he had not the ruble and a quarter necessary for cutting it up. But the old man's irony turned out to be a reality. His grandson came to me dressed in a fine black overcoat, and in boots for which he had paid eight rubles. Lately he got ten rubles from my brother, and spent them on his boots. And my children, who have known the boy from his infancy, told me that he really considers it necessary to buy a watch. He is a very good boy, but he considers that he will be laughed at for not having one.

This year a housemaid, eighteen years of age, formed an intimacy with the coachman, and was sent away. Our old nurse, to whom I related the case, reminded me of a girl whom I had quite forgotten. Ten years ago, during our short stay in Moscow, she formed an intimacy with a footman. She was also sent away, and drifted at last into a house of ill-fame, and died in a hospital before she was twenty years of age.

We have only to look around us in order to become terrified by that infection which (to say nothing of manufactories

and workshops existing only to gratify our luxury) we directly, by our luxurious town life, spread among those very people whom we desire afterwards to help.

Thus, having got at the root of that town misery which I was not able to alleviate, I saw that its first cause is in our taking from the villagers their necessaries and carrying them to town. The second cause is, that in those towns we avail ourselves of what we have gathered from the country, and, by our foolish luxury, tempt and deprave those peasants who follow us there in order to get back something of what we have taken from them in the country.

XIV.

From an opposite point of view to that previously stated, I again came to the same conclusion. Recollecting all my connection with the town poor during this period, I saw that one reason why I was not able to help them was their insincerity and falseness. They all considered me not as an individual, but merely as a means to an end. I felt I could not become intimate with them: I thought I did not perhaps understand how to do so; but without truthfulness, no help was possible. How can one help a man who does not tell all his circumstances? Formerly I accused the poor of this, — it is so natural to accuse others; but one word spoken by a remarkable man, namely, Sutaief, who was then on a visit at my house, cleared up the difficulty, and showed me wherein lay the cause of my non-success.

I remember that even then what he said made a deep impression upon me; but I did not understand its full meaning until afterwards. It happened that while in the full ardor of my self-deception, I was at my sister's house, Sutaief being also there; and my sister was questioning me about my work.

I was relating it to her; and, as is often the case when one does not fully believe in one's own enterprises, I related with great enthusiasm, ardor, and at full length, all I had been doing, and all the possible results. I was telling her how we should keep our eyes open to what went on in Moscow; how we should take care of orphans and old people; how we should afford means to impoverished villagers to return to their homes, and pave the way to reform the

depraved. I explained, that, if we succeeded in our undertaking, there would not be in Moscow a single poor man who could not find help.

My sister sympathized with me; and while speaking, I kept looking now and then at Sutaief, knowing his Christian life, and the importance attached by him to works of charity, I expected sympathy from him, and I spoke so that he might understand me; for, though I was addressing my sister, yet my conversation was really more directed to him.

He sat immovable, dressed in his black-tanned sheepskin coat, which he, like other peasants, wore in-doors as well as out. It seemed that he was not listening to us, but was thinking about something else. His small eyes gave no responding gleam, but seemed to be turned inwards. Having spoken out to my own satisfaction, I turned to him and asked him what he thought about it.

"The whole thing is superficial," he replied.

"Why?"

"The plan is an empty one, and no good will come of it," he repeated with conviction.

"How is it that nothing will come of it? Why is it a useless business, if we help thousands, or even hundreds, of unhappy ones? Is it a bad thing, according to the gospel, to clothe the naked, or to feed the hungry?"

"I know, I know; but what you are doing is not that. Is it possible to help thus? You are walking in the street; somebody asks you for a few kopeks; you give it him. Is that charity? Do him some spiritual good: teach him . . . what you gave him merely says, 'Leave me alone.'"

"No; but that is not what we were speaking of: we wish to become acquainted with the wants, and then help by money and by deeds. We will try to find for the poor people some work to do."

"That would be no way of helping them."

"How then? must they be left to die of starvation and cold?"

"Why left to die? How many are there of them?"

"How many?" said I, thinking that he took the matter so lightly from not knowing the great number of these men.

"You are not aware, I dare say, that there are in Moscow about twenty thousand cold and hungry. And then, think of those in St. Petersburg and other towns!"

He smiled.

"Twenty thousand! And how many families are there in Russia alone? Would they amount to a million?"

"Well; but what of that?"

"What of that?" said he, with animation, and his eyes sparkled. "Let us unite them with ourselves; I am not rich myself, but will at once take two of them. You take a young fellow into your kitchen: I invite him into my family. If there were ten times as many, we should take them all into our families. You one, I another. We shall work together; those I take to live with me will see how I work; I will teach them to reap, and we shall eat out of one bowl, at one table; and they will hear a good word from me, and from you also. This is charity; but all this plan of yours is no good."

These plain words made an impression upon me. I could not help recognizing that this was true; but it seemed to me then, that, notwithstanding the justice of what he said, my proposed plan might, perhaps, also be useful.

But the longer I was occupied with this affair, and the closer my intercourse with the poor, the oftener I recollected these words, and the greater meaning I found in them.

I, indeed, go in an expensive fur coat, or drive in my own carriage to a man who is in want of boots: he sees my house which costs two hundred rubles a month, or he notices that I give away, without thinking, five rubles, only because such is my fancy; he is then aware that if I give away rubles in such a manner, it is because I have accumulated so many of them that I have a lot to spare, which I not only am never in the habit of giving to any one, but which I have, without compunction, taken away from others. What can he see in me but one of those persons who have become possessed of what should belong to him? And what other feeling can he have towards me but the desire to get back as many as possible of these rubles which were taken by me from him and from others?

I should like to become intimate with him, and I complain that he is not sincere; but I am afraid to sit down upon his bed for fear of lice or some infectious disease; I am also afraid to let him come into my room; and when he comes to me half-dressed, he has to wait, — if fortunate, in the entrance-hall, but oftener in the cold porch. And then I say that it is all his fault that I cannot become intimate with him, and that he is not sincere.

Let the most hard-hearted man sit down to dine upon

five courses among hungry people who have little or nothing to eat except black bread, and no one could have the heart to eat while hungry people are around him licking their lips.

Therefore, in order to eat well, when living among half-starving men, the first thing necessary is to hide ourselves from them, and to eat so that they may not see us. This is the very thing we do at present.

Without prejudice I looked into our own mode of life, and became aware that it was not by chance that closer intercourse with the poor is difficult for us, but that we ourselves are intentionally ordering our lives in such a way as to make this intercourse impossible. And not only this; but, on looking at our lives, or at the lives of rich people from without, I saw that all that is considered as the *summum bonum* of these lives consists in being separated as much as possible from the poor, or is in some way or other connected with this desired separation.

In fact, all the aim of our lives, beginning with food, dress, dwelling, cleanliness, and ending with our education, consists in placing a gulf between us and them. And in order to establish this distinction and separation we spend nine-tenths of our wealth in erecting impassable barriers.

The first thing a man does who has grown rich is to leave off eating with others out of one bowl. He arranges plates for himself and his family, and separates himself from the kitchen and the servants. He feeds his servants well, in order that their mouths may not water, and he dines alone. But eating alone is dull. He invents whatever he can to improve his food, embellish his table; and the very manner of taking food, as at dinner-parties, becomes for him a matter of vanity, of pride. His manner of eating his food is a means of separating himself from other people. For a rich man it is out of the question to invite a poor person to his table. One must know how to hand a lady to table, how to bow, how to sit, to eat, to use a finger-bowl, all of which the rich alone know how to do.

The same holds good with dress.

If a rich man, in order to cover his body and protect it from cold, wore ordinary dress, — a jacket, a fur coat, felt shoes, leather boots, an undercoat, trousers, a shirt, — he would require very little; and, having two fur coats, he could not help giving one away to somebody who had none. But the wealthy man begins with wearing clothes which consist

of many separate parts, and can be of use only on particular occasions, and therefore are of no use for a poor man. The man of fashion must have evening dress-coats, waistcoats, frock-coats, patent-leather shoes: his wife, bodices and dresses (which, according to fashion, are made of many parts), high-heeled shoes, hunting and travelling jackets, and so on. All these articles can be of use only to people in a condition far removed from poverty.

And thus dressing also becomes a means of isolation. Fashions make their appearance, and are among the chief things which separate the rich man from the poor one.

The same thing shows itself more plainly still in our dwellings. In order for one person to occupy ten rooms, we must manage so that he may not be seen by people who are living by tens in one room.

The richer a man is, the more difficult it is to get at him; the more footmen there are between him and people not rich, the more impossible it is for him to receive a poor guest, to let him walk on carpets, and sit on satin-covered chairs.

The same thing happens in travelling. A peasant who drives in a cart or on a carrier's sledge must be very hard-hearted if he refuses to give a pedestrian a lift; he has enough room, and can do it. But the richer the carriage is, the more impossible it is to put any one in it besides the owner of it. Some of the most elegant carriages are so narrow as to be termed "*egotists.*"

The same thing applies to all the modes of living expressed by the word "cleanliness." Cleanliness! Who does not know human beings, especially women, who make a great virtue of cleanliness? Who does not know the various phases of this cleanliness, which have no limit whatever when it is procured by the labor of others? Who among self-made men has not experienced in his own person with what pains he carefully accustomed himself to this cleanliness, which illustrates the saying, "White hands are fond of another's labor"?

To-day cleanliness consists in changing one's shirt daily, and to-morrow it will be changed twice a day. At first, one has to wash one's hands and neck every day, then one will have to wash one's feet every day, and afterwards it will be the whole body, and in peculiar methods. A clean table-cloth serves for two days, then it is changed every day, and afterwards two table-cloths a day are used. To-day the

footman is required to have clean hands: to-morrow he must wear gloves, and clean gloves, and he must hand the letters on a clean tray.

And there are no limits to this cleanliness, which is of no other use to any one except to separate us from others, and to make our intercourse with them impossible, while cleanliness is obtained through the labor of others.

Not only so; but when I had deeply reflected upon this, I came to the conclusion that what we term education is a similar thing. Language cannot deceive: it gives the right appellation to every thing. The common people call education fashionable dress, smart conversation, white hands, and a certain degree of cleanliness. Of such a man they say, when distinguishing him from others, that he is an educated man.

In a little higher circle, men by education denote the same things, but add playing on the piano, the knowledge of French, good Russian spelling, and still greater cleanliness.

In the still higher circle, education consists of all this, with the addition of English, and a diploma from a high government establishment, and a still greater degree of cleanliness. But in all these shades education is in substance quite the same.

It consists in those forms and various kinds of information which separate a man from his fellow-creatures. Its object is the same as that of cleanliness: to separate us from the crowd, in order that they, hungry and cold, may not see how we feast. But it is impossible to hide ourselves, and our efforts are seen through.

And so I became aware that the cause of the impossibility for us rich men to help the town poor was nothing more or less than the impossibility of our having closer intercourse with them, and that this we ourselves create by our whole life, and by all the uses we make of our wealth. I became persuaded that between us rich men and the poor there stood, erected by ourselves, a barrier of cleanliness and education which arose out of our wealth, and that, in order to be able to help them, we have first to break down this barrier, and render possible the realization of the means suggested by Sutaief, to take the poor into our respective homes. And so, as I have already said at the beginning of this chapter, I came to the same conclusion from a different point of view from that to which the train of thought about town misery had led me; viz., the cause of it all lay in our wealth.

XV.

I BEGAN again to analyze the matter from a third and purely personal point of view. Among the phenomena which particularly impressed me during my benevolent activity, there was one, — a very strange one, — which I could not understand for a long time.

Whenever I happened, in the street or at home, to give a poor person a trifling sum without entering into conversation with him, I saw, or imagined I saw, on his face an expression of pleasure and gratitude; and I myself experienced an agreeable feeling at this form of charity. I saw that I had done what was expected of me. But when I stopped and began to question the man about his past and present life, entering more or less into particulars, I felt it was impossible to give him any thing; and I always began to finger the money in my purse, and, not knowing how much to give, I always gave more under these circumstances: but, nevertheless, I saw that the poor man went away from me dissatisfied. When I entered into still closer intercourse with him, my doubts as to how much I should give increased; and, no matter what I gave, the recipient seemed more and more gloomy and dissatisfied.

As a general rule, it almost always happened that if, upon nearer acquaintance with the poor man, I gave him three rubles or more, I always saw gloominess, dissatisfaction, and even anger depicted on his face; and sometimes, after having received from me ten rubles, he has left me without even thanking me, as if I had offended him.

In such cases I was always uncomfortable and ashamed, and felt myself guilty. When I watched the poor person during weeks, months, or years, helped him, and expressed my views, and became intimate with him, then our intercourse became a torment, and I saw that the man despised me. And I felt that he was right in doing so. When in the street a beggar asks me, along with other passers-by, for three kopeks, and I give it him, then, in his estimation, I am a kind and good man who gives "one of the threads which go to make the shirt of a naked one:" he expects nothing more than a thread, and, if I give it, he sincerely blesses me.

But if I stop and speak to him as man to man, show him that I wish to be more than a mere passer-by, and, as it often

happened, he sheds tears in relating his misfortune, then he sees in me not merely a chance helper, but that which I wish him to see, — a kind man. If I am a kind man, then my kindness cannot stop at twenty kopeks, or at ten rubles, or ten thousand. One cannot be a second-rate kind man. Let us suppose that I give him much; that I put him straight, dress him, set him on his legs so that he can help himself, but, from some reason or other, either from an accident or his own weakness, he again loses the great-coat and clothing and money I gave him, he is again hungry and cold, and he again comes to me, why should I refuse him assistance? For if the end of my benevolent activity was merely the attainment of some definite, material object, such as giving him so many rubles, or a certain great-coat, having given them I could be easy in my mind; but the end I have in view is to be a benevolent man; that is, to put myself in the position of every other man. All understand kindness thus, and not otherwise.

And therefore, if such a man should spend in drink all you gave him twenty times over, and be again hungry and cold, then, if you are a benevolent man, you cannot help giving him more money, you can never leave off doing so while you have more than he has; but if you draw back, you show that all you have done before was done by you not because you are benevolent, but because you wish to appear so to others and to him. And it was from my having to back out of such cases, and by ceasing to give, by seeming to put a limit to my kindness, that I felt a painful sense of shame.

What was this feeling, then? I had experienced it in Liapin's house and in the country, and when I happened to give money or any thing else to the poor, and in my adventures among the town people. One case which occurred to me lately reminded me of it forcibly, and led me to discover its cause.

It happened in the country. I wanted twenty kopeks to give to a pilgrim. I sent my son to borrow it from somebody. He brought it to the man, and told me that he had borrowed it from the cook. Some days after other pilgrims came, and I was again in need of twenty kopeks. I had a ruble. I recollected what I owed the cook, went into the kitchen, hoping that she would have some more coppers. I said, —

"I owe you twenty kopeks: here is a ruble."

I had not yet done speaking when the cook called his wife from the adjoining room: "Parasha, take it," he said.

I, thinking she had understood what I wanted, gave her the ruble. I must tell you that the cook had been living at our house about a week, and I had seen his wife, but had never spoken to her. I just wished to tell her to give me the change, when she briskly bowed herself over my hand, and was about to kiss it, evidently thinking I was giving her the ruble. I stammered out something and left the kitchen. I felt ashamed, painfully ashamed, as I had not felt for a long time. I actually trembled, and felt that I was making a wry face; and, groaning with shame, I ran away from the kitchen.

This feeling which I fancied I had not deserved, and which came over me quite unexpectedly, impressed me particularly, because it was so long since I had felt any thing like it, and also because I fancied that I had been living in a way there was no reason for me to be ashamed of.

This surprised me greatly. I related the case to my family, to my acquaintances, and they all agreed that they also would have experienced the same. And I began to reflect: why is it that I felt so?

The answer came from a case which had formerly occurred to me in Moscow. I reflected upon it, and understood this shame which I have always experienced when I happen to give any thing besides trifling alms to beggars and pilgrims, which I am accustomed to give, and which I consider not as charity, but politeness.

If a man asks you for a light, you must light a match if you have it. If a man begs for three or twenty kopeks, or a few rubles, you must give if you have them. It is a question of politeness, not of charity.

The following is the case I referred to. I have already spoken about two peasants with whom I sawed wood three years ago. One Saturday evening, in the twilight, I was walking with them back to town. They were going to their master to receive their wages. On crossing a bridge we met an old man. He begged, and I gave him twenty kopeks. I gave, thinking what a good impression my alms would make upon Semyon, with whom I had been speaking on religious questions.

Semyon, a peasant from the province of Vladímir, who had a wife and two children in Moscow, also turned up the lappet of his kaftan, and took out his purse; and, after having

looked over his money, he picked out a three-kopek piece, gave it to the old man, and asked for two kopeks back. The old man showed him in his hand two three-kopek pieces and a single kopek. Semyon looked at it, was about to take one kopek, but, changing his mind, took off his cap, crossed himself, and went away, leaving the old man the three-kopek piece.

I was acquainted with all Semyon's pecuniary circumstances. He had neither house nor other property. When he gave the old man the three kopeks, he possessed six rubles and fifty kopeks, which he had been saving up, and this was all the capital he had.

My property amounted to about six hundred thousand rubles. I had a wife and children, so also had Semyon. He was younger than I, and had not so many children; but his children were young, and two of mine were grown-up men, old enough to work, so that our circumstances, independently of our property, were alike, though I was in this respect even better off than he.

He gave three kopeks, I gave twenty. What was, then, the difference in our gifts? What should I have given in order to do as he had done? He had six hundred kopeks; out of these he gave one, and then another two. I had six hundred thousand rubles. In order to give as much as Semyon gave, I ought to have given three thousand rubles, and asked the man to give me back two thousand; and, in the event of his not having change, to leave him these two thousand also, cross myself, and go away calmly, conversing about how people live in the manufactories, and what is the price of liver at the Smolensk market.

I thought about this at the time, but it was long before I was able to draw from this case the conclusion which inevitably follows from it. This conclusion seems to be so uncommon and strange, notwithstanding its mathematical accuracy, that it requires time in order to get accustomed to it. I could not help thinking there was some mistake in it, but there is none. It is only the dreadful darkness of prejudice in which we live.

This, when I arrived at it and recognized its inevitableness, explained to me the nature of my feelings of shame in the presence of the cook's wife, and before all the poor to whom I gave and still give money. Indeed, what is that money which I give to the poor, and which the cook's wife

thought I was giving her? In the majority of cases it forms such a minute part of my income that it cannot be expressed in a fraction comprehensible to Semyon or to a cook's wife, — it is in most cases a millionth part or thereabout. I give so little that my gift is not, and cannot be, a sacrifice to me: it is only a something with which I amuse myself when and how it pleases me. And this was indeed how my cook's wife had understood me. If I gave a stranger in the street a ruble or twenty kopeks, why should I not give her also a ruble? For her, such a distribution of money was the same thing as a gentleman throwing gingerbread nuts into a crowd. It is the amusement of people who possess much "fool's money." I was ashamed, because the mistake of the cook's wife showed me plainly what ideas she and all poor people must have of me. "He is throwing away a 'fool's money;'" that is, money not earned by him.

And, indeed, what is my money, and how did I come by it? One part of it I collected in the shape of rent for my land, which I had inherited from my father. The peasant sold his last sheep or cow in order to pay it to me.

Another part of my money I received for the books I had written. If my books are harmful, and yet sell, they can only do so by some seductive attraction, and the money which I receive for them is badly earned money; but if my books are useful, the thing is still worse. I do not give them to people, but say, "Give me so many rubles, and I will sell them to you."

And as in the former case a peasant sells his last sheep, here a poor student or a teacher does it: each poor person who buys denies himself some necessary thing in order to give me this money. And now I have gathered much of such money, and what am I doing with it? I take it to town, give it to the poor only when they satisfy all my fancies, and come to town to clean pavements, lamps, or boots, to work for me in the factories, and so on. And with this money I draw from them all I can. I try to give them as little as I can, and take from them as much as possible.

And now, quite unexpectedly, I begin to share all this said money with these same poor persons for nothing, but not indiscriminately, only as fancy prompts me.

Why should not every poor man expect that his turn might come to-day to be one of such with whom I amuse myself by giving them my "fool's money"?

Thus every one regards me as did the cook's wife. And I had gone astray with the notion that this was charity, — this taking away thousands with one hand, and throwing kopeks with the other to those I select.

No wonder I was ashamed. But, before beginning to do good, I must leave off the evil, and put myself in a position in which I should cease to cause it. But all my course of life is evil. If I were to give away a hundred thousand, I have not yet put myself in a condition in which I could do good, because I have still five hundred thousand left.

It is only when I possess nothing at all that I shall be able to do a little good; such as, for instance, the poor prostitute did who nursed a sick woman and her child for three days. Yet this seemed to me to be but so little! And *I* ventured to think of doing good! One thing only was true, which I at first felt on seeing the hungry and cold people outside Liapin's house, — that I was guilty of that; and that to live as I did was impossible, utterly impossible. This alone was true. But what was to be done? This question for any one interested, I will answer with full particulars, if God permit me, in the following chapters.

XVI.

It was difficult for me at last to own this; but when I did get thus far, I was terrified at the delusion in which I had been living. I had been head over ears in the mud, and I had been trying to drag others out of it.

What is it that I really want? I want to do good; I want to so contrive that no human beings should be hungry and cold, and that men may live as it is proper for them to live. I desire this; and I see that in consequence of all sorts of violence, extortions, and various expedients in which I too take part, the working people are deprived of the necessary things, and the non-working community, to whom I also belong, monopolize the labor of others. I see that this use of other people's labor is distributed thus: that the more cunning and complicated the tricks employed by the man himself (or by those from whom he has inherited his property), the more largely he employs the labors of other people, and the less he works himself.

First come the millionnaires; then the wealthy bankers,

merchants, land-owners, government functionaries: then the smaller bankers, merchants, government functionaries, land-owners, to whom I belong; then shopmen, publicans, usurers, police sergeants and inspectors, teachers, sacristans, clerks; then, again, house-porters, footmen, coachmen, water-carters, cabmen, pedlers; and then, last of all, the workmen, factory hands and peasants, the number of this class in proportion to the former being as ten to one.

I see that the lives of nine-tenths of the working people essentially require exertion and labor like every other natural mode of living; but that, in consequence of the tricks by which the necessaries of life are taken away from these people, their lives become every year more difficult, and more beset with privations; and our lives, the lives of the non-laboring community, owing to the co-operation of sciences and arts, which have this very end in view, become every year more sumptuous, more attractive and secure.

I see that in our days the life of a laboring man, and especially the lives of old people, women, and children, of the working-classes, are quite worn away by increased labor, not in proportion to their nourishment, and that even the very first necessaries of life are not secured to them. I see that side b side with these the lives of the non-laboring class, to which I belong, are each year more and more filled up with superfluities and luxury, and are becoming continually more secure: the lives of the wealthy have attained to that degree of security of which in olden times men dreamed only in fairy-tales, — to the condition of the owner of the magic purse with an "inexhaustible ruble;" to such a state when a man not only is entirely free from the law of labor for the sustenance of his life, but has the possibility of enjoying without working all the goods of this life, and of bequeathing to his children, or to any he chooses, this purse with the "inexhaustible ruble."

I see that the productions of the labor of men pass over more than ever from the masses of laborers to those of non-laborers; that the pyramid of the social structure is, as it were, being rebuilt, so that the stones of the foundation pass to the top, and the rapidity of this passage increases in a kind of geometric progression.

I see that there is going on something like that which would have taken place in an ant-hill, if the society of ants should have lost the sense of the general law, and some of the

ants were to take the productions of labor out of the foundations and carry them to the top of the hill, making the foundation narrower and narrower, thus enlarging the top, and by that means making their fellows pass also from the foundation to the top.

I see that instead of an ideal, as exemplified in a laborious life, men have created the ideal of a purse with an "inexhaustible ruble." The rich, I among their number, arrange this ruble for ourselves by various artifices; and, in order to enjoy it, we locate ourselves in towns, in a place where nothing is produced, but every thing is swallowed up.

The poor laboring man, swindled in order that the rich may have this magic ruble, follows them to town; and there he also has recourse to artifices, either arranging matters so that he may work little and enjoy much, thus making the condition of workingmen still more heavy, or, not having attained to this state, he ruins himself, and drifts into the continually and rapidly increasing number of hungry and cold tenants of night-houses.

I belong to the category of those men who, by the means of these various devices, take away from the working people the necessaries of life, and who thus create, as it were, for themselves, the inexhaustible fairy ruble, which tempts in turn these unfortunate ones.

I wish to help men; and therefore it is clear that, first of all, I ought on the one side to cease to plunder them as I am doing now, and on the other I must leave off tempting them. But I, by means of most complicated, cunning, and wicked contrivances practised for centuries, have made myself the owner of this said ruble; that is, have got into such a condition that I may, while never doing any thing myself, compel hundreds and thousands of people to work for me, and am really availing myself of this privileged monopoly, notwithstanding that all the time I imagine I pity these men, and wish to help them.

It is as if I were sitting on the neck of a man, and, having quite crushed him down, I compel him to carry me, and will not alight from off his shoulders, while I assure myself and others that I am very sorry for him, and wish to ease his condition by every means in my power except by getting off his back.

Surely this is plain. If I wish to help the poor, that is, to make the poor cease to be poor, I ought not to create these

same poor. Yet I give money according to my fancy to those who have gone astray, and take away tens of rubles from men who have not yet done so, thereby making them poor, and at the same time making them depraved.

This is very clear; but at first it was for me exceedingly difficult to understand, without any modification or reserve which would justify my position. However, as soon as I came to see my own error, all that formerly appeared strange, complicated, clouded, and inexplicable, became quite simple and intelligible to me; and the line of conduct which ensued became both clear and satisfactory to my conscience by the following considerations.

Who am I that desire to better men's condition? I desire it; and yet I get up at noon, after having played at cards in a brilliantly lighted saloon during all the previous night, I, an enfeebled and effeminate man, who thus require the help and services of hundreds of people, I come to help them! — these men who rise at five, sleep on boards, feed upon cabbage and bread, understand how to plough, to reap, to put a handle to an axe, to write, to harness horses, to sew; men who, by their strength and perseverance and self-restraint, are a hundred times stronger than I who come to help them.

What could I have experienced in my intercourse with these people but shame? The weakest of them, — a drunkard, an inhabitant of Rzhanoff's house, he whom they call "the sluggard," — is a hundred times more laborious than I; his balance, so to say, — in other words, the relation between what he takes from men and what he gives them, — is a thousand times more to his credit than mine, when I count what I receive from others, and what I give them in return. And to such men I go in order to assist them.

I go to help the poor. But of the two, who is the poorer? No one is poorer than myself. I am a weak, good-for-nothing parasite, who can only exist in very peculiar conditions, who can live only when thousands of people labor to support this life which is not useful to any one. And I, this very caterpillar which eats up the leaves of a tree, wish to help the growth and the health of the tree, and to cure it.

All my life is thus spent: I eat, talk, and listen; then I eat, write, or read, which are only talking and listening in another form; I eat again, and play; then eat, talk, and listen, and finally eat and go to sleep: and thus every day is

spent; I neither do any thing else, nor understand how to do it. And in order that I may enjoy this life, it is necessary that from morning till night, house-porters, dvorniks, cooks, male and female, footmen, coachmen, and laundresses, should work, to say nothing of the manual labor necessary in order that the coachmen, cooks, footmen, and others, may have the instruments and the articles by which, and upon which, they work for me,—axes, casks, brushes, dishes, furniture, glasses, wax, shoe-black, kerosene, hay, wood, and food. And all these men and women work hard all the day, and every day, in order that I may talk, eat, and sleep.

And I, this useless man, imagined that I was able to benefit others, they being the very same people who were serving me. That I did not benefit any one, and that I was ashamed of myself, is not so astonishing as the fact that such a foolish idea ever came into my mind.

The woman who nursed the sick old man helped him; the peasant's wife, who cut a slice of her bread earned by her from the very sowing of the corn that made it, helped the hungry one; Semyon, who gave three kopeks which he had earned, assisted the pilgrim, because these three kopeks really represented his labor; but I had served nobody, worked for no one, and knew very well that my money did not represent my labor. And so I felt that in money, or in money's worth, and in the possession of it, there was something wrong and evil; that the money itself, and the fact of my having it, was one of the chief causes of those evils which I had seen before me, and I asked myself, What is money?

XVII.

Money! What, then, is money?

It is answered, money represents labor. I meet educated people who even assert that money represents labor performed by those who possess it. I confess that I myself formerly shared this opinion, although I did not very clearly understand it. But now it became necessary for me to learn thoroughly what money was.

In order to do so, I addressed myself to science. Science says that money in itself is neither unjust nor pernicious; that money is the natural result of the conditions of social life, and is indispensable, first, for convenience of ex-

change; secondly, as a measure of value; thirdly, for saving; and fourthly, for payments.

The evident fact that when I have in my pocket three rubles to spare, which I am not in need of, I have only to whistle, and in every civilized town I obtain a hundred people ready for these three rubles, to do the worst, most disgusting, and humiliating act I require; and this comes not from money, but from the very complicated conditions of the economical life of nations.

The dominion of one man over others comes not from money, but from the circumstance that a workingman does not receive the full value of his labor; and the fact that he does not get the full value of his labor, depends upon the nature of capital, rent, and wages, and upon complicated connections between them and production itself, and between the distribution and consumption of wealth.

In plain language, it means that people who have money may twist around their finger those who have none. But science says that this is an illusion; that in every kind of production three factors take part, — land, savings of labor (capital), and labor; and that the dominion of the few over the many, proceeds from the various connections between these factors of production, — because the two first factors, land and capital, are not in the hands of working people: from this fact, and from the various combinations resulting therefrom, proceeds this domination.

Whence comes the great power of money which strikes us all with a sense of its injustice and cruelty? Why is one man by the means of money to have dominion over others? Science says, It comes from the division of the agents of production, and from the consequent complicated combinations which oppress the workingman.

This answer has always appeared to me to be strange, not only because it leaves one part of the question unnoticed, namely, the signification of money, but also because of the division of the factors of production, which to an uninformed man will always appear artificial, and not in accordance with reality. It is asserted that in every production three agents come into operation, — land, capital, and labor; and along with this division it is understood that property (or its value in money) is naturally divided among those who possess one of these agents; thus, rent, — the value of the ground, — belongs to the land-owner; interest to the capitalist; and labor to the workingman.

Is it really so?

First, is it true that in every production three agencies operate? Now, while I am writing this, around me proceeds the production of hay. Of what is this production composed? I am told, of the land which produces the grass, of capital, — scythes, rakes, pitch-forks, carts, — which are necessary for the housing of hay, and of labor. But I see that this is not true. Besides the land, there is the sun and rain; besides social order, which has been keeping these meadows from damage caused by letting stray cattle graze upon them, the prudence of workmen, their knowledge of language, and many other agencies of production, which, for some unknown reason, are not taken into consideration by political economy.

The power of the sun is as necessary as the land. I may instance the position of men in which (as, for instance, in a town) some of them assume the right to keep out the sun from others by means of walls or trees. Why, then, is this sun not included among the agents of production?

Rain is another means as necessary as the ground itself. The air too. I can picture to myself the position of men without water and pure air, because other men assume to themselves the right to monopolize these, which are essentially necessary to all. Public security is likewise a necessary element; food and dress for workmen are similar means in production; this last is even recognized by some economists. Education, the knowledge of language which creates the possibility of reasonable work, is likewise an agent. I could fill a volume by enumerating such combinations, unnoticed by science.

Why, then, are three only to be chosen and laid as a foundation for the science of political economy? Why are the rays of the sun, rain, food, knowledge, not equally recognized? Why only the land, the instruments of labor, and the labor itself? Simply because the right of men to enjoy the rays of the sun, rain, food, speech, and audience, are challenged only on rare occasions; but the use of land, and of the instruments of labor, are constantly challenged in society.

This is the true foundation for it; and the division of these agents for production, into three, is quite arbitrary, and is not involved in the nature of things. But it may perhaps be urged, that this division is so suitable to man, that,

wherever economical relationships form themselves, there these appear at once and alone.

Let us see whether it is really so. First of all, I look at what is around me, — at Russian colonists, of whom millions have for long existed. They come to a land, settle themselves on it, and begin to labor; and it does not enter into the mind of any one of them, that a man who does not use the land could have any claim to it, and the land does not assert any rights of its own; on the contrary, the colonists conscientiously recognize the communism of the land, and that it is right for every one of them to plough and to mow wherever he likes.

For cultivation, for gardening, for building houses, the colonists obtain various implements of labor: nor does it enter the mind of any one of them, that these instruments of labor may bring profit in themselves, and the capital does not assert any rights of its own; but, on the contrary, the colonists conscientiously recognize that all interest for tools, or borrowed corn or capital, is unjust.

They work upon a free land, labor with their own tools, or with those borrowed without interest, each for himself, or all together, for common business; and in such a community, it is impossible to prove either the existence of rent or interest accruing from capital, or remuneration for labor.

Speaking of such a community, I am not indulging my fancy, but am describing what has always taken place, not only among primitive Russian colonists, but among so-called intellectual men, who are not few, and who have settled in Russia and in America.

I am describing what appears to every one to be natural and reasonable. Men settle on land, and each undertakes to do such business as suits him; and each, having earned what is necessary, does his own work.

And when these men find it more convenient to labor together, they form a workmen's association; but neither in separate households, nor in associations, will there appear separate agents of production, till men artificially and forcibly divide them. But there will be labor, and the necessary conditions of labor, — the sun which warms all, the air which men breathe, water which they drink, land on which they labor, clothes on the body, food in the stomach, stakes, shovels, ploughs, machines, with which men work; and it is evident that neither the rays of the sun, nor the

clothes on the body, nor the stakes with which the man labors, nor the spade, nor the plough, nor the machine with which he works in the workmen's association, can belong to any one else but to those who enjoy the rays of the sun, breathe the air, drink the water, eat the bread, clothe their bodies, and labor with the spade or with the machine, because all this is necessary only for those who make use of it. And when men act thus, we see that they act reasonably.

Therefore, observing the economical conditions which are created among men, I do not see that the division into three is natural. I see, on the contrary, that it is neither natural nor reasonable. But perhaps the setting apart of these three does not take place in primitive societies of men; but that when the population increases, and cultivation begins to develop, it is unavoidable, and we cannot but recognize the fact that this division has taken place in European society. Let us see whether it is really so.

We are told that in European society this division of agencies has taken place; that is, that one man possesses land, another possesses instruments of labor, and the third are without land and instruments. We have grown so accustomed to this assertion that we are no longer struck by the strangeness of it.

If we will but reflect upon this expression, we cannot help seeing, not only the injustice, but even the absurdity, of it. Under the idea of a laboring man are included the land upon which he lives, and the tools with which he works. If he were not living on the land, and had no tools, he would not be a laboring man. There has never been, and can never be, such a man without land and without tools, without scythe, cart, and horse; there cannot be a bootmaker without a house for his work standing upon ground, without water, air, and tools with which he works.

If a laborer has no land, horse, or scythe, and a bootmaker is without a house, water, or awl, then it means that some one has driven him from the ground, or taken it away from him, or cheated him out of his scythe, cart, horse, or awl; but it does not at all mean that there can be a country laborer without a scythe, or a bootmaker without tools.

So you cannot imagine a fisherman remaining on dry land without fishing implements, unless he has been driven away from the water by some one who has taken away from him his necessary implements for fishing; so also we cannot pic-

ture to ourselves a workman without the ground upon which he lives, and without tools for his trade, unless somebody has driven him from the former, or robbed him of the latter.

There may be such men, hunted from one place to another, and such who, having been robbed, are compelled perforce to work for another man, and do things unnecessary for themselves; but this does not mean that such is the nature of production, and therefore the land and the tools cannot be considered as separate agents in the work.

But if we are to consider as the agents of production all that is claimed by other people, and what a workingman may be deprived of by the violence of others, why not count among them the claim upon the person of a slave? Why not count claims on the rain and the rays of the sun? We might meet with a man who would build a wall and thus keep the sun from his neighbor; another may come who will turn the course of a river into his own pond, and by that means contaminate its water; or an individual who would claim a fellow-man as his own property; but none of these claims, although they may be enforced by violence, can be recognized as a foundation for calculating the agents of production; and therefore it is as equally unjust to consider the exclusive enjoyment of the rays of the sun, or of the air or water, or the persons of others, as separate agents in production.

There may be men who will assert their rights to the land and to the tools of a workingman, as there were men who asserted their rights to the persons of others, and as there may be men who would assert their rights to the exclusive use of the rays of the sun, or to the use of water and air; there may be men who would drive away a workingman from place to place, taking from him by force the products of his labor as they are produced, and the very instruments for its production, who might compel him to work, not for himself, but for his master, as occurs in the factories; — all this is possible: but a workingman without land and tools is still an impossibility, just as there does not exist a man who would willingly become the property of another, notwithstanding that men have asserted their right to him for many generations.

Just as a claim on the person of another man could not deprive a slave of his innate right to seek his own welfare, and not that of his master; so, too, the claim for the exclusive possession of the land and tools of others cannot

deprive the workingman of his right, like that of every man, to live upon the land, and to work with his own tools, or those of his community, as he considers most useful for himself.

All that science can say in examining the present economical question, is this: that in Europe there exist claims of some men to the land and the tools of workingmen, in consequence of which, for some of these workingmen (but by no means for all of them), the proper conditions of production are violated, so that they are deprived of land and implements of labor, and are compelled to work with the tools of others; but by no means is it established that this casual violation of the law of production is that very law itself.

In saying that this isolation of the agents of produce is the fundamental law of production, the economist is doing the very thing a zoölogist would do, who, upon seeing a great many siskins, with their wings cut, and kept in little cages, drawing water-barrels out of an imaginary well, would assert this was the most essential condition for the life of birds, and that their life is composed of these conditions.

However many siskins there may be kept in pasteboard houses with their wings cut, a zoölogist cannot acknowledge these houses to be the natural home of the birds. However great the number of working-people there may be driven from place to place, and deprived of their productions as well as the tools for their labor, the natural right of man to live upon the land, and to work with his own tools, is that which he needs, and it will remain so forever.

We have some who lay claim to the land and to the tools of workingmen, just as there existed in former ages the claim of some men over the persons of others; but there may be no real division of men into lords and slaves as was anciently established, nor can there exist any division in the agents of production, in land and capital, as economists want to establish at present.

These very unlawful claims of some men over the liberty of others, science calls the natural condition of production. Instead of taking its fundamental principles from the natural properties of human societies, science took them from a particular case; and, desiring to justify this case, it recognized the right of some men to the land by which other men earned their living, and to the tools with which other men worked;

in other words, it recognized as a right that which had never existed, and cannot exist, and which is in itself a contradiction, because the claim of the land-owner to the land on which he does not labor, is in essence nothing more than the right to use the land which he does not use; the claim on the tools of others is nothing more than a man assuming a right to work with implements with which he does not work.

Science, by isolating the agents of production, declares that the natural condition of a workingman — that is, of a man in the true sense of the word — is that unnatural condition in which he exists at present, as in ancient times, by the division of men into citizens and slaves, when it was asserted that the unnatural condition of slavery was the natural condition of life.

This very division accepted by science only in order to justify the existing injustice, and the adjudging this division to be the foundation of all its inquiries, has for its result that science vainly tries to give some explanation of existing phenomena; and denying the clearest and plainest answers to the questions that arise, gives answers which have no meaning in them at all.

The question of economical science is this: What is the reason of the fact that some men by means of money acquire an imaginary right to the land and capital, and may make slaves of those men who have no money? The answer which presents itself to common sense would be, that it is the result of money, the nature of which is to enslave men.

But science denies this, and says, This arises, not from the nature of money, but from the fact that some men have land and capital, and others have neither. We ask why persons who possess land and capital oppress such as possess neither? and we are answered, Because they do possess land and capital.

But this is just what we are inquiring about. Is not deprivation of land and tools enforced slavery? Life ceases not to put this essential question: and even science herself notices it, and tries to answer it, but does not succeed in doing so; proceeding from her own fundamental principles, she only turns herself round, as in a magic circle.

In order to give itself a satisfactory answer to the above question, science has first of all to deny that wrong division of the agents of production, to cease to acknowledge the result of the phenomena as being the cause of them; and she

has to seek, first, the more obvious, and then the remoter, causes of those phenomena which make up the whole.

Science must answer the question, What is the reason that some men are deprived of land and tools while others possess both? or, Why is it that land and tools are taken away from persons who labor upon the land, and work with the tools?

As soon as science puts this question to herself, she will at once get new ideas which will transform all the previous ideas of that sham science, which has been moving in an unalterable circle of propositions, as, for instance, the miserable condition of working-people proceeding from the fact that it is miserable. For simple-minded persons, it must seem unquestionable that the obvious reason of the oppression of some men by others is this money. But science, denying this, says that money is only a medium of exchange, which has nothing in common with oppression or slavery.

Let us see whether it is so or not.

XVIII.

Whence comes money? How is it that a nation always has money, and under what circumstances is it that a nation need not use money? There is a small tribe in Africa, and one in Australia, who live as lived the Sknepies and the Drevlyans in olden times.

These tribes lived and ploughed, bred cattle, and cultivated gardens. We became acquainted with them only at the dawn of history. And history begins with recording the fact that some invaders appear on the stage. And invaders always do the same thing: they take away from the aborigines every thing they can take,—cattle, corn, and stuffs; even make prisoners, male and female, and carry them away.

After some years the invaders appear again; but the people have not got over the consequences of their misfortune, and there is scarcely any thing to take from them, so the invaders invent another and better means of making use of their victims.

These means are very simple, and naturally present themselves to the mind of every man. The *first* is personal slavery. There is a drawback to this, seeing the enforcers of it have to put every thing into working order, and feed all the

slaves: hence, naturally, there appears the *second*. The people are left on their own land, which becomes the recognized property of the invaders, who portion it out among the leading military men, in order that by means of these men they may utilize the labor of the people.

But this, too, has its drawback. It is not convenient to these officers to have an oversight over all the productions of the conquered people, and thus the *third* means is introduced, which is as primitive as the two former ones; and this is the levying of a certain obligatory tax which the conquered have to pay at stated periods.

The object of a conquest is to take from the conquered as much as possible of the products of their labor. It is evident, that, in order to do this, the conquerors must take such articles as are the most valuable to the conquered, and which at the same time are not cumbersome, and are convenient for keeping, — skins of animals and gold.

And the conqueror lays upon the family or the tribe a tax in these skins or gold, which is to be paid at fixed times; and by means of this tribute, he utilizes the labor of the conquered people in the most convenient way.

Almost all the skins and all the gold are taken away from their original possessors, and therefore these are compelled to sell all they have amongst themselves to obtain gold and skins for their masters; that is, they have to sell their property and their labor.

This very thing happened in ancient times, in the Middle Ages, and occurs now too. In the ancient world, when the subjugation of one people by another was frequent, and owing to the equality of men not being acknowledged, personal slavery was the most widely spread means for compelling the service of others, and was the centre of gravity in this compulsion. In the Middle Ages, feudalism — landownership and the servitude connected with it — partly takes the place of personal slavery, and the centre of compulsion is transferred from persons to land: in modern times, since the discovery of America, the development of commerce, and the influx of gold, which is accepted as a universal medium of exchange, the tribute in money with the increase of the state power becomes the chief instrument for enslaving men, and upon it are now built all economical relationships.

In "The Literary Miscellany" is printed an article by Pro-

fessor Yanjoul, in which he describes the recent history of the Fiji Islands. If I were trying to find the most pointed illustration of how in our time the forcible requirement of money became the chief instrument of the enslaving of some men by others, I could not imagine any thing more striking and convincing than this trustworthy history, — history based upon documents of facts, which are of recent occurrence.

In the South-Sea Islands in Polynesia lives a race called Fiji. The group on which they live, says Professor Yanjoul, is composed of small isles, which all together occupy a space of about forty thousand square miles. Only half of these islands are inhabited by one hundred and fifty thousand natives, and fifteen hundred white men. The natives had been reclaimed from a savage state a long time ago, and are distinguished among other natives of Polynesia by their intellectual capacities; and they appear to be a nation capable of labor and development, which they have also proved by the fact that in a short period of time they became good workmen and breeders of cattle.

The inhabitants were well-to-do, but in the year 1859 the condition of this new state became desperate: the natives of Fiji, and their representative, Kokab, were in need of money. The money, forty-five thousand dollars, was wanted by the Government of Fiji for the payment of a contribution or indemnification, which was demanded of them by the United States of America for violence done by Fijis to some citizens of the American Republic.

For this purpose the Americans sent a squadron, which unexpectedly took possession of some of the best islands, under the pretext that they would hold them as a guaranty, and threatened to bombard and ruin the towns if the indemnification were not paid over, upon a certain date, to the representatives of America.

The Americans were among the first colonists who, together with missionaries, came to the Fiji Islands. They chose and (under one pretext or another) took possession of the best pieces of land on the islands, and established there cotton and coffee plantations. They hired whole crowds of natives, binding them by contracts unknown to this half-civilized race; or acted through special contractors or purveyors of human merchandise.

Misunderstandings between such master-planters and the natives, whom they considered almost as slaves, were un-

avoidable: it was some of these quarrels which served as a pretext for the American indemnification.

Notwithstanding their prosperity the Fijis had preserved almost up to the present time the forms of so-called natural economy, which existed in Europe during the Middle Ages: money was scarcely in circulation among the natives, and their trade had almost exclusively the character of barter; — one merchandise was exchanged for another, and a few social taxes and those of the state were taken out in productions. What were the Fiji-Islanders with their King Kokab to do when the Americans required from them forty-five thousand dollars under the most terrible threat in the event of non-payment? To the Fijis the very figures appeared to be something inconceivable, to say nothing of the money itself, which they had never seen in such large quantities. After deliberating with other chiefs, Kokab made up his mind to apply to the Queen of England, at first asking her to take the islands under her protection, and then plainly under her rule.

But the English regarded this request circumspectly, and were in no hurry to assist the half-savage monarch out of his difficulty. Instead of giving a direct answer, they sent, in 1860, special commissioners to make inquiries about the Fiji-Islanders, in order to be able to decide whether it was worth while to annex them to the British Possessions, and to lay out money to satisfy the American claims.

Meanwhile the American Government continued to insist upon payment, and held as a pledge in their *de facto* dominion some of the best parts, and, having looked closely into the national wealth, raised their former claim to ninety thousand dollars, and threatened to increase it still if Kokab did not pay at once.

Being thus pushed on every side, the poor king, unacquainted with European means of credit accommodation, in accordance with the advice of European colonists, began to try to raise money in Melbourne, among the merchants, cost what it might, if even he should be obliged to yield up all his kingdom into private hands.

And so in Melbourne, in consequence of his application, a commercial society was formed. This joint-stock company, which took the name of the Polynesian Company, formed with the chiefs of the Fiji-Islanders a treaty upon terms the most advantageous to itself. It took upon itself the debt to

the American Government, and pledged itself to pay it by several instalments; for this the company received, according to the first treaty, one, and then two hundred thousand acres of the best land, selected by themselves; the perpetual immunity from all taxes and dues for all its factories, operations, and colonies, and the exclusive right for a long period to establish in the Fiji Islands issuing-banks, with the privilege of printing unlimited number of notes.

Since this treaty, definitively concluded in the year 1868, there appeared in the Fiji Islands, along with their local government with Kokab at the head, another powerful authority, — a commercial factory, with large estates over all the islands, exercising a decided influence upon the government.

Up to this time the wants of the government of Kokab had been satisfied with the payment in natural productions, which consisted of various duties and a small custom tax on goods imported. With the conclusion of the treaty, and the forming of the influential Polynesian Company, the king's financial circumstances had changed.

A considerable part of the best land in his dominion had passed into the hands of the company, his income from the land therefore diminished; on the other hand, the income from the custom taxes also diminished, because the company obtained for itself an import and export of all kinds of goods free of custom duties.

The natives — ninety-nine per cent of all the population — had always been bad payers of custom duties, because they scarcely bought any of the European productions, except some stuffs and hardware; and now, from the freeing from custom duties, along with the Polynesian Company, of many well-to-do Europeans, the income of King Kokab was reduced to *nil*, and he was obliged to take steps to resuscitate it if possible.

He began to consult his white friends as to how he was to avert the calamity, and they advised him to create the first direct tax in the country; and, in order, I suppose, to have less trouble about it, in money. The tax was established in the form of a general poll-tax, amounting to one pound for every man, and to four shillings for every woman, throughout the islands.

As we have already said, on the Fiji Islands there still exist a natural economy and a trade by barter. Very few

natives possess money. Their wealth consists chiefly of various raw productions and cattle; whilst the new tax required the possession in a family of considerable sums of money at fixed times.

Up to that date a native had not been accustomed to any individual burden in the interests of his government, except personal obligations; all the taxes which had to be paid, were paid by the community or village to which he belonged, and from the common fields from which he received his principal income.

One alternative was left to him, — to try to raise money from the European colonists; that is, to address himself either to the merchant or to the planter.

To the first he was obliged to sell his productions on the merchant's own terms, because the tax-collector required money at a certain fixed date, or he had even to raise money by selling his expected production, which enabled the merchant to take iniquitous interest. Or he had to address himself to the planter, and sell him his labor; that is, to become his workman: but the wages on the Fiji Islands were very low, owing, I suppose, to the exceptionally great offer of services.

They did not exceed one shilling per week for a grown-up man, or two pounds twelve shillings a year; and therefore, in order merely to get the money necessary for the payment for himself, not to speak of his family, a Fiji had to leave his house, his family, and his own land, and often go far away to another island, and there enslave himself to the planter for at least half a year in order to get the one pound necessary for the payment of the new tax; and as for the payment of taxes for his whole family, he had to look for it to some other means.

We can understand what was the result of such a state. From a hundred and fifty thousand of his subjects, Kokab collected in all, six thousand pounds; and now there began a forcible extortion of taxes unknown till then, and a series of violent measures.

The local administration, which had been formerly incorruptible, soon made common cause with the European planters, who began to have their own way with the country. For non-payment, the Fijis were summoned to the court and were sentenced, not only to pay the expenses, but also to be sent to prison for not less than half a year. This prison

was really the plantations of the first white man who chose to pay the tax-money and the legal expenses of the condemned.

Thus the white settlers received cheap labor to any amount. First this compulsory labor was fixed at not longer than half a year; but afterwards the bribed judges found it possible to pass sentence for eighteen months, and then to renew the sentence.

Very quickly, in the course of a few years, the picture of the social condition of the inhabitants of Fiji was quite changed.

Whole districts, formerly flourishing, lost half of their population, and were greatly impoverished. All the male population, except the old and infirm, was working away from their homes for European planters, in order to get money necessary for the payment of taxes, or in consequence of the law court. The women on the Fiji Islands had scarcely ever worked in the fields; therefore, in the absence of the men, all farming was neglected, and went to ruin. In the course of a few years, half of the population of Fiji was transformed into the slaves of the colonists.

In order to ease their situation, the Fiji-Islanders again appealed to England. A new petition was got up, subscribed by a great many eminent persons and chiefs, praying to be annexed to England; and this was handed to the British consul. Meanwhile, England, thanks to her learned expedition, had time not only to investigate the affairs of the islands, but even to survey them, and duly to appreciate the natural riches of this fine corner of the globe.

Owing to all these circumstances, the negotiations this time were crowned with full success; and in 1874, to the great dissatisfaction of the American planters, England officially took possession of the Fiji Islands, and added them to its colonies. Kokab died, and his heirs had a small pension assigned to them.

The administration of the islands was intrusted to Sir Hercules Robinson, the governor of New South Wales. In the first year of its annexation to England, the Fiji-Islanders had not had any self-government, but were under the direction of Sir Hercules Robinson, who had appointed an administrator for them. Taking the islands into their hands, the English Government had to undertake the difficult task of gratifying various expectations raised by them.

The natives, of course, first of all expected the abolition of the hated poll-tax; one part of the white colonists (the Americans) looked with suspicion upon the British rule; and another part (those of English origin) expected all kinds of confirmations of their power over the natives, — permission to enclose the land, and so on. The English Government, however, proved itself equal to the task; and its first act was to abolish forever the poll-tax, which had created the slavery of the natives in the interest of a few colonists. But here, Sir Hercules Robinson had at once to face a difficult dilemma.

It was necessary to abolish the poll-tax, which had made the Fijis seek help of the English Government; but, at the same time, according to English colonial policy, the colonies had to support themselves; they had to find their own means for covering the expenses of the government. With the abolition of the poll-tax, all the incomes of the Fijis (from custom duties) did not amount to more than six thousand pounds, while the government expenses required at least seventy thousand a year.

And now Sir Hercules Robinson, having abolished the money tax, thought of a labor tax; but it did not yield the sum necessary for feeding him and his assistants. Matters did not mend until a new governor had been appointed, — Gordon, — who, in order to get out of the inhabitants the money necessary for keeping him and his functionaries, resolved not to demand money until it had come sufficiently into general circulation on the islands, but to take from the natives their productions, and to sell them himself.

This tragical episode in the lives of the Fijis is the clearest and best proof of what is the true meaning of money in our time.

In this case every thing is illustrated, the first fundamental condition of slavery, — the gun, threats, murders, and plunder, and lastly, money, the means of subjugation, which has taken the place of all other. That which in an historical sketch of economical development has to be investigated during centuries, here when all the forms of monetary violence have fully developed themselves, had been concentrated into a space of ten years. The drama begins thus: the American Government sends ships with loaded guns to the shores of the islands, whose inhabitants they want to enslave. The pretext of this threat is monetary; but the beginning of the tragedy is the levelling of guns against all the

inhabitants, — wives, children, old people, and men, — though they have not committed any crime. "Your money or your life," — forty-five thousand dollars, then ninety thousand or slaughter. But ninety thousand are not to be had. And now begins the second act: it is necessary to forego a slaughter, which would be bloody, terrible, and concentrated, in a short period; it is necessary to substitute a suffering less perceptible which can be laid upon all, and will last longer; and the natives with their representative seek to substitute for slaughter a slavery of money. They borrow money, and the planned means of enslaving men by money at once begins to operate like a disciplined army. In five years the thing is done, — men have not only lost their right to utilize their own land and their property, but also their liberty, — they have become slaves. Here begins act three. The situation is too painful; and the unfortunate ones are told they may change their master, and become slaves of another: there is not a thought about freedom from the slavery brought about by the means of money. And the people call for another master, to whom they give themselves up, asking him to improve their condition. The English come and see that dominion over these islands gives them the possibility of feeding their already too greatly multiplied parasites, and the English Government takes possession of these islands and their inhabitants; but it does not take them in the form of personal slaves; it does not take even the land, nor distribute it among its assistants.

These old ways are not necessary now: only one thing is necessary, — taxes which must be large enough on the one hand to prevent the workingmen from freeing themselves from virtual slavery, and on the other hand to feed luxuriously a great number of parasites. The inhabitants must pay seventy thousand pounds sterling, — that is the fundamental condition upon which England consents to free the Fijis from the American despotism, and this is just what was wanting for the final enslaving of the inhabitants. But it turned out that the Fiji-Islanders cannot under any circumstances pay these seventy thousand pounds in their present state. The claim is too great.

The English temporarily modify it, and take a part of it out in natural productions in order that in time, when money has come into circulation, they may receive the full sum. They do not behave like the former company, whose conduct

we may liken to the first coming of savage invaders into an uncivilized land, when they want only to take as much as possible and then decamp: but England behaves like a more clear-sighted enslaver; she does not kill at one blow the goose with the golden eggs, but feeds her in order that she may continue to lay them. England at first relaxes the reins for her own interest that she may hold them forever afterwards, and so has brought the Fiji-Islanders into that state of permanent monetary thraldom in which all civilized European people now are, and from which their chance of escape is not apparent.

This phenomena repeats itself in America, in China, in Central Asia; and it is the same in the history of the conquest of all nations.

Money is an inoffensive means of exchange when it is not collected with violence, or when loaded guns are not directed from the seashore against the defenceless inhabitants. As soon as it is taken by force of arms, the same thing must unavoidably take place which occurred on the Fiji Islands, and has always and everywhere repeated itself.

Such men as consider it their lawful right to utilize the labor of others, and who have the means of doing so, will achieve this by means of forcibly demanding such sums of money as will compel the oppressed to become the slaves of the oppressors.

And moreover, that will happen which occurred between the English and the Fijis, — the extortioners will always, in their demand for money, rather exceed the limit to which the amount of the sum required must rise in order that the enslaving may take place more effectually. They will respect this limit only while they have moral sense and sufficient money for themselves: they will overstep it when they lose their moral sense or require funds.

As for governments, they will always exceed this limit, — first, because for a government there exists no moral sense of justice; and secondly, because, as we all know, every government is in the greatest want of money, caused by wars and the necessity of giving gratuities to their allies. All governments are insolvent, and cannot help following a maxim expressed by a Russian statesman of the eighteenth century, — that the peasant must be sheared of his wool lest it should grow too long. All governments are hopelessly in debt, and this debt on an average (not taking in considera-

tion its occasional diminution in England and America) is growing at a terrible rate. So also grow the budgets; that is, the necessity of struggling with other extortioners, and of giving presents to those who assist in extortion.

Wages do not increase, not because of the law of rent, but because taxes collected with violence exist, in order to take away from men their superfluities, so that they may be compelled to sell their labor to satisfy them, the utilizing of their labor being the aim of raising them.

And their labor can only be utilized when on a general average the taxes required are more than the working-people are able to give without depriving themselves of all means of subsistence. The rising of wages would put an end to the possibility of enslaving; and therefore, as long as violence exists, wages can never rise. This simple and plain mode of action by some men towards others, political economists term *the iron law;* the instrument by which such action is performed, they call a medium of exchange; and money is this inoffensive medium of exchange necessary for men in their transactions with each other.

Why is it, then, that, whenever there is no violent demand for money taxes, there has never been, and can never be, money in its true signification; but, as among the Fiji-Islanders, the Phœnicians, the Kirghis, and generally among men who do not pay taxes, as among the Africans, there is either a direct exchange of produce or arbitrary standards of value, as sheep, hides, skins, and shells?

A definite kind of money, whatever it may be, will always become, not a means of exchange, but a means of ransoming from violence; and it begins to circulate among men only when a definite standard is compulsorily required from all.

It is only then that everybody equally wants it, and only then it receives any value.

Further, it is not the thing that is most convenient for exchange that receives any value, but that which is required by the government. If gold is demanded, gold becomes valuable: if knuckle-bones were demanded, they, too, would become valuable. If it were not so, why, then, has the issue of this means of exchange always been the prerogative of the government? The Fiji-Islanders, for instance, have arranged among themselves their own means of exchange; well, then, let them be free to exchange what

and how they like, and you, men possessing power, or the means of violence, do not interfere with this exchange. But instead you coin money, not allowing any one else to do so; or, as is the case with us, you merely print some notes, engraving upon them the heads of the tsars, sign them with a particular signature, and threaten to punish every falsification of them, distribute this money to your assistants, and require everybody to give you such money or such notes with such signatures, and so many of them that a workingman must give away all his labor in order to get these very notes or coins; and then you want to convince us that this money is necessary for us as a means of exchange.

All men are free, and none of them oppresses the others by keeping them in slavery; but there exist only money in society and an iron law, in consequence of which rent increases, and wages diminish down to a minimum. That half (nay, more than half) of the Russian peasants, in order to pay direct and indirect taxes and land taxes, enslave themselves to labor for the land-owners, or for manufacturers, does not at all signify (which is obvious); for the violent collection of poll-taxes and indirect and land taxes which are paid in money to the government and to its assistants, — the land-owners, — compels the workingman to be in slavery to those who collect money; but it means that this money, as a means of exchange, and an iron law, exist.

Before the serfs were free, I could compel Iván to do any work; and if he refused to do it, I could send him to the police-sergeant, and the latter would give him the rod till he submitted. And if I compelled Iván to overwork himself, and did not give him either land or food, the matter would go up to the authorities, and I should have to answer for it.

But now that men are free, I can compel Iván and Peter and Sidor to do every kind of work; and if they refuse to do it, I give them no money to pay taxes, and they will be flogged till they submit: besides this, I may also make a German, a Frenchman, a Chinaman, and an Indian, work for me by that means, so that, if they do not submit, I shall not give them money to hire land, or to buy bread, because they have neither land nor bread. And if I make them overwork themselves, or kill them with excess of labor, nobody will say a word to me about it; and, moreover, if I have read books on

political economy, I shall be strongly persuaded that all men are free, and that money does not create slavery! Our peasants have long known that with a ruble one can hurt more than with a stick. But it is only political economists who do not want to see it.

To say that money does not create bondage, is to say that half a century ago servitude did not create slavery. Political economists say that money is an inoffensive medium of exchange, notwithstanding the fact that, in consequence of possessing it, one man may enslave the other. Why, then, was it not said half a century ago that servitude was, in itself, an inoffensive medium of reciprocal services, notwithstanding the fact that by no lawful means could one man enslave another?

Some men give their manual labor; and the work of others consists in taking care of the physical and intellectual welfare of the slaves, and in superintending their efforts.

And, I fancy, some have really said this.

XIX.

If the object of this sham, so-called science of Political Economy had not been the same as that of all other sciences of law, — the justification of violence, — it could not have avoided noticing the strange phenomenon that the distribution of wealth, and the depriving of some men of land and capital, and the enslaving of some men by others, depend upon money, and that it is only by means of money that some men utilize the labor of others; in other words, enslave them.

I repeat it, a man who has money, may buy up and monopolize all the corn, and kill others with starvation, completely oppressing them, as it has frequently happened before our own eyes on a very large scale.

It would seem that we ought to look out for the connection of these occurrences with money; but science, with full assurance, asserts that money has no connection whatever with the matter in question.

Science says, Money is as much an article of merchandise as any thing else which has the value of its production, only with this difference, — that this article of merchandise is chosen as the more convenient medium of exchange for

establishing values, for saving, and for making payments. One man has made boots, another has grown wheat, the third has bred sheep; and now, in order to exchange more conveniently, they put into circulation money, which represents the equivalent of labor; and by this medium they exchange the soles of boots for a loin of mutton, or ten pounds of flour.

Students of this sham science are very fond of picturing to themselves such a state of affairs; but there has never been such a condition in the world. Such an idea about society is like the idea about the primitive, prehistorical, perfect human state, which the philosophers cherished; but there has never existed such a state.

In all human societies where there has been money, there has been also the violence of the strong and the armed over the weak and the defenceless; and wherever there has been violence, there the standard of value, — money, — be it what it may, — either cattle or hides, or skins or metals, — must have lost unavoidably its significance as a medium of exchange, and received the meaning of a ransom from violence.

Without doubt, money possesses the inoffensive properties which science enumerates; but these properties it would have only in a society in which there was no violence, in an ideal state; but in such a society, money would not be found as a general measure of value; it has never existed, and could never exist, in a society which had not come under the general violence of the state.

In all societies known to us where there is money, it receives the signification of the medium of exchange only because it serves as a means of violence. And its chief object is to act thus, and not as a mere medium. Where there is violence, money cannot be a regular medium of exchange, because it cannot be a measure of value. And it cannot be a measure of value, because, as soon as in a society one man can take away from another the productions of his labor, this measure is directly violated. If horses and cows, bred by one man, and violently taken away by others, were brought to a market, it is plain that the value of horses and cows there would no longer correspond with the labor of breeding them; and the value of all other things would also change in accordance with this change, and money would not determine their value.

Besides, if one man may acquire by force a cow or a horse

or a house, he may by the same force acquire money itself, and with this money acquire all kinds of produce. If, then, money itself is acquired by violence, and spent to purchase things, money entirely loses its quality as a medium of exchange.

The oppressor who takes away money, and gives it for the production of labor, does not exchange any thing, but by the means of labor takes away all that he wants.

But let us suppose that such an imaginary and impossible state of society really existed, in which, without a general violence of the state exercised over men, money is in circulation, — silver or gold serving as a measure of value and as a medium of exchange. All the savings in such a society are expressed by money. There appears in this society an oppressor in the shape of a conqueror. Let us suppose that this oppressor takes away the cows, horses, clothes, and the houses of the inhabitants, but, as it is not convenient for him to be in possession of all this, he will therefore naturally think of taking from these men that which represents among them all kinds of value, and is exchanged for all kinds of things, — money. And at once in this community, money will receive for the oppressor and his assistants another signification: its character as a medium of exchange will therefore cease in such a society.

The measure of the value of all things will always depend upon the pleasure of the oppressor.

The articles most necessary for him, and for which he gives more money, will receive a greater value, and *vice versa;* so that, in a community exposed to violence, money receives at once its chief meaning, — it becomes a means of violence and a ransom from violence, and it will retain among the oppressed people its signification as a medium of exchange, only so far as it is convenient for the oppressor. Let us picture the whole affair in a circle, thus: —

The serfs supply their landlord with linen, poultry, sheep, and daily labor.

The landlord substitutes money for these goods, and fixes the value of various articles sent in. Those who have no linen, corn, cattle, or manual labor to offer, may bring a definite sum of money.

It is obvious, that, in the society of the peasants of this landlord, the price of various articles will always depend upon the landlord's pleasure. The landlord uses the articles

collected among his peasants, and some of these articles are more necessary for him than others: accordingly, he fixes the prices for them, more or less. It is clear that the mere will and requirements of the landlord must regulate the prices of these articles among the payers. If he is in want of corn, he will set a high price for a fixed quantity of it, and a low price for linen, cattle, or work; and therefore those who have no corn will sell their labor, linen, and cattle to others, in order to buy corn to give it to the landlord.

If the landlord chooses to substitute money for all kinds of claim, then the value of things will again depend, not upon the value of labor, but first upon the sum of money which the landlord will require, and secondly upon the articles produced by the peasants which are more necessary to the landlord, and for which he will allow a higher price.

The money-claim made by the landlord upon the peasants would cease only to have any influence upon the prices of the articles when the peasants of this landlord should live separate from other people and have no connection with any one besides themselves and the landlord; and secondly, when the landlord employs money, not in purchasing things in his own village, but elsewhere. It is only under these two conditions that the prices of things, though changed nominally, would remain relatively the same, and money would have the signification of a measure of value and of a medium of exchange.

But if the peasants have any business connections with the inhabitants surrounding them, the prices of the articles of their produce, as sold to their neighbors, would depend upon the sum of money required from them by their landlord.

(If from their neighbors less money is required than from them, then their productions would be sold cheaper than the productions of their neighbors, and *vice versa*.) And again, the money-demand made by the landlord upon his peasants would cease to have any influence upon the prices of the articles, only when the sums collected by the landlord were not spent in buying the productions of his own peasants. But if he spends money in purchasing from them, it is plain that the prices of various articles will constantly vary among them according as the landlord buys more of one thing than another.

Suppose one landlord has fixed a very high poll-tax, and his neighbor a very low one: it is clear that on the estate of the first landlord every thing will be cheaper than on the

estate of the second, and that the prices on either estate will depend only upon the augmentation and diminution of the poll-taxes. This is one influence of violence upon value.

Another, arising out of the first, consists in the relative value of all things. Suppose one landlord is fond of horses, and pays a high price for them: another is fond of towels, and offers a high figure for them. It is obvious that on the estate of either of these two landlords, the horses and the towels will be dear, and the prices for these articles will not be in proportion to those of cows or of corn. If to-morrow the collector of towels dies, and his heirs are fond of poultry, then it is obvious that the price of towels will fall, and that of poultry will rise.

Wherever there is in society the mastery of one man over another, there the meaning of money as the measure of value at once yields to the will of the oppressor, and its meaning as a medium of exchange of the productions of labor is replaced by another, that of the most convenient means of utilizing the labor of others.

The oppressor wants money neither as a medium of exchange, — for he will take whatever he wants without exchange, — nor as a measure of value, — for he will himself determine the value of every thing, — but only for the convenience it affords of exercising violence; and this convenience consists in the fact that money may be saved up, and is the most convenient means of holding in slavery the majority of mankind.

It is not convenient to carry away all the cattle in order always to have horses, cows, and sheep whenever wanted, because they must be fed; the same holds good with corn, for it may be spoiled; the same with slaves; sometimes a man may require thousands of workmen, and sometimes none. Money demanded from those who have not got it, makes it possible to get rid of all these inconveniences, and to have every thing that is required: this is why the oppressor wants money. Besides this, he wants money in order that his right to utilize another's labor may not be confined to certain men, but may be extended to all men who likewise require it.

When there was no money in circulation, each landlord could utilize the labor only of his own serfs; but when they agreed to demand from their peasants money which they had not, they were all enabled to appropriate without distinction the labor of the men on every estate.

Thus the oppressor finds it more convenient to press all his claims upon another's labor in the shape of money, and for this sole object is it desired. To the victim from whom it is taken away, money cannot be of use, either for the purpose of exchange, seeing he exchanges without money, as all nations have exchanged who had no government; nor for a measure of value, because this is fixed without him; nor for the purpose of saving, because the man whose productions are taken away cannot save; neither for payments, because an oppressed man will always have more to pay than to receive; and if he does receive any thing, the payment will be made, not in money, but in articles of merchandise in either case; whether the workman takes goods out of his master's shop as remuneration for his labor, or whether he buys the necessaries of life with all his earnings in other shops, the money is required from him, and he is told by his oppressors that if he does not pay it, they will refuse to give him land or bread, or will take away his cow or his horse, or condemn him to work, or put him in prison. He can only free himself from all this by selling the productions of his toil, his own labor, or that of his children.

And this he will have to sell according to those prices which will be established, not by a regular exchange, but by the authority which demands money of him.

Under the conditions of the influence of tribute and taxes upon the prices which everywhere and always repeat themselves, as with the land-owners in a narrow circle, so also with the state on a larger scale (in which the causes of the modification of prices are as obvious to us, as it is obvious how the hands and feet of puppets are set in motion, to those who look behind the curtain and see who are the wire-pullers): under these circumstances, to say that money is a medium of exchange and a measure of value, is at least astonishing.

XX.

All slavery is based solely on the fact that one man can deprive another of his life, and by threatening to do so compel him to do his will. We may see for certain that whenever one man is enslaved by another, when against his own will, and according to the will of another, he does certain actions, which are contrary to his inclination, the

cause, if traced to its source, is nothing more nor less than a result of this threat. If a man gives to others all his labor, has not enough to eat, has to send his little children from home to work hard, leaves his family, and devotes all his life to a hated and unnecessary task, as happens before our own eyes in the world (which we term civilized because we ourselves live in it), then we may certainly say that he does so only because not to do so would be equivalent to loss of life.

And therefore in our civilized world, where the majority of people, amidst terrible privations, perform hated labors unnecessary to themselves, the greater number of men are in slavery based upon the threat of being deprived of their existence. Of what, then, does this slavery consist? And wherein lies this power of threat?

In olden times the means of subjugation and the threat to kill were plain and obvious to all: the primitive means of enslaving men consisted then in a direct threat to kill with the sword.

An armed man said to an unarmed, "I can kill thee, as thou hast seen I have done to thy brother, but I do not want to do it: I will spare thee,—first, because it is not agreeable for me to kill thee; secondly, because, as well for me as for thee, it will be more convenient that thou shouldst labor for me than that I should kill thee. Therefore do all I order thee to do, but know that, if thou refusest, I will take thy life."

So the unarmed man submitted to the armed one; and did every thing which he was ordered to do. The unarmed man labored, the armed threatened. This was that personal slavery which appeared first among all nations, and which still exists among primitive races.

This means of enslaving always begins the work; but when life becomes more complicated, it undergoes a change. With the complication of life, such a means presents great inconveniences to the oppressor. He, in order to appropriate the labor of the weak, has to feed and clothe them, and keep them able to work, and so the number of slaves is diminished: besides, this compels the enslaver to remain continually with the enslaved, driving him to work by the threat of murdering him. And thus is developed another means of subjugation.

Five thousand years ago (as we find in the Bible) this

novel, convenient, and clever means of oppression was discovered by Joseph the Beautiful.

It is similar to that employed now in the menageries for taming restive horses and wild beasts.

It is hunger!

This contrivance is thus described in the Bible: —

Genesis xli. 48: And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same.

49. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

53. And the seven years of plenteousness, that was in the land of Egypt, were ended.

54. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt, there was bread.

55. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do.

56. And the famine was over all the face of the earth: And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt.

57. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Joseph, making use of the primitive means of enslaving men by the threat of the sword, gathered corn during the seven years of plenty in expectation of seven years of famine, which generally follow years of plenty, — men know all this without the dreams of Pharaoh, — and then by the pangs of hunger he more securely and conveniently made all the Egyptians and the inhabitants of the surrounding countries slaves to Pharaoh. And when the people began to be famished, he arranged matters so as to keep them in his power forever.

Genesis xlvii. 13: And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore, so that the land of Egypt and all the land of Canaan fainted by reason of the famine.

14. And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, for the corn which they bought: and Joseph brought the money into Pharaoh's house.

15. And when money failed in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, all the Egyptians came unto Joseph, and said, Give us bread: for why should we die in thy presence? for the money faileth.

16. And Joseph said, Give your cattle; and I will give you for your cattle, if money fail.

17. And they brought their cattle unto Joseph: and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses, and for the flocks, and for the cattle of the herds, and for the asses: and he fed them with bread for all their cattle for that year.

18. When that year was ended, they came unto him the second year, and said unto him, We will not hide it from my Lord, how that our money is spent; my lord also hath our herds of cattle; there is not ought left in the sight of my lord, but our bodies, and our lands:

19. Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh: and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate.

20. And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them: so the land became Pharaoh's.

21. And as for the people, he removed them to cities from one end of the borders of Egypt even to the other end thereof.

22. Only the land of the priests bought he not; for the priests had a portion assigned them of Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them: wherefore they sold not their lands.

23. Then Joseph said unto the people, Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh: lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land.

24. And it shall come to pass in the increase, that ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own, for seed of the field, and for your food, and for them of your households, and for food for your little ones.

25. And they said, Thou hast saved our lives: let us find grace in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants.

26. And Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt unto this day, that Pharaoh should have the fifth part; except the land of the priests only, which became not Pharaoh's.

Formerly, in order to appropriate labor, Pharaoh had to use violence towards them; but now, when the stores and the land belonged to Pharaoh, he had only to keep these stores by force, and by means of hunger compel men to labor for him.

All the land now belonged to Pharaoh, and he had all the stores (which were taken away from the people); and therefore, instead of driving them to work individually by the sword, he had only to keep food from them, and they were enslaved, not by the sword, but by hunger.

In a year of scarcity, all men may be starved to death at Pharaoh's will; and in a year of plenty, all may be killed who, from casual misfortunes, have no stores of corn.

And thence comes into operation the second means of enslaving, not directly with the sword, — that is, by the strong man driving the weak one to labor under threat of killing him, — but by the strong one having taken away from the weak the stores of corn which, keeping by the sword, he compels the weak to work for.

Joseph said to the hungry men, "I could starve you to death, because I have the corn; but I will spare your life, but only under the condition that you do all I order you for the food which I will give you." For the first means of enslaving, the oppressor needs only soldiers to ride to and fro among the inhabitants, and under threat of death make them fulfil the requirements of their master. And thus the oppressor has only to pay his soldiers; but with the second means, besides these the oppressor must have different assistants for keeping and protecting the land and stores from the starving people.

These are the Josephs and his stewards and distributers. And the oppressor has to reward them, and to give Joseph a dress of fine linen, a gold ring, and servants, and corn and silver to his brothers and relatives. Besides this, from the very nature of this second means, not only the stewards and their relations, but all those who have stores of corn, become participators in this violence, just as by the first means, based upon crude force, every one who has arms becomes a partner in tyranny; so by this means, based upon hunger, every

one who has stores of provision shares in it, and has power over those who have no stores.

The advantage of this means over the former for the oppressor, consists, first and chiefly, in the fact that he need no longer compel the workingmen by force to do his will, for they themselves come to him, and sell themselves to him; secondly, in the circumstance that fewer men escape from his violence: the drawback is, that he has to employ a greater number of men. For the oppressed the advantage of it consists in the fact that they are no longer exposed to rough violence, but are left to themselves, and can always hope to pass from being the oppressed to become oppressors in their turn, which they sometimes really do by fortunate circumstances. The drawback for them is, that they can never escape from participating in the oppression of others.

This new means of enslaving generally comes into operation together with the old one; and the oppressor lessens the one and increases the other, according to his desires.

But this does not fully satisfy the man who wishes to have as little trouble and care as possible, and to take away as much as possible of the productions of labor of as many working-people as he can find, and to enslave as many men as possible; and, therefore, a third means of oppression is evolved.

This is the slavery of taxation, and, like the second, it is based upon hunger; but to the means of subduing men by depriving them of bread, is added the privation of other necessaries of life.

The oppressor requires from the slaves such a quantity of money which he himself has coined, that, in order to obtain it, the slaves are compelled to sell not only stores of corn in greater quantity than the fifth part which was fixed by Joseph, but the first necessaries of life as well,— meat, skins, wool, clothes, firewood, even their dwellings; and therefore the oppressor always keeps his slaves in his power, not only by hunger, but by hunger, thirst, cold, and other privations.

And then the third means of slavery comes into operation, a monetary, a tributary one, consisting in the oppressor saying to the oppressed, "I can do with each of you just what I like; I can kill and destroy you by taking away the land by which you earn your living; I can, with this money which you must give me, buy all the corn upon which you feed, and sell it to strangers, and at any time annihilate you by starva-

tion; I can take from you all that you have, — your cattle, your houses, your clothes; but it is neither convenient nor agreeable for me to do so, and therefore I let you alone, to work as you please; only give me so much of the money which I demand of you, either as a poll-tax, or according to the quantity of your food and drink, or your clothes or your houses. Give me this money, and do what you like among yourselves, but know that I shall neither protect nor maintain widows nor orphans nor invalids nor old people, nor such as have been burned out: I shall only protect the regular circulation of this money. This right will always be mine to protect only those who regularly give me the fixed number of these pieces of money: as to how or where you get it, I will not in the least trouble myself." And so the oppressor distributes these pieces of money as an acknowledgment that his demand has been complied with.

The second means of enslaving consists in that, having taken away the fifth part of the harvest, and collected stores of corn, the Pharaoh, besides the personal slavery by the sword, receives, by his assistants, the possibility of dominion over the working-people during the time of famine, and over some of them forever from misfortunes which happen to them.

The third means consists in this: Pharaoh requires from the working-people more money than the value of the fifth part of corn which he took from them; he, together with his assistants, gets a new means of dominion over the working-class, not merely during the famine and their casual misfortunes, but permanently. By the second means, men retain stores of corn which help them to bear indifferent harvests and casual misfortunes without going into slavery; by the third, when there are more demands, the stores, not of corn only, but of all other necessaries of life, are taken away from them, and at the first misfortune a workingman, having neither stores of corn, nor any other stores which he might have exchanged for corn, falls into slavery to those who have money.

For the first, an oppressor need have only soldiers, and share the booty with them; for the second, he must have, besides the protectors of the land and the stores of corn, collectors and clerks for the distribution of this corn; for the third, he must have, besides the soldiers for keeping the land and his property, collectors of taxes, assessors

of direct and indirect taxation, supervisors, custom-house clerks, managers of money, and coiners of it.

The organization of the third means is much more complicated than that of the second. By the second, the getting in of corn may be leased out, as was the case in olden times and is still in Turkey; but by putting taxes on men, there is need of a complicated administration, which has to insure that the taxes are rightly levied. And therefore, by the third means, the oppressor has to share the plunder with a still greater number of men than by the second; besides, according to the very nature of the thing, all those men of the same or of the foreign country who possess money, become sharers with the oppressed.

The advantage of this means over the first and second consists in the following fact: chiefly that by it there is no need of waiting for a year of scarcity, as in the time of Joseph, but years of famine are established forever, and (whilst by the second method the part of the labor which is taken away depends upon the harvest, and cannot be augmented *ad libitum*, because if there is no corn, there can be nothing to take) by the new monetary method the requirement can be brought to any desired limit, for the demand for money can always be satisfied, because the debtor, in order to satisfy it, will sell his cattle, clothes, or houses. The chief advantage of this means to the oppressor consists in the fact that by it he can take away the greatest quantity of labor and in the most convenient way; for a money-tax, like a screw, may easily and conveniently be screwed up to the utmost limit, and golden eggs be obtained though the bird that lays them is all but dead.

Another of its advantages for the oppressor is that its violence reaches all those also who, by possessing no land, escaped from it formerly by giving only a part of their labor for corn; and now besides that part which they give for corn, they must give another part for taxes. A drawback for the oppressor is, that he has to share the plunder with a still greater number of men, not only with his direct assistants, but also with all those men of his own country, and even foreign countries, who may have the money which is demanded from the slaves.

Its advantage for the oppressed is only that he is allowed greater independence: he may live wherever he chooses, do whatever he likes; he may sow or not sow; he has not

to give any account of his labor; and if he has money, he may consider himself entirely free, and constantly hope, though only for a time, when he has money to spare, to obtain not only an independent position, but even to become an oppressor himself.

The drawback is, that, on a general average, the situation of the oppressed becomes much worse, and they are deprived of the greater part of the productions of their labor, because by it the number of those who utilize the labor of others increases, and therefore the burden of keeping them falls upon a smaller number of men. This third means of enslaving men is also a very old one, and comes into operation with the former two without entirely excluding them.

All three have always been in operation. All may be likened to screws, which secure the board which is laid upon the working-people, and which presses them down. The fundamental, or middle screw, without which the other screws could not hold, which is first screwed up, and which is never slackened, is the screw of personal slavery, the enslaving of some men by others under threat of slaughter; the second, which is screwed up after the first, is that of enslaving men by taking away the land and stores of provisions from them, such abduction being maintained under threat to murder; and the third screw is slavery enforced by the requirement of certain coins; and this demand is also maintained under threat of murder.

These three screws are made fast, and it is only when one of them is tightened that the two others are slackened. For the complete enslaving of the workingman, all three are necessary; and in our society, all three are in operation together. The first means by personal slavery under the threat of murder by the sword has never been abolished, and never will be so long as there is oppression, because all kinds of oppression are based upon this alone. We are all very sure that personal slavery is abolished in our civilized world; that the last remnant of it has been annihilated in America and in Russia, and that it is only among barbarians that real slavery exists, and that with us it is no longer in being.

We forget only one small circumstance, — those hundreds of millions of standing troops, without which no state exists, and with the abolition of which all the economical organization of each state would inevitably fall to pieces. Yet what are these millions of soldiers but the personal slaves of those

who rule over them? Are not these men compelled to do the will of their commanders, under the threat of torture and death, — a threat often carried out? the difference consisting only in the fact that the submission of these slaves is not called slavery, but discipline; the only difference being that slaves are so from their birth, and soldiers only during a more or less short period of their so-called service.

Personal slavery, therefore, is not only not abolished in our civilized world, but, under the general system of recruiting, it has become confirmed of late years; and as it has always existed, so it has remained, having only somewhat changed from its original form. And it cannot but exist, because, so long as there is the enslaving of one man by another, there will be this personal slavery too, that which under threat of the sword maintains the serfdom of land-ownership and taxes.

It may be that this slavery, that is, of troops, is necessary, as it is said, for the defence and the glory of the country; but this kind of utility is more than doubtful, because we see how often in the case of unsuccessful wars it serves only for the subjugation and shame of the country; but the expediency of this slavery for maintaining that of the land and taxes is unquestionable.

If Irish or Russian peasants were to take possession of the land of the land-owners, troops would be sent to dispossess them.

If you build a distillery or a brewery, and do not pay excise, then soldiers will be sent to shut it up. Refuse to pay taxes, the same thing will happen to you.

The second screw is the means of enslaving men by taking away from them the land and their stores of provisions. This means has also been always in existence wherever men are oppressed; and, whatever changes it may undergo, it is everywhere in operation.

Sometimes all the land belongs to the sovereign, as is the case in Turkey, and there one-tenth is given to the state treasury. Sometimes a part of the land belongs to the sovereign, and taxes are raised upon it. Sometimes all the land belongs to a few people, and is let out for labor, as is the case in England. Sometimes more or less large portions of the land belong to the land-owners, as is the case in Russia, Germany, and France. But wherever there is enslaving, there exists also the appropriation of the land by the op-

pressor. This screw is slackened or tightened according to the condition of the other screws.

Thus, in Russia, when personal slavery was extended to the majority of working-people, there was no need of land-slavery; but the screw of personal slavery was slackened in Russia only when the screws of land and tax slavery were tightened.

In England, for instance, the land slavery is pre-eminently in operation, and the question about the nationalizing of the land consists only in the screw of taxation being tightened in order that the screw of land appropriation may be slackened.

The third means of enslaving men by taxes has also been in operation for ages; and in our days, with the extension of uniform standards of money and the strengthening of the state power, it has received only a particular influence.

This means is so worked out in our days, that it tends to substitute the second means of enslaving, — the land monopoly.

This is the screw by the tightening of which the screw of land slavery is slackened, as is obvious from the politico-economical state of all Europe.

We have, in our lifetime, witnessed in Russia two transformations of slavery: when the serfs were liberated, and their landlords retained the right to the greater part of the land, the landlords were afraid that they were going to lose their power over their slaves; but experience has shown, that, having let go the old chain of personal slavery, they had only to seize another, — that of the land. A peasant was short of corn; he had not enough to live on: and the landlord had land and stores of corn, and therefore the peasant still remained the same slave.

Another transformation was caused by the government screw of taxation being pressed home, when the majority of working-people, having no stores, were obliged to sell themselves to their landlords and to the factories. The new form of oppression held the people still tighter, so that nine-tenths of the Russian working-people are working for their landlords and in the factories to pay these taxes. This is so obvious, that, if the government were not to raise taxes for one year only, all labor would be stopped in the fields of the landlords and in the factories. Nine-tenths of the Russian people hire themselves out during and before the collection of taxes. All these three means have never ceased

to operate, and are still in operation; but men are inclined to ignore them, and new excuses are invented for them.

And what is most remarkable of all is this, that the very means on which, at the moment in question, every thing is based, that screw which is screwed up tighter than all others, which holds every thing, is not noticed so long as it holds. When in the ancient world all the economical administration was upheld by personal slavery, the greatest intellects did not notice it. To Plato, as well as to Xenophon and Aristotle and to the Romans, it seemed that it could not be otherwise, and that slavery was an unavoidable and natural result of wars, without which the existence of mankind could not be thought of. So also in the Middle Ages and up to the present time, men have not apprehended the meaning of land-ownership, upon which depended all the economical administration of their time.

So also, at present, no one sees, or wants to see, that in our time the enslaving of the majority of the people depends upon taxes collected by the government from its own land slaves, taxes collected *by the troops*, by the very same troops, which are maintained by means of these taxes.

XXI.

No wonder that the slaves themselves, who have always been enslaved, do not understand their own position, and that this condition in which they have always been living is considered by them to be that natural to human life, and that they hail as a relief any change in their form of slavery; no wonder that their owners sometimes quite sincerely think they are, in a measure, freeing the slaves by slackening one screw, though they are compelled to do so by the over-tension of another.

Both become accustomed to their state; and one part, — the slaves. — never having known what freedom is, merely seek an alleviation, or only the change of their condition; the other, — the owners, — wishing to mask their injustice, try to assign a particular meaning to those new forms of slavery which they enforce in place of older ones: but it is wonderful how the majority of the investigators of the economical conditions of the life of the people fail to see that which forms the basis of all the economical conditions of a people.

It would seem that the duty of a true science was to try to ascertain the connection of the phenomena and general cause of a series of occurrences. But the majority of the representatives of modern Political Economy are doing just the reverse of this: they carefully hide the connection and meaning of the phenomena, and avoid answering the most simple and essential questions.

Modern Political Economy, like an idle, lazy cart-horse, goes well only down-hill, when it has no collar-work; but as soon as it has any thing to draw, it at once refuses, pretending it has to go somewhere aside after its own business. When any grave, essential question is put to Political Economy, scientific discussions are started about some matter or other, which does not in the least concern the question.

You ask, How are we to account for a fact so unnatural, monstrous, unreasonable, and not useless only, but harmful, that some men can eat or work only in accordance with the will of other men?

And you are gravely answered, Because some men must arrange the labor and the feeding of others, — such is the law of production.

You ask, What is this right of property, according to which some men appropriate to themselves the land, food, and instruments of labor belonging to others? You are again gravely answered, This right is based upon the protection of labor, — that is, the protection of some men's labor is effected by taking possession of the labor of other men.

You ask, What is that money which is everywhere coined and stamped by the governments, by the authorities, and which is so exorbitantly demanded from the working-people, and which in the shape of national debts is levied upon the future generations of workingmen? And further, has not this money, demanded from the people in the shape of taxes, raised to the utmost pitch, has not this money any influence upon the economical relationships of men, — between the payers and the receivers? And you are answered in all seriousness, Money is an article of merchandise like sugar, or chintz; and it differs from other articles only in the fact that it is more convenient for exchange.

As for the influence of taxes upon the economical conditions of a people, it is a different question altogether: the laws of production, exchange, and distribution of wealth, are

one thing, but taxation is quite another. You ask whether it has any influence upon the economical conditions of a people that the government can arbitrarily raise or lower prices, and, having augmented the taxes, can enslave all those who have no land? The pompous answer is, The laws of production, exchange, and distribution of wealth is one science, — Political Economy; and taxes, and, generally speaking, State Economy, come under another head, — the Law of Finance.

You ask finally, Is there no influence exercised upon economical conditions by the circumstance that all the people are in bondage to the government, and that this government can arbitrarily ruin all men, take away all the productions of men's labor, and even carry the men themselves away from their labor into military slavery? You are answered, That this is altogether a different question, belonging to the State Law.

The majority of the representatives of science discuss quite seriously the laws of the economical life of a people, while all the functions and activities of this life are dependent upon the will of the oppressor; whilst, at the same time, recognizing the influence of the oppressor as a natural condition of the life of a people, they do the same thing that an investigator of the economical conditions of the life of the personal slaves of different masters would do, were he not to consider the influence exercised upon the life of these slaves by the will of that master who compels them to labor upon this or that thing, and who drives them from one place to another, according to his pleasure, who feeds them or neglects to do so, who kills them or leaves them alive.

A dreadful superstition has been long, and is still, in existence, — a superstition which has done more harm to men than all the most terrible religious superstitions.

And so-called science supports this superstition with all its power, and with the utmost zeal. This superstition resembles exactly the religious one, and consists in affirming, that, besides the duties of man to man, there are still more important duties towards an imaginary being, which theologians call God, and political science the State.

The religious superstition consists in this: That the sacrifices, sometimes of human lives, offered to this imaginary being, are necessary, and that they can and ought to be enforced by every means, even by violence. The political

superstition consists in this: That, besides the duties of man to man, there exist still more important duties to an imaginary being; and the offerings, very often, of human lives brought to this imaginary being, — the State, — are also necessary, and can and ought to be enforced by every means, even by violence.

This very superstition which was formerly encouraged by the priests of different religions, is now sustained by so-called science.

Men are thrown into slavery, into the most terrible slavery, worse than has ever before existed; but so-called science tries to persuade men that such is necessary, and cannot be avoided.

The state must exist for the welfare and business of the people; to rule and protect them from their enemies.

For this purpose the state wants money and troops. Money must be subscribed by all the citizens of the state. And hence all the relationships of men must be considered under the conditions of the existence of the state.

"I want to help my father by my labor," says a common, unlearned man. "I want also to marry; but instead, I am taken and sent to Kazan, to be a soldier for six years. I leave the military service. I want to plough the ground, and earn food for my family; but I am not allowed to plough for one hundred versts around me, unless I pay money, which I have not got, and pay it to those men who do not understand how to plough, and who require for the land so much money, that I must give them all my labor to procure it: however, I still manage to save something, and I want to give my savings to my children; but a police sergeant comes to me, and takes from me all I had saved for taxes: I earn a little more, and am again deprived of it. All my economical activity is under the influence of state demands; and it appears to me that the amelioration of my position, and that of my brethren, will follow our liberation from the demands of the state."

But he is told, such reasoning is the result of his ignorance.

Study the laws of production, exchange and distribution of wealth, and do not mix up economical questions with those of the state.

The phenomena which you point to are not at all a constraint put upon your freedom; but they are those necessary sacrifices which you, along with others, must make for your own freedom and welfare.

"But my son has been taken away from me," says again a common man; "and they threaten to take away all my sons as soon as they are grown up: they took him away by force, and drove him to face the enemy's guns into some country which we have never heard of, and for an object which we cannot understand.

"And as for the land which they do not allow us to plough, and for want of which we are starving, it belongs to a man who got possession of it by force, and whom we have never seen, and whose affairs we cannot even understand. And the taxes, to collect which the police sergeant has by force taken away my cow from my children, so far as I know, will go over to this same man who took my cow away, and to various members of committees, and of departments which I do not know of, and in the utility of which I do not believe. How is it, then, that all these acts of violence secure my liberty, and all this evil is to procure good?"

You may compel a man to be a slave, and to do that which he considers to be evil for himself, but you cannot compel him to think, that, in suffering violence, he is free, and that the obvious evil which he endures, constitutes his good.

Yet this seemingly impossible thing has been done in our days.

The government, that is, the armed oppressors, decide what they want from those whom they oppress (as in the case of England and the Fiji-Islanders): they decide how much labor they want from their slaves, — they decide how many assistants they will need in collecting the fruits of this labor; they organize their assistants in the shape of soldiers, land-owners, and collectors of taxes.

And the slaves give their labor, and, at the same time, believe that they give it, not because their masters demand it, but for the sake of their own freedom and welfare; and that this service and these bloody sacrifices to the divinity called State are necessary, and that, barring this service to their Deity, they are free. They believe it because the same had been formerly said in the name of religion by the priests, and is now said in the name of so-called science, — by learned men.

But one need only cease to believe what is said by other men, who call themselves priests or learned men, in order that the absurdity of such an assertion may become obvious.

The men who oppress others assure them that this oppres-

sion is necessary for the state, — and the state is necessary for the freedom and welfare of men; so that it appears that the oppressors oppress men for the sake of their freedom, and do them evil for the sake of good. But men are furnished with reason in order to understand wherein consists their own good, and to do it willingly.

As for the acts, the goodness of which is not intelligible to men, and to which they are compelled by force, such cannot serve for their good, because a reasoning being may consider as good only the thing which appears so to his reason. If men from passion or folly are driven to evil, all that those who are not so driven can do, is to persuade men as to what constitutes their real good. You may try to persuade men that their welfare will be greater when they are all become soldiers, are deprived of land, and have given their whole labor away for taxes; but until all men consider this condition to be their welfare, and undertake it willingly, one cannot call such a state of things the common welfare of men.

The willing acceptance of a condition by men is the sole criterion of its good. And the lives of men abound with such acts. Ten workmen buy tools in common, in order to work together with them, and in so doing they are undoubtedly benefiting themselves; but we cannot suppose that if these ten workmen were to compel an eleventh, by force, to join in their association, they would insist that their common welfare will be the same for him.

And so with gentlemen who agree to give a subscription dinner at a pound a head to a mutual friend, no one can assert that such a dinner will benefit a man who, against his will, has been obliged to pay a sovereign for it; and so with peasants who decide, for their common convenience, to dig a pond.

For those who consider the existence of such more valuable than the labor spent upon it, the digging of it will be a common good. But to the one who considers the existence of the pond of less value than a day's harvesting, in which he is behind-hand, the digging of it will appear evil. The same holds good with roads, churches, and museums, and with all various social and state affairs.

All such work may be good for those who consider it good, and who therefore freely and willingly perform it,— the dinner which the gentlemen give, the pond which the peasants dig. But the work to which men must be driven by force, ceases

to be a common good precisely by the fact of such violence. All this is so plain and simple, that, if men had not been so long deceived, there would be no need to explain it.

Suppose we live in a village where all the inhabitants have agreed to build a viaduct over the morass which is a danger to them. We agree together, and promise to give from each house so much in money or wood or days of labor. We agree to do this because the making of this road is more advantageous to us than what we exchange for it; but among us there are some for whom it is more advantageous to do without a road than to spend money on it, or who, at all events, think it is so. Can the compelling of these men to make the way make it of advantage to them? Obviously not; because those who considered that their joining by choice in making the way would have been to their disadvantage, will consider it, *a fortiori*, still more disadvantageous when they are compelled to do so. Suppose, even, that we all, without exception, were agreed, and promised so much money or labor from each house, but that it happened that some of those who had promised did not give what they agreed on, their circumstances having meanwhile changed, so that it is more advantageous for such now to be without the road than to spend money on it; or that they have simply changed their mind about it, or even calculate that others will make the road without them, and that they will pass over it. Can the compelling of these men to join in the labor make them consider the sacrifices enforced upon them their own good?

Obviously not; because, if such have not fulfilled what they have promised, owing to a change in their circumstances, so that now the sacrifices for the sake of the road outbalance their gain by it, the compulsory sacrifices of such would be only a worse evil. But if those who refuse to join in building the bridge have in view the utilizing of the labor of others, then in this case also the compelling them to make a sacrifice would be only a punishment on a supposition, and their object, which nobody can prove, will be punished before it is made apparent; but in neither case can the compelling them to join in a work undesired by them be good for them.

And if it be so with sacrifices for a work comprehensible by all, obvious and undoubtedly useful to all as a road over a morass; how still more unjust and unreasonable is the

compelling of millions of men to make sacrifices, the object of which is incomprehensible, imperceptible, and often undoubtedly harmful, as is the case with military service, and with taxes.

But it is believed that what appears to every one to be an evil, is a common good: it appears that there are men, a small minority, who alone know what the common good consists in, and, notwithstanding the fact that all other men consider this common good to be an evil, this minority can compel other men to do whatever they may consider to be for the common good. This constitutes the chief superstition and the chief deceit, which hinders the progress of mankind towards the True and the Good.

The nursing of this superstitious deceit has been the object of political sciences in general, and of so-called Political Economy in particular.

Many are making use of it in order to hide from men the state of oppression and slavery in which they now are.

The way they set about doing so is by starting the theory that violence, connected with the economy of social slavery, is a natural and unavoidable evil, and men thereby are deceived, and turn their eyes from the real causes of their misfortunes.

Slavery has long been abolished. It has been abolished as well in Rome as in America, and among ourselves; but the word only has been abolished, and not the evil.

Slavery is the violent freeing of some men from the labor necessary for satisfying their wants, which transfers this labor to others; and wherever there is a man who does not work, not because others willingly and lovingly work for him, but because he has the possibility, while not working himself, to make others work for him, there is slavery.

And wherever there are, as is the case with all European societies, men who by means of violence utilize the labor of thousands of others, and consider such to be their right, and others who submit to this violence considering it to be their duty, — there is slavery in its most dreadful proportions.

Slavery does exist. In what, then, does it consist? In that by which it has always consisted, and without which it cannot exist at all, — in the violence of a strong and armed man over a weak and unarmed one.

Slavery with its three fundamental modes of operation, — personal violence, soldiery, land-taxes, — maintained by

soldiery, and direct and indirect taxes put upon all the inhabitants, and so maintained, is still in operation now as it has been before.

We do not see it, because each of these three forms of slavery has received a new justification, which hides its meaning from us.

The personal violence of armed over unarmed men received its justification in the defence of the country from its imaginary enemies, while in its essence it has the one old meaning, — the submission of the conquered to the oppressors.

The taking away by violence from the laborers of their land was justified as a recompense for services rendered to an imaginary common welfare, and is confirmed by the right of heritage; but in reality it is the same depriving men of land and enslaving them, which has been performed by the troops.

And the last, the monetary violence by means of taxes, the strongest and most effective in our days, had received a most wonderful justification.

The depriving men of the possession of their liberty and of all their goods is said to be done for the sake of the common liberty and of the common welfare. But in fact it is the same slavery, only an impersonal one.

Wherever violence is turned into law, there is slavery.

Whether violence finds its expression in the circumstance that princes with their courtiers come, kill, and burn down villages, or in the fact that the slave-owners take labor or money for the land from their slaves, and enforce payment by means of armed men, or by putting taxes on others, and riding armed to and fro in the villages, or in the circumstance of a Home Department collecting money through governors and police sergeants, — in one word, as long as violence is maintained by the bayonet, there will be no distribution of wealth, but it will all be accumulated among the oppressors. As a striking illustration of the truth of this assertion, the project of Mr. George as to the nationalization of the land may serve us.

Mr. George proposes to recognize all the land as the property of the state, and therefore to substitute the land-rent for all the taxes direct and indirect. That is, that every one who utilizes the land would have to pay to the state the value of its rent.

What would be the result? The land slavery would be

quite abolished within the limits of the state, and the land would belong to the state, — English land to England, American to America, and so on; so that there would be a slavery which would be determined by the quantity of utilized land. It might be that the condition of some laborers would improve; but while a forcible demand for rent remained, the slavery would remain too.

The laborer, after a bad harvest, being unable to pay the rent required from him, in order not to lose every thing and to retain the land, would be obliged to enslave himself to any one who happened to have the money. If a pail leaks, there must be a hole. On looking to the bottom of the pail, we may imagine that water runs from different holes; but however many imaginary holes we tried to stop from without, the water would not cease running.

In order to put a stop to this leakage, we must find the place out of which water runs, and stop it from the inside. The same holds good with the proposed means of stopping the irregular distribution of wealth, — the holes through which the wealth runs away from the people.

It is said, Organize workingmen's corporations, make capital social property, make land social property. All this is only the mere stopping from the outside of those holes from which we fancy water runs away. In order to stop wealth going from the hands of workingmen to those of non-workingmen, it is necessary to try to find out from inside the hole through which this leakage takes place. This hole is the violence of armed over unarmed men, the violence of troops, by means of which men are carried away from their labor, and the land, and the productions of labor, taken away from men.

As long as there is an armed man with the acknowledgment of his right to kill another man, whoever he may be, so long will there also exist an unjust distribution of wealth, — in other words, slavery.

XXII.

I ALWAYS wonder at the often repeated words, "Yes, it is all true in theory, but how is it in practice?" As though this theory was a mere collection of good words, needful for conversation, and not as though all practice — that is, all activity of life — was inevitably based upon it.

There must have been in the world an immense number of foolish theories, if men employed such wonderful reasoning.

You know that theory is what a man thinks about a thing, and practice is what he does. How can it be that a man should think that he ought to act in one way, and then do quite the reverse? If the theory of baking bread consists in this, that first of all one must knead the dough, then put it by to rise, then any one knowing this would be a fool to do the reverse. But with us it has come into fashion to say, "All this is very well in theory, but how would it be in practice?"

In all that has occupied me, practice has unavoidably followed theory, not mainly in order to justify it, but because it cannot help doing so: if I have understood the affair upon which I have meditated, I cannot help doing it in the way in which I have understood it.

I wished to help the needy, only because I had money to spare; and I shared the general superstition that money is the representative of labor, and, generally speaking, something lawful and good in itself. But, having begun to give this money away, I saw that I was only drawing bills of exchange collected by me from poor people; that I was doing the very thing the old landlords used to do in compelling some of their serfs to work for other serfs.

I saw that every use of money, whether buying any thing with it, or giving it away gratis, is a drawing of bills of exchange on poor people, or passing them to others to be drawn by them. And therefore I clearly understood the foolishness of what I was doing, in helping the poor by exacting money from them.

I saw that money in itself was not only not a good thing, but obviously an evil one, depriving men of their chief good, labor, and the utilizing of their labor, and that this very good I cannot give to any one, because I am myself deprived of it: I have neither labor, nor the happiness of utilizing my labor.

It might be asked by some, "What is there so peculiarly important in abstractly discussing the meaning of money?" But this argument which I have opened, is not merely for the sake of discussion, but in order to find an answer to the vital question, which had caused me so much suffering, and on which my life depended, in order to discover what I was to do.

As soon as I understood what riches are, what money is, at once it became plain and unquestionable to me what all men must do. In reality I merely came to realize what I have long known, — that truth which has been transmitted to men from the oldest times, by Buddha, by Isaiah, by Laotse, and by Socrates, and particularly clearly and definitively by Jesus Christ, and his predecessor John the Baptist.

John the Baptist, in answer to men's question, "What shall we do then?" answered plainly and briefly, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise" (Luke iii. 10, 11).

The same thing, and with still greater clearness, said Christ, — blessing the poor, and uttering woes on the rich. He said that no man can serve God and mammon.

He forbade his disciples not only to take money, but also to have two coats. He said to the rich young man that he could not enter into the kingdom of God, because he was rich, and that it is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.

He said that he who would not leave every thing — his houses and children and his fields — in order to follow him, was not his disciple. He spoke a parable about a rich man who had done nothing wrong (like our own rich people), but merely dressed well, ate and drank well, yet by this lost his own soul; and about a beggar named Lazarus, who had done nothing good, and who had saved his soul by his beggar's life.

This truth had long been known to me; but the false teaching of the world had so cunningly hidden it, that it became a theory in the sense which men like to attach to this word, — that is, a pure abstraction. But as soon as I succeeded in pulling down in my consciousness the sophistry of the world's teaching, then theory became one with practice, and the reality of my life became its unavoidable result.

I understood that man, besides living for his own good, must work for the good of others; that if we were to draw our comparison from the world of animals, as some men are so fond of doing in justifying violence and contest by the law of the struggle for existence, we must take this

comparison also from the lives of social animals like bees; and therefore man, saying nothing of his love to his neighbors, incumbent upon him, as well by reason as by his very nature, is called upon to serve his fellows and their common object.

I understood that this is the natural law of man, by fulfilling which he can alone fulfil his calling, and therefore be happy. I understood that this law has been, and is being, violated by the fact that men by violence (as robber-bees) free themselves from labor, and utilize the labor of others, using this labor not for the common purpose, but for the personal satisfaction of their constantly increasing lusts, and also, like robber-bees, they perish thereby. I understood that the misfortune of men comes from the slavery in which some men are kept by others. I understood that this slavery is brought about in our days by the violence of military force, by the appropriation of land, and by the exaction of money.

And, having understood the meaning of all these three instruments of modern slavery, I could not help desiring to free myself from any share in it.

When I was a landlord, possessing serfs, and came to understand the immorality of such a position, I, along with other men who had understood the same thing, tried to free myself from it. Failing to do so, I endeavored to assert my claims as a slave-owner as little as possible, and to live, and to let other people live, as if such claims did not exist, and at the same time, by trying every means, to suggest to other slave-owners the unlawfulness and inhumanity of their imaginary rights.

I cannot help doing the same now with reference to existent slavery; that is, I try as little as possible to assert my claims while I am unable to free myself from such power of claim which gives me land-ownership and money, raised by the violence of military force, and at the same time by all means in my power to try to suggest to other men the unlawfulness and inhumanity of these imaginary rights.

The share in enslaving men, from the stand-point of a slave-owner, consists in utilizing the labor of others: it is quite the same, whether the enslaving is based upon a claim to the person of the slave, or upon the possession of land or money. And therefore, if a man really does not like slavery, and does not desire to be a partaker in it, the first

thing which he must do is this: neither utilize men's labor by serving the government, nor possess land or money.

The refusal of all the means in use for utilizing another's labor will unavoidably bring such a man to the necessity, on the one hand, of lessening his wants, and, on the other, of doing himself what formerly was done for him by others. And this so simple inference at once puts an end to all three causes which prevent our helping the poor, which I discovered in seeking the cause of my non-success.

The first cause was the accumulation of people in towns, and the absorption there of the productions of the country.

All that a man needs is not to desire to utilize another's labor by serving the government, possessing land and money, and then, according to his strength and ability, to satisfy unaided his own wants, and the idea of leaving his village would never enter his mind, because in the country it is easier for him personally to satisfy his wants, while in a town every thing is the production of the labor of others; in the country a man will always be able to help the needy, and will not experience that feeling of being useless, which I felt in the town when I wanted to help men, not with my own, but with other men's labors.

The second cause was the estrangement between the poor and the rich. A man need only not desire to utilize other men's labor by serving the government, possessing land and money, and he would be compelled himself to satisfy his wants, and at once involuntarily that barrier would be pushed down which separates him from the working-people, and he would be one with the people, standing shoulder to shoulder with them, and seeing the possibility of helping them.

The third cause was shame, based upon the consciousness of the immorality of possessing money with which I wanted to help others. A man needs only not to desire to utilize another man's labor by serving the government, possessing land and money, and he will never have that superfluous "fool's money," the fact of possessing which made those who wanted money ask me for pecuniary assistance, which I was not able to satisfy, and called forth in me the consciousness of my unrighteousness.

XXIII.

I saw that the cause of the sufferings and depravity of men lies in the fact that some men are in bondage to others; and therefore I came to the obvious conclusion, that if I want to help men, I have first of all to leave off causing those very misfortunes which I want to remedy, — in other words, I must not share in the enslaving of men.

I was led to the enslaving of men by the circumstance that from my infancy I had been accustomed not to work, but to utilize the labor of others, and I have been living in a society which is not only accustomed to this slavery, but justifies it by all kinds of sophistry, clever and foolish.

I came to the following simple conclusion, that, in order to avoid causing the sufferings and depravity of men, I ought to make other men work for me as little as possible, and to work myself as much as possible.

It was by this roundabout way that I arrived at the inevitable conclusion to which the Chinese arrived some thousand years ago, and which they express thus: "If there is one idle man, there must be another who is starving."

I came to that simple and natural conclusion, that if I pity the exhausted horse on whose back I ride, the first thing for me to do, if I really pity him, is to get off him, and walk. This answer, which gives such complete satisfaction to the moral sense, has been always before my eyes, as it is before the eyes of every one, but we do not all see it.

In seeking to heal our social diseases we look everywhere, — in the governmental, anti-governmental, scientific, and philanthropic superstitions, — and yet we do not see that which meets the eyes of every one. We fill our drains with filth, and require other men to clean them, and pretend to be very sorry for them, and we want to ease their work, and are inventing all sorts of devices except one, the simplest; namely, that we should ourselves remove our slops so long as we find it necessary to produce them in our rooms.

For one who really suffers from the sufferings of other men surrounding him, there exists a most clear, simple, and easy means, the only one sufficient to heal this evil, and to confer a sense of the lawfulness of one's life. This means is that which John the Baptist recommended when he answered the question, "What shall we do then?" and which was

confirmed by Christ, not to have more than one coat, and not to possess money,—that is, not to profit by another man's labor; and in order not to utilize another's labor, we must do with our own hands all that we can do. This is so plain and simple! But this is plain and simple and clear, only when our wants are also plain, and when we ourselves are still sound, and not corrupted to the backbone by idleness and laziness.

I live in a village, lie by the stove, and tell my neighbor, who is my debtor, to light it. It is obvious that I am lazy, take my neighbor away from his own work, and I at last feel ashamed of it; and besides, it grows dull for me to be always lying down when my muscles are strong, and accustomed to work, and I go to fetch the wood myself.

But slavery of all kinds has been going on so long, so many artificial wants have grown about it, so many people with different degrees of familiarity with these wants are interwoven one with another, through so many generations men have been spoiled and made effeminate, such complicated temptations and justifications of luxury and idleness have been invented by men, that for one who stands on the top of the pyramid of idle men, it is not at all so easy to understand his sin as it is for the peasant, who compels his neighbor to light his stove.

Men who stand at the top find it most difficult to understand what is required of them. They become giddy from the height of the structure of lies on which they stand when they look at that spot on the earth to which they must descend, in order to begin to live, not righteously, but only not quite inhumanly; and that is why this plain and clear truth appears to these men so strange.

A man who employs ten servants in livery, coachmen and cooks, who has pictures and pianos, must certainly regard as strange and even ridiculous the simple preliminary duty of, I do not say a good man, but of every man who is not a beast, to hew that wood with which his food is cooked and by which he is warmed; to clean those boots in which he carelessly stepped into the mud; to bring that water with which he keeps himself clean, and to carry away those slops in which he has washed himself.

But besides the estrangement of men from the truth, there is another cause which hinders men from seeing the duty of doing the most simple and natural physical work; that is

the complicity and interweaving of the conditions in which a rich man lives.

This morning I entered the corridor in which the stoves are heated. A peasant was heating the stove which warmed my son's room. I entered his bedroom: he was asleep, and it was eleven o'clock in the morning. The excuse was, "To-day is a holiday; no lessons." A stout lad of eighteen years of age, having over-eaten himself the previous night, is sleeping until eleven o'clock; and a peasant of his age, who had already that morning done a quantity of work, was now lighting the tenth stove. "It would be better, perhaps, if the peasant did not light the stove to warm this stout, lazy fellow!" thought I; but I remembered at once that this stove also warmed the room of our housekeeper, a woman of forty years of age, who had been working the night before till three o'clock in the morning, to prepare every thing for the supper which my son ate; and then she put away the dishes, and, notwithstanding this, got up at seven.

She cannot heat the stove herself: she has no time for that. The peasant is heating the stove for her too. And under her name my lazy fellow was being warmed.

True, the advantages of all are interwoven; but without much consideration the conscience of each will say, On whose side is the labor, and on whose the idleness? But not only does conscience tell this, the account-book also tells it: the more money one spends, the more people work. The less one spends, the more one works one's self. My luxurious life gives means of living to others. Where should my old footman go, if I were to discharge him? What! every one must do every thing for himself? Make his coat as well as hew his wood? And how about division of labor? And industry and social undertakings? And, last of all, come the most horrible of words, — civilization, science, art!

XXIV.

Last March I was returning home late in the evening. On turning into a by-lane, I perceived on the snow, in a distant field, some black shadows. I should not have noticed this, but for the policeman, who stood at the end of the lane, and cried in the direction of the shadows, "Vasili, why don't you come along?"

"She won't move," answered a voice; and thereupon the shadows came towards the policeman. I stopped and asked him, —

"What is the matter?"

He said, "We have got some girls from Rzhanoff's house, and are taking them to the police-station; and one of them lags behind, and won't come along."

A night-watchman in sheepskin coat appeared now, leading a girl, who slouched along, while he prodded her from behind. I, the watchman and the policeman, were wearing winter-coats: she alone had none, having only her gown on. In the dark, I could distinguish only a brown dress, and a kerchief round her head and neck. She was short, like most starvelings, and had a broad, clumsy figure.

"We aren't going to stay here all night for you, you hag! Get on, or I'll give it you!" shouted the policeman. He was evidently fatigued, and tired of her. She walked some paces, and stopped again.

The old watchman, a good-natured man (I knew him), pulled her by the hand. "I'll wake you up! come along!" said he, pretending to be angry. She staggered, and began to speak, with a creaking, hoarse voice, "Let me be; don't you push. I'll get on myself."

"You'll be frozen to death," he returned.

"A girl like me won't be frozen: I've lots of hot blood."

She meant it as a joke, but her words sounded like a curse. By a lamp, which stood not far from the gate of my house, she stopped again, leaned back against the paling, and began to seek for something among her petticoats with awkward, frozen hands. They again shouted to her; but she only muttered, and continued searching. She held in one hand a crumpled cigarette, and matches in the other. I remained behind her: I was ashamed to pass by, or to stay and look at her. But I made up my mind, and came up to her. She leaned with her shoulder against the paling, and vainly tried to light a match on it.

I looked narrowly at her face. She was indeed a starveling, and appeared to me to be a woman of about thirty. Her complexion was dirty; her eyes small, dim, and bleared with drinking; she had a squat nose; her lips were wry and slavering, with downcast angles; from under her kerchief fell a tuft of dry hair. Her figure was long and flat; her arms and legs short.

I stopped in front of her. She looked at me and smiled, as if she knew all that I was thinking about. I felt that I ought to say something to her. I wanted to show her that I pitied her.

"Have you parents?" I asked. She laughed hoarsely, then suddenly stopped, and, lifting her brows, began to look at me steadfastly.

"Have you parents?" I repeated.

She smiled with a grimace which seemed to say, "What a question for him to put!"

"I have a mother," she said at last; "but what's that to you?"

"And how old are you?"

"I am over fifteen," said she, at once answering a question she was accustomed to hear.

"Come, come! go on; we shall all be frozen for you; the deuce take you!" shouted the policeman; and she edged off from the paling, and staggered on along the lane to the police-station: and I turned to the gate, and entered my house, and asked whether my daughters were at home. I was told that they had been to an evening party, had enjoyed themselves much, and now were asleep.

The next morning I was about to go to the police-station to inquire what had become of this unhappy girl; and I was ready to start early enough, when one of those unfortunate men called, who from weakness have dropped out of the gentlemanly line of life to which they have been accustomed, and who rise and fall by turns. I had been acquainted with him three years. During this time he had several times sold every thing he had, — even his clothes; and, having just done so again, he passed his nights temporarily in Rzhanoff's house, and his days at my lodgings. He met me as I was going out, and, without listening to me, began at once to tell me what had happened at Rzhanoff's house the night before.

He began to relate it, yet had not got through one-half when, all of a sudden, he, an old man, who had gone through much in his life, began to sob, and, ceasing to speak, turned his face away from me. This was what he related. I ascertained the truth of his story on the spot, where I learned some new particulars, which I shall relate too.

A washerwoman thirty years of age, fair, quiet, good-looking, but delicate, passed her nights in that night-lodging on the ground-floor in No. 32, where my friend slept among

various shifting night-lodgers, men and women, who for five kopeks slept with each other.

The landlady at this lodging was the mistress of a boatman. In summer her lover kept a boat; and in winter they earned their living by letting lodgings to night-lodgers at three kopeks without a pillow, and at five kopeks with one.

The washerwoman had been living here some months, and was a quiet woman; but lately they began to object to her because she coughed, and prevented the other lodgers from sleeping. An old woman in particular, eighty years old, half silly, and also a permanent inmate of this lodging, began to dislike the washerwoman, and kept annoying her, because she disturbed her sleep; for all night she coughed like a sheep.

The washerwoman said nothing. She owed for rent, and felt herself guilty, and was therefore compelled to endure. She began to work less and less, for her strength failed her; and that was why she was unable to pay her rent. She had not been to work at all the whole of the last week; and she had been making the lives of all, and particularly of the old woman, miserable by her cough.

Four days ago the landlady gave her notice to leave. She already owed sixty kopeks, and could not pay them, and there was no hope of doing so; and other lodgers complained of her cough.

When the landlady gave the washerwoman notice, and told her she must go away if she did not pay the rent, the old woman was glad, and pushed her out into the yard. The washerwoman went away, but came back again in an hour, and the landlady had not the heart to send her away again. . . . During the second and the third day the landlady left her there. "Where shall I go?" she kept saying. On the third day, the landlady's lover, a Moscow man, who knew all the rules and regulations, went for a policeman. The policeman, with a sword and a pistol slung on a red cord, came into the lodging, and quietly and politely turned the washerwoman out into the street.

It was a bright, sunny, but frosty day in March. The melting snow ran down in streams, the house-porters were breaking the ice. The hackney sledges bumped on the ice-glazed snow, and creaked over the stones. The washerwoman went up the hill on the sunny side, got to the church, and sat down in the sun at the church-porch. But when the

sun began to go down behind the houses, and the pools of water began to be covered over with a thin sheet of ice, the washerwoman felt chilly and terrified. She got up and slowly walked on. . . . Where? Home, — to the only house in which she had been living lately.

While she was walking there, several times resting herself, it began to get dark. She approached the gate, turned into it, her foot slipped, she gave a shriek, and fell down.

One man passed by, then another. "She must be drunk," they thought. Another man passed, and stumbled up against her, and said to the house-porter, "Some tipsy woman is lying at the gate. I very nearly broke my neck over her. Won't you take her away?"

The house-porter came. The washerwoman was dead. Such was what my friend related to me.

The reader will perhaps fancy I have picked out particular cases in the prostitute of fifteen years of age and the story of this washerwoman; but let him not think so: this really happened in one and the same night. I do not exactly remember the date, only it was in March, 1884.

Having heard my friend's story, I went to the police-station, intending from there to go to Rzhanoff's house to learn all the particulars of the washerwoman's story.

The weather was fine and sunny; and again under the ice of the previous night, in the shade, you could see the water running; and in the sun, in the square, every thing was melting fast. The trees of the garden appeared blue from over the river; the sparrows that were reddish in winter, and unnoticed then, now attracted people's attention by their merriness; men also tried to be merry, but they all had too many cares. The bells of the churches sounded; and blending with them from the barracks were heard sounds of shooting, — the hiss of the rifle-balls, and the crack when they struck the target.

I entered the police-station. There some armed men — policemen — led me to their chief. He, also armed with a sword, sabre, and pistol, was busy giving some orders about a ragged, trembling old man who was standing before him, and from weakness could not clearly answer what was asked of him. Having done with the old man, he turned to me. I inquired about the girl of last night. He first listened to me attentively, then he smiled, not only because I did not know why they were taken to the police-station, but more particu-

larly at my astonishment at her youth. "Goodness! there are some of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years of age often," said he, in a lively tone.

To my question about my friend of yesterday, he told me that she had probably been already sent to the committee (if I understood him right). To my question where such passed the night, he gave a vague answer. The one about whom I spoke, he did not remember. There were so many of them every day.

At Rzhanoff's house, in No. 32, I already found the clerk reading prayers over the dead laundry-woman. She had been brought in and laid on her former pallet; and the lodgers, all starvelings themselves, contributed money for the prayers, the coffin, and the shroud; the old woman had dressed her, and laid her out. The clerk was reading something in the dark; a woman in a cloak stood holding a wax taper; and with a similar wax taper stood a man (a gentleman, it is fair to state), in a nice great-coat, trimmed with an Astrachan collar, in bright goloshes, and he had on a starched shirt. That was her brother. He had been hunted up.

I passed by the dead to the landlady's room, in order to ask her all the particulars. She was afraid of my questions, — afraid probably of being charged with something; but by and by she grew talkative, and told me all. On passing by again, I looked at the dead body. All the dead are beautiful; but this one was particularly so, and touching in her coffin, with her clear, pale face, with closed, swollen eyes, sunken cheeks, and fair, soft hair over her high forehead; her face looked weary, but kind, and not sad at all, but rather astonished. And indeed, if the living do not see, the dead may well be astonished.

On the day I wrote this, there was a great ball in Moscow. On the same night I left home after eight o'clock. I live in a locality surrounded by factories; and I left home after the factory whistle had sounded, and when, after a week of incessant work, people were freed for their holiday. Factory-men passed by me, and I by them, all turning their steps to the public-houses and inns. Many were already tipsy: many more were with women.

Every morning at five I hear each of the whistles, which means that the labor of women, children, and old people has begun. At eight o'clock another whistle, — this means half

an hour's rest; at twelve the third whistle, — this means an hour for dinner. At eight o'clock the fourth whistle, indicating cessation from work. By a strange coincidence, all the three factories in my neighborhood produce only the articles necessary for balls.

In one factory, — the one nearest to me, — they make nothing but stockings; in the other opposite, silk stuffs; in the third, perfumes and pomades.

One may, on hearing these whistles, attach to them no other meaning than that of the indication of time. "There, the whistle has sounded: it is time to go out for a walk."

But one may associate with them also the meaning they in reality have, — that at the first whistle at five o'clock in the morning, men and women, who have slept side by side in a damp cellar, get up in the dark, and hurry away into the noisy building, and take their part in a work of which they see neither cessation nor utility for themselves, and work often so in the heat, in suffocating exhalations, with very rare intervals of rest, for one, two, or three, or even twelve and more hours. They fall asleep, and get up again, and again do this work, meaningless for themselves, to which they are compelled exclusively by want. And so it goes on from one week to another, interrupted only by holidays.

And now I saw these working-people freed for one of these holidays. They go out into the street: everywhere there are inns, public-houses, and gay women. And they, in a drunken state, pull each other by the arms, and carry along with them girls like the one whom I saw conducted to the police-station: they hire hackney-coaches, and ride and walk from one inn to another, and abuse each other, and totter about, and say they know not what.

Formerly, when I saw the factory people knocking about in this way, I used to turn aside with disgust, and almost reproached them; but since I hear these daily whistles, and know what they mean, I am only astonished that all these men do not come into the condition of utter beggars, with whom Moscow is filled; and the women into the position of the girl whom I had met near my house.

Thus I walked on, looking at these men, observing how they went about the streets till eleven o'clock. Then their movements became quieter: there remained here and there a few tipsy people, and I met some men and women who were being conducted to the police-station. And now, from

every side, carriages appeared, all going in one direction. On the coach-box sat a coachman, sometimes in a sheepskin coat; and a footman, — a dandy with a cockade. Well-fed trotters, covered with cloth, ran at the rate of fifteen miles an hour: in the carriages sat ladies wrapped in shawls, and taking great care not to spoil their flowers and their toilets. All, beginning with the harness on the horses, carriages, gutta-percha wheels, the cloth of the coachman's coat, down to the stockings, shoes, flowers, velvet, gloves, scents, — all these articles have been made by those men, some of whom fell asleep on their own pallets in their mean rooms, some in night-houses with prostitutes, and others in the police-station.

The ball-goers drive past these men, in and with things made by them; and it does not even enter into their minds that there could possibly be any connection between the ball they are going to and these tipsy people, to whom their coachmen shout out so angrily. With quite easy minds, and assurance that they are doing nothing wrong, they enjoy themselves at the ball.

Enjoy themselves!

From eleven o'clock in the evening till six in the morning, in the very depth of the night, while with empty stomachs men are lying in night-lodgings, or dying as the washer-woman had done!

The enjoyment of the ball consists in women and girls uncovering their bosoms, putting on artificial protuberances, and altogether getting themselves up in a way that no girl and no woman who is not yet depraved would, on any account, appear before men; and in this half-naked condition, with uncovered bosoms, and arms bare up to the shoulders, with dresses puffed behind and tight round the hips, in the brightest light, women and girls, whose first virtue has always been modesty, appear among strange men, who are also dressed in indecently tight-fitting clothes, and with them, to the sound of exciting music, embrace each other, and pivot round and round. Old women, often also half naked like the younger ones, are sitting looking on, and eating and drinking: the old men do the same. No wonder it is done at night, when every one else is sleeping, so that no one may see it!

But this is not done in order to hide it; there is nothing indeed to hide; all is very nice and good; and by this

enjoyment, in which is swallowed up the painful labor of thousands, not only is nobody harmed, but by this very thing poor people are fed! The ball goes on very merrily, may be, but how did it come to do so? When we see in society or among ourselves one who has not eaten, or is cold, we are ashamed to enjoy ourselves, and cannot begin to be merry until he is fed, saying nothing of the fact that we cannot imagine that there are such people who can enjoy themselves by means of any thing which produces the sufferings of others.

We are disgusted, and we do not understand the enjoyment of naughty boys who have squeezed a dog's tail into a piece of split wood. How is it, then, that in our enjoyments we become blind, and do not see that cleft in which we have pinched those men who suffer for our enjoyment?

We know that each woman at this ball whose dress costs a hundred and fifty rubles was not born at the ball, but she has lived also in the country, has seen peasants, knows her own nurse and maid, whose fathers and brothers are poor, for whom earning one hundred and fifty rubles to build a cottage with is the end and aim of a long, laborious life; she knows this; how can she, then, enjoy herself, knowing that on her half-naked body she is wearing the cottage which is the dream of her housemaid's brother?

But let us suppose she has not thought about this: she cannot help knowing that velvet and silk, sweetmeats and flowers, and laces and dresses, do not grow of themselves, but are made by men.

It would seem she could not help knowing that men make all this, and under what circumstances, and why. She cannot help knowing that her dressmaker, whom she has been scolding to-day, has made this dress not at all out of love to her, therefore she cannot help knowing that all these things were made — her laces, flowers, and velvet — from sheer want.

But perhaps she is so blinded that she does not think of all this. Well, but, at all events, she could not help knowing that five people, old, respectable, often delicate men and women, have not slept all night, and have been busy on her account. This, also, she could not help knowing, — that on this night there were twenty-eight degrees of frost, and that her coachman — an old man — was sitting in this frost all night, upon his coach-box.

If these young women and girls, from the hypnotic influence of the ball, fail to see all this, we cannot judge them. Poor things! they consider all to be good which is pronounced so by their elders. How do these elders explain their cruelty? They, indeed, always answer in the same way: "I compel no one; what I have, I have bought; footmen, chambermaids, coachman, I hire. There is no harm in engaging and in buying. I compel none; I hire; what wrong is there in that?"

Some days ago I called on a friend. Passing through the first room, I wondered at seeing at a table two females, for I knew my acquaintance was a bachelor. A skinny, yellow, elderly-looking woman, about thirty, with a kerchief thrown over her shoulder, was briskly doing something over the table with her hands, jerking nervously, as if in a fit. Opposite to her sat a little girl, who was also doing something, jerking in the same way. They both seemed to be suffering from St. Vitus's dance. I came nearer and looked closer to see what they were about.

They glanced up at me, and then continued their work as attentively as before.

Before them were spread tobacco and cigarettes. They were making cigarettes. The woman rubbed the tobacco fine between the palms of her hands, caught it up by a machine, put on the tubes, and threw them to the girl. The girl folded the papers, put them over the cigarette, threw it aside, and took up another.

All this was performed with such speed, with such dexterity, that it was impossible to describe it. I expressed my wonder at their quickness. "I have been at this business fourteen years," said the woman.

"Is it hard work?"

"Yes: my chest aches, and the air is choky with tobacco."

But it was not necessary for her to have said so: you need only have looked at her or at the girl. The latter had been at this business three years; but any one not seeing her at this work would have said that she had a strong constitution, which was already beginning to be broken.

My acquaintance, a kind-hearted man of liberal views, hired these women to make him cigarettes at two rubles and a half a thousand. He has money, and he pays it away for this work: what harm is there in it?

My acquaintance gets up at twelve. His evenings, from

six to two, he spends at cards or at the piano; he eats and drinks; other people do all the work for him. He has devised for himself a new pleasure, — smoking. I can remember when he began to smoke. Here are a woman and a girl, who scarcely earn their living by transforming themselves into machines, and pass all their lives in breathing tobacco, thus ruining their lives. He has money which he has not earned, and he prefers playing at cards to making cigarettes for himself. He gives these women money, only under the condition that they continue to live as miserably as they have been living, in making cigarettes for him.

I am fond of cleanliness; and I give money, only under the condition that the washerwoman washes my shirts, which I change twice a day; and the washing of these shirts having taxed the utmost strength of the washerwoman, she has died.

What is wrong in this?

Men who buy and hire will continue doing so whether I do, or do not; they will force other people to make velvets and dainties, and will buy them whether I do, or do not; so also they will hire people to make cigarettes and to wash shirts. Why should I, then, deprive myself of velvets, sweetmeats, cigarettes, and clean shirts, when their production is already set in going.

A crowd, maddened with the passion of destruction, will employ this very reasoning. It leads a pack of dogs, when one of their number runs against another and knocks it down, to attack it and tear it to pieces. Others have already begun, have done a little mischief; why shouldn't I, too, do the same? What can it possibly signify if I wear a dirty shirt, and make my cigarettes myself? Could that help any one? Ask men who desire to justify themselves.

Had we not wandered so far from truth, it would be needless to answer this question; but we are so entangled that such a question seems natural to us, and, therefore, though I feel ashamed, I must answer it.

What difference would it be if I should wear my shirt a week instead of one day, and make my cigarettes myself, or leave off smoking altogether?

The difference would be this,— that a certain washerwoman, and a certain cigarette-maker, would exert themselves less, and what I gave formerly for the washing of my shirt, and for the making of my cigarettes, I may give now to that or to another woman; and working-people who are tired by their

work, instead of overworking themselves, will be able to rest and to have tea. But I have heard objections to this, so averse are the rich and the luxurious to understand their position.

They reply, "If I should wear dirty linen, leave off smoking, and give this money away to the poor, then this money would be all the same taken away from them, and my drop will not help to swell the sea."

I am still more ashamed to answer such a reply, but at the same time I must do so. If I came among savages who gave me chops which I thought delicious, but the next day I learned (perhaps saw myself) that these delicious chops were made of a human prisoner who had been slain in order to make them; and if I think it bad to eat men, however delicious the cutlets may be, and however general the custom to eat men among the persons with whom I live, and however small the utility to the prisoners who have been prepared for food my refusal to eat them may be, I shall not and can not eat them.

Maybe I shall eat human flesh when urged by hunger; but I shall not make a feast of it, and shall not take part in feasts with human flesh, and shall not seek such feasts, and be proud of my partaking of them.

XXV.

But what is to be done, then? Is it we who are to blame? And if not, who is?

We say, It is not we who have done all this; it has been done of itself; as children say when they break any thing, that it broke itself. We say that, as towns are already in existence, we, who are living there, must feed men by buying their labor. But that is not true. It need only be observed how we live in the country, and how we feed people there.

Winter is over: Easter is past. In town the same orgies of the rich go on,—on the boulevards, in gardens, in the parks, on the river, music, theatres, riding, illuminations, fire-works; but in the country it is still better,—the air is purer; the trees, the meadows, the flowers, are fresher. We must go where all is budding and blooming. And now the majority of rich people, who utilize other men's labor,

go into the country to breathe the purer air, to look at the meadows and woods. And here in the country among humble villagers, who feed upon bread and onions, work eighteen hours every day, and have neither sufficient sleep nor clothes, rich people take up their abode. No one tempts these people: here are no factories, and no idle hands, of which there are so many in town, and which we imagine we feed by giving them work to do. Here people never can do their own work in time during the summer; and not only are there no idle hands, but much property is lost for want of hands; and an immense number of men, children, old people, and women with child, overwork themselves.

How, then, do rich people order their lives here? Thus: If there happens to be an old mansion, built in the time of the serfs, then this house is renewed and embellished: if there is not, one is built of two or three stories. The rooms, which are from twelve to twenty and more in number, are all about sixteen feet high. The floors are inlaid; in the windows are put single panes of glass, expensive carpets on the floors; expensive furniture is procured, — a sideboard, for instance, costing from twenty to sixty pounds. Near the mansion, roads are made; flower-beds are laid out; there are croquet-grounds, giant-strides, reflecting-globes, conservatories, and hot-houses, and always luxurious stables. All is painted in colors, prepared with the very oil which old people and children lack for their porridge. If a rich man can afford it, he buys such a house for himself; if he cannot, he hires one: but however poor and however liberal a man of our circle may be, he always takes up his abode in the country in such a house, for building and keeping which it is necessary to take away dozens of working-people who have not enough time to do their own business in the field in order to earn their living.

Here we cannot say that factories are already in existence and will continue so, whether we make use of their work or no; we cannot say that we are feeding idle hands; here we plainly establish the factories for making things necessary for us, and simply make use of the surrounding people; we divert the people from work necessary for them, as for us and for all, and by such system deprave some, and ruin the lives and the health of others.

There lives, let us say, in a village, an educated and respectable family of the upper class, or that of a govern-

ment officer. All the members of it and the visitors assemble towards the middle of June, because up to June they had been studying and passing their examinations: they assemble when mowing begins, and they stay until September, until the harvest and sowing time. The members of the family (as almost all men of this class) remain in the country from the beginning of the urgent work, — harvest-time, — not to the end of it, indeed, because in September the sowing goes on, and the digging up of potatoes, but till labor begins to slacken. During all the time of their stay, around them and close by, the peasants' summer work has been proceeding, the strain of which, however much we may have heard or read of it, however much we may have looked at it, we can form no adequate idea without having experienced it ourselves.

And the members of the family, about ten persons, have been living as they did in town, if possible still worse than in town, because here in the village they are supposed to be resting (after doing nothing), and offer no pretence in the way of work, and no excuse for their idleness.

In the middle of the summer, when people are forced from want to feed on kvas, and bread and onions, begins the mowing-time. Gentlefolks, who live in the country, see this labor, partly order it, partly admire it; enjoy the smell of the drying hay, the sound of women's songs, the noise of the scythes, and the sight of the rows of mowers, and of the women raking. They see this as well near their house as when they, with young people and children, who do nothing all the day long, drive well-fed horses a distance of a few hundred yards to the bathing-place.

The work of mowing is one of the most important in the world. Nearly every year, from want of hands and of time, the meadows remain half cut, and may remain so till the rains begin; so that the degree of intensity of the labor decides the question whether twenty or more per cent will be added to the stores of men, or whether this hay will be left to rot and spoil while yet uncut.

And if there is more hay, there will be also more meat for old people, and milk for children; thus matters stand in general; but in particular for each mower here is decided the question of bread and milk for himself, and for his children during the winter.

Each of the working-people, male and female, knows it:

even the children know that this is an important business, and that one ought to work with all one's strength, carry a jug with kvas for the father to the mowing-place, and, shifting it from one hand to another, run barefoot as quickly as possible, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half from the village, in order to be in time for dinner, that father may not grumble. Every one knows, that, from the mowing to the harvest, there will be no interruption of labor, and no time for rest. And besides mowing, each has some other business to do, — to plough up new land, and to harrow it; the women have cloth to make, bread to bake, and the washing to do; and the peasants must drive to the mill and to market; they have the official affairs of their community to attend to; they have also to provide the local government officials with means of locomotion, and to pass the night in the fields with the pastured horses.

All, old and young and sick, work with all their strength.

The peasants work in such a way, that, when cutting the last rows, the mowers, weak people, growing youths, old men, are so tired, that, having rested a little, it is with great pain they begin anew: the women, often with child, work hard too.

It is a strained, incessant labor. All work to the utmost of their strength, and use not only all their provisions, but what they have in store: during harvest-time all the peasants grow thinner, although they never were very stout.

There is a small company laboring in the hayfield, three peasants, — one of them an old man; another his nephew, who is married; and the third the village bootmaker, a thin, wiry man. Their mowing this morning decides their fate for the coming winter, whether they will be able to keep a cow and pay taxes. This is their second week's work. The rain hindered them for a while. After the rain had left off, and the water had dried up, they decided on making hayricks; and in order to do it quicker, they decided that two women must rake to each scythe. With the old man came out his wife, fifty years of age, worn out with labor and the bearing of eleven children, deaf, but still strong enough for work; and his daughter, thirteen years of age, a short but brisk and strong little girl.

With the nephew came his wife, — a tall woman, as strong as a peasant; and his sister-in-law, — a soldier's wife, who was with child. With the bootmaker came his wife, — a

strong working-woman; and her mother, — an old woman about eighty, who for the rest of the year used to beg.

They all draw up in a line, and work from morning to evening in the burning sun of June. It is steaming hot, and a thunder-shower is threatening. Every moment of work is precious. They have not wished to leave off working, even in order to fetch water or kvas. A small boy, the grandson of the old woman, brings them water. The old woman is evidently anxious only on one point, — not to be obliged to cease working. She does not let the rake out of her hands, and moves about with great difficulty. The little boy, quite bent under the jug with water, heavier than he himself, walks with short steps on his bare feet, and carries the jug, with many shifts. The little girl takes on her shoulders a load of hay, which is also heavier than herself; walks a few paces, and stops, then throws it down, having no strength to carry it farther. The old man's wife rakes together unceasingly, her kerchief loosened from her disordered hair; she carries the hay, breathing heavily, and staggering under the burden: the cobbler's mother is only raking, but this also is beyond her strength; she slowly drags her ill-shod feet, and looks gloomily before her, like one at the point of death. The old man purposely sends her far away from the others, to rake about the ricks, in order that she may not attempt to compete with them; but she does not leave off working, but continues with the same dead, gloomy face as long as the others.

The sun is already setting behind the wood, and the ricks are not yet in order: there is much still to be done.

All feel that it is time to leave off working, but no one says so; each waiting for the other to suggest it. At last, the bootmaker, realizing that he has no more strength left, proposes to the old man to leave the ricks till to-morrow, and the old man agrees to it; and at once the women go to fetch their clothes, their jugs, their pitchforks; and the old woman sits down where she was standing, and then lays herself down with the same fixed stare on her face. But as the women go away, she gets up groaning, and, crawling along, follows them.

Let us turn to the country-house. The same evening, when from the side of the village were heard the rattle of the scythes of the toil-worn mowers who were returning from work, the sounds of the hammer against the anvil, the cries

of women and girls who had just had time to put away their rakes, and were already running to drive the cattle in, — with these blend other sounds from the country-house. Drin, drin, drin! goes the piano; a Hungarian song is heard through the noise of the croquet-balls; before the stable an open carriage is standing, harnessed with four fat horses, which has been hired for twenty shillings to bring some guests a distance of ten miles.

Horses standing by the carriage rattle their little bells. Before them hay has been thrown, which they are scattering with their hoofs, the same hay which the peasants have been gathering with such hard labor. In the yard of this mansion there is movement; a healthy, well-fed fellow in a pink shirt, presented to him for his service as a house-porter, is calling the coachmen, and telling them to harness and saddle some horses. Two peasants, who live here as coachmen, come out of their room, and go in an easy manner, swinging their arms, to saddle horses for the ladies and gentlemen. Still nearer to the house the sounds of another piano are heard. It is the music-mistress, who lives in the family to teach the children, practising her Schumann. The sounds of one piano jangle with those of another. Quite near the house walk two nurses; one is young, another old; they lead and carry children to bed; these children are of the same age as those who ran from the village with jugs. One nurse is English: she cannot speak Russian. She was engaged to come from England, not from being distinguished by some peculiar qualities, but simply because she does not speak Russian. Farther on is another person, a French woman, who is also engaged because she does not know Russian. Farther on a peasant, with two women, is watering flowers near the house: another is cleaning a gun for one of the young gentlemen. Here two women are carrying a basket with clean linen, — they have been washing for all these gentlefolks. In the house two women have scarcely time to wash the plates and dishes after the company, who have just done eating; and two peasants in evening clothes are running up and down the stairs, serving coffee, tea, wine, seltzer-water, etc. Upstairs a table is spread. A meal has just ended; and another will soon begin, to continue till cock-crow, and often till morning dawns. Some are sitting smoking, playing cards; others are sitting and smoking, engaged in discoursing liberal ideas of reform; and others, again, walk to and

fro, eat, smoke, and, not knowing what to do, have made up their mind to take a drive.

The household consists of fifteen persons, healthy men and women; and thirty persons, healthy working-people, male and female, labor for them. And this takes place there, where every hour, and each little boy, are precious.

This will be so, also, in July, when the peasants, not having had their sleep out, will mow the oats at night, in order that it may not be lost, and the women will get up before dawn in order to finish their threshing in time; when this old woman, who had been exhausted during the harvest, and the women with child, and the little children, all will again overwork themselves, and when there is a great want of hands, horses, carts, in order to house this corn upon which all men feed, of which millions of poods are necessary in Russia in order that men should not die: during even such a time, the idle lives of ladies and gentlemen will go on. There will be private theatricals, picnics, hunting, drinking, eating, piano-playing, singing, dancing, — in fact, incessant orgies.

Here, at least, it is impossible to find any excuse from the fact that all this had been going on before: nothing of the kind had been in existence. We ourselves carefully create such a life, taking bread and labor away from the work-worn people. We live sumptuously, as if there were no connection whatever between the dying washerwoman, child-prostitute, women worn out by making cigarettes, and by all the intense labor around us which is inadequate to their unnourished strength. We do not want to see the fact that if there were not our idle, luxurious, depraved lives, there would not be this labor disproportioned to the strength of people, and that if there were not this labor we could not go on living in the same way.

It appears to us that their sufferings are one thing, and our lives another, and that we, living as we do, are innocent and pure as doves. We read the description of the lives of the Romans, and wonder at the inhumanity of a heartless Lucullus, who gorged himself with fine dishes and delicious wines while people were starving: we shake our heads, and wonder at the barbarism of our grandfathers, — the serf-owners, — who provided themselves with orchestras and theatres, and employed whole villages to keep up their gardens. From the height of our greatness we wonder at their inhumanity. We read the words of Isaiah v. 8, Woe unto them that join

house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no room, and ye be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land.

11. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them!

12. And the harp, and the lute, the tabret, the pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither have they considered the operation of his hands.

18. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope.

20. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!

21. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!

22. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink:

23. Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

We read these words, and it seems to us that they have nothing to do with us. We read in the Gospel, Matthew iii. 10: And even now is the axe laid unto the root of the tree: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

And we are quite sure that the good tree bearing good fruit is we ourselves, and that those words are said, not to us, but to some other bad men.

We read the words of Isaiah vi. 10: Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and turn again, and be healed.

11. Then said I, Lord, how long? And he answered, Until cities be waste without inhabitant, and houses without man, and the land become utterly waste.

We read, and are quite assured that this wonderful thing has not happened to us, but to some other people. But it is for this very reason we do not see that this has happened to, and is taking place with, us. We do not hear, we do not see, and do not understand with our heart. But why has it so happened?

XXVI.

How can a man who considers himself to be, we will not say a Christian, or an educated and humane man, but simply a man not entirely devoid of reason and of conscience, — how can he, I say, live in such a way, that, not taking part in the struggle of all mankind for life, he only swallows up the labor of others, struggling for existence, and by his own claims increases the labor of those who struggle, and the number of those who perish in struggle?

And such men abound in our so-called Christian and cultured world; and not only do they abound in our world, but the very ideal of the men of our Christian, cultured world, is to get the largest amount of property, — that is, wealth, — which secures all comforts and idleness of life by freeing its possessors from the struggle for existence, and enabling them, as much as possible, to profit by the labor of those brothers of theirs who perish in that struggle.

How could men have fallen into such astounding error?

How could they have come to such a state that they can neither see nor hear nor understand with their heart that which is so clear, obvious, and certain?

One need only think for a moment in order to be terrified at the contradiction of our lives to what we profess to believe, we, whether we be Christian, or only humane, educated people. Be it God or a law of nature that governs the world and men, good or bad, the position of men in this world, so long as we know it, has always been such that naked men, without wool on their bodies, without holes in which to take refuge, without food which they might find in the field like Robinson Crusoe on his island, are put into a position of a continual and incessant struggle with nature in order to cover their bodies by making clothes for themselves, to protect themselves by a roof over their heads, and to earn food in order twice or thrice a day to satisfy their hunger, and that of their children and of their parents.

Wherever and whenever and to whatever extent we observe the lives of men, whether in Europe, America, China, or Russia; whether we take into consideration all mankind, or a small portion, whether in olden times in a nomad state, or in modern times with steam-engines, steam-

ploughs, sewing-machines, and electric light, — we shall see one and the same thing going on, — that men, working constantly and incessantly, are not able to get clothes, shelter, and food for themselves, their little ones, and the old, and that the greatest number of men as well in olden times as now perish from want of the necessaries of life and from overwork.

Wherever we may live, if we draw a circle around us, of a hundred thousand, or a thousand or ten, or even one mile's circumference, and look at the lives of those men who are inside our circle, we shall find half-starved children, old people male and female, pregnant women, sick and weak persons, working beyond their strength, and who have neither food nor rest enough to support them, and who, for this reason, die before their time: we shall see others full-grown, who are even killed by dangerous and hurtful tasks.

Since the world has existed, we find that men with great efforts, sufferings, and privations have been struggling for their common wants, and have not been able to overcome the difficulty.

Besides, we also know that every one of us, wherever and however he may live, *nolens volens*, is every day, and every hour of the day, absorbing for himself a part of the labor done by mankind.

Wherever and however he lives, his house, the roof over him, do not grow of themselves; the firewood in his stove does not get there of itself; the water did not come of itself either; and the baked bread does not fall down from the sky; his dinner, his clothes, and the covering for his feet, all this has been made for him, not only by men of past generations, long dead, but it is being done for him now by those men of whom hundreds and thousands are fainting away and dying, in vain efforts to get for themselves and for their children sufficient shelter, food, and clothes, — means to save themselves and their children from suffering and a premature death.

All men are struggling with want. They are struggling so intensely that always around them their brethren, fathers, mothers, children, are perishing. Men in this world are like those on a dismantled or water-logged ship, with a short allowance of food; all are put by God, or by nature, in such a position that they must husband their food, and unceasingly war with want.

Each interruption in this work of every one of us, each absorption of the labor of others useless for the common welfare, is ruinous, alike for us and them.

How is it that the majority of educated people, without laboring, are quietly absorbing the labors of others, necessary for their own lives, and are considering such an existence quite natural and reasonable?

If we are to free ourselves from the labor proper and natural to all, and lay it on others, at the same time not considering ourselves to be traitors and thieves, we can do so only by two suppositions, — first, that we (the men who take no part in common labor) are different beings from workingmen, and have a peculiar destiny to fulfil in society (like drone-bees, which have a different function from the working-bees); or secondly, that the business which we (men freed from the struggle for existence) are doing for other men is so useful for all that it undoubtedly compensates for that harm which we do to others in overburdening them.

In olden times, men who utilized the labor of others asserted, first, that they belonged to a different race; and secondly, that they had from God a peculiar mission, — caring for the welfare of others; in other words, to govern and teach them: and therefore, they assured others, and partly believed themselves, that the business they did was more useful and more important for the people than those labors by which they profit. This justification was sufficient so long as the direct interference of God in human affairs, and the inequality of human races, was undoubted.

But with Christianity, and the consciousness of the equality and unity of all men proceeding from it, this justification could no longer be expressed in its previous form.

It was no longer possible to assert that men are born of different kind and quality, and having a different destiny; and the old justification, though still held by some, has been little by little destroyed, and has now almost entirely disappeared.

But though the justification disappeared, the fact itself, of the freeing of some men from labor, and the appropriation by them of other men's labor, remained the same for those who had the power of enforcing it. For this existing fact, new excuses have constantly been invented, in order that, without asserting the difference of human beings, men might

be able to free themselves from personal labor with apparent justice. A great many such justifications have been invented.

However strange it may seem, the main object of all that has been called science, and the ruling tendency of science, has been the seeking out of such excuse.

This has been the object of the theological sciences, and of the science of law: this was the object of so-called philosophy, and this became lately the object of modern rationalistic science. All the theological subtleties which aimed at proving that a certain church is the only true successor of Christ, and that, therefore, she alone has full and uncontrolled power over the souls and bodies of men, had in view this very object.

All the legal sciences — those of state law, penal law, civil law, and international law — have this sole aim: the majority of philosophical theories, especially that of Hegel, which reigned over the minds of men for such a long time, and maintained the assertion that every thing which exists is reasonable, and that the state is a necessary form of the development of human personality, had only this one object in view.

Comte's positive philosophy and its outcome, the doctrine that mankind is an organism; Darwin's doctrine of the struggle for existence, directing life and its conclusion, the teaching of diversity of human races, the now so popular anthropology, biology, and sociology, — all have the same aim. These sciences have become favorites, because they all serve for the justification of the existing fact of some men being able to free themselves from the human duty of labor, and to consume other men's labor.

All these theories, as is always the case, are worked out in the mysterious sanctums of augurs, and in vague, unintelligible expressions are spread abroad among the masses, and adopted by them.

As in olden times, the subtleties of theology, which justified violence in church and state, were the special property of priests; and in the masses of the people, the conclusions, taken by faith, and ready made for them, were circulated, that the power of kings, clergy and nobility, was sacred: so afterwards, the philosophical and legal subtleties of so-called science became the property of the priests of science; and through the masses only the ready-made conclusions, accepted

by faith, that social order (the organization of society) must be such as it is, and cannot be otherwise, was diffused.

So it is also now: it is only in the sanctuaries of the modern sages that the laws of life and development of organisms are analyzed. Whereas in the crowd, the ready-made conclusion accepted on trust, that division of labor is a law, confirmed by science, is circulated, and that thus it must be that some are starving and toiling, and others eternally feasting, and that this very ruin of some, and feasting of others, is the undoubted law of man's life, to which we must submit.

The current justification of their idleness of all so-called educated people, with their various activities, from the railway proprietor down to the author and artist, is this: We men who have freed ourselves from the common human duty of taking part in the struggle for existence, are furthering progress, and so we are of great use to all human society, of such use that it counterbalances all the harm we do the people by consuming their labor.

This reasoning seems to the men of our day to be not at all like the reasoning by which the former non-workers justified themselves; just as the reasoning of the Roman emperors and citizens, that but for them the civilized world would go to ruin, seemed to them to be of quite another order to that of the Egyptians and Persians, and so also an exactly similar kind of reasoning seemed in turn to the knights and clergy of the Middle Ages totally different from that of the Romans.

But it only seems to be so. One need but reflect upon the justification of our time in order to ascertain that in it there is nothing new. It is only a little differently dressed up, but it is the same because it is based upon the same principle. Every justification of one man's consumption of the labor of others, while producing none himself, as with Pharaoh and his soothsayers, the emperors of Rome and those of the Middle Ages and their citizens, knights, priests, and clergy, always consists in these two assertions: First, we take the labor of the masses, because we are a peculiar people, called by God to govern them, and to teach them divine truths; secondly, those who compose the masses cannot be judges of the measure of labor which we take from them for the good we do for them, because, as it has

been said by the Pharisees, "This multitude which knoweth not the law are accursed" (John vii. 49).

The people do not understand wherein lies their good, and therefore they cannot be judges of the benefits done to them. The justification of our time, notwithstanding all apparent originality, in fact consists of the same fundamental assertions: First, we are a peculiar people, — we are an educated people, — we further progress and civilization, and by this fact, we procure for the masses a great advantage. Secondly, the uneducated crowd does not understand that advantage which we procure for them, and therefore cannot be judges of it.

The fundamental assertions are the same. We free ourselves from labor, appropriate the labor of others, and by this increase the burden of our fellows, and assert that in compensation for this we bring them a greater advantage, of which they, owing to their ignorance, cannot be judges.

Is it not, then, the same thing? The only difference lies in this, that formerly the citizens, the Roman priests, the knights, and the nobility, had claims on other men's labor, and now these claims are put forward by a caste who term themselves educated.

The lie is the same, because the men who justify themselves are in the same false position. The lie consists in the fact, that, before beginning to reason about the advantages conferred on the people by men who have freed themselves from labor, certain men, Pharaohs, priests, or we ourselves, — educated people, — assume this position, and only afterwards excogitate a justification for it.

This very position of some men who oppressed others, in former time as now, serves as a universal basis. The difference of our justification from the ancient ones, consists only in the fact that it is more false, and less well grounded. The old emperors and popes, if they themselves and the people believed in their divine calling, could plainly explain why they were the men to control the labor of others: they said that they were appointed by God himself for this very thing, and from God they had a commandment to teach the people divine truths revealed to them, and to govern them.

But modern, educated men, who do not labor with their hands, acknowledging the equality of all men, cannot explain why they in particular and their children (for education is only by money; that is, by power) are those lucky persons

who are called to an immaterial, easy utility, out of those millions who by hundreds and thousands are perishing in making it possible for them to be educated. Their only justification consists in this, that they, such as they now are, instead of doing harm to the people by freeing themselves from labor, and by swallowing up labor, bring to the people an advantage unintelligible to them, which compensates for all the evil perpetrated upon them.

XXVII.

The theory by which men who have freed themselves from personal labor justify themselves in its simplest and most exact form, is this: We men, having freed ourselves from work, and having by violence appropriated the labor of others, find ourselves better able to benefit them; in other words, certain men, for doing the people a palpable and comprehensible harm, — utilizing by violence their labor, and thereby increasing the difficulty of their struggles with nature, — do to them an impalpable and incomprehensible good.

This proposition is a very strange one; but men, as well of former as also of modern times, who have lived on the labors of workingmen, believe it, and calm their conscience by it. Let us see in what way it is justified in different classes of men, who have freed themselves from labor in our own days.

I serve men by my activity in state or church, — as king, minister, archbishop; I serve men by my trading or by industry; I serve men by my activity in the departments of science or art.

By our activities we are all as necessary to the people as they are to us.

So say various men of to-day, who have freed themselves from laboring.

Let us consider *seriatim* those principles upon which they base the usefulness of their activity.

There are only two indications of the usefulness of any activity of one man for another: an exterior indication, — the acknowledgment of the utility of activity by those to whom it is produced; and an interior indication, — the desire to be of use to others lying at the root of the activity of the one who is trying to be of use.

Statesmen (I include the Church dignitaries appointed by

the government in the category of statesmen) are of use to those whom they govern. The emperor, the king, the president of a republic, the prime minister, the minister of justice, the minister of war, the minister of public instruction, the bishop, and all under them, who serve the state, all live, having freed themselves from the struggle of mankind for existence, and having laid all the burden of this struggle upon other men, upon the ground that their non-activity compensates for this.

Let us apply the first indication to those for whose welfare the activity of statesmen is bestowed. Do they, I ask, recognize the usefulness of this activity?

Yes, it is recognized: most men consider statesmanship necessary to them; the majority recognize the usefulness of this activity in principle; but in all its manifestations as known to us, in all particular cases as known to us, the usefulness of each of the institutions and of each of the manifestations of this activity is not only denied by those for whose advantage it is performed, but they assert that this activity is even pernicious and hurtful. There is no state function or social activity which is not considered by many men to be hurtful: there is no institution which is not considered pernicious, — courts of justice, banks, local self-government, police, clergy. Every state activity, from the minister down to the policeman, from the bishop to the sexton, is considered by some men to be useful, and by others to be pernicious. And this is the case, not only in Russia, but throughout the world, in France as well as in America.

All the activity of the republican party is considered pernicious by the radical party, and *vice versa:* all the activity of the radical party, if the power is in their hands, is considered bad by the republican and other parties. But not only is it a fact that the activity of statesmen is never considered by all men to be useful, their activity has, besides, this peculiarity, that it must always be carried out by violence, and that, in order to attain this end, there are necessary, murders, executions, prisons, taxes raised by force, and so on.

It therefore appears, that besides the fact that the usefulness of state activity is not recognized by all men, and is always denied by one portion of men, this usefulness has the peculiarity of vindicating itself always by violence.

And therefore the usefulness of state activity cannot be

confirmed by the fact that it is recognized by those men for whom it is performed.

Let us apply the second test: let us ask statesmen themselves, from the tsar down to the policeman, from the president to the secretary, from the patriarch to the sexton, begging for a sincere answer, whether, in occupying their respective positions, they have in view the good which they wish to do for men, or something else. In their desire to fill the situation of a tsar, a president, a minister, a police-sergeant, a sexton, a teacher, are they moved by the desire of being useful to men, or for their own personal advantage? And the answer of sincere men would be, that their chief motive is their own personal advantage.

And so it appears that one class of men, who utilize the labor of others who perish by their labors, compensate for such an undoubted evil by an activity which is always considered by a great many men to be not only useless, but pernicious; which cannot be voluntarily accepted by men, but to which they must always be compelled, and the aim of which is not the benefit of others, but the personal advantage of those men who perform it.

What is it, then, that confirms the theory that state activity is useful for men? Only the fact that those men who perform it, firmly believe it to be useful, and that it has been always in existence; but so have always been not only useless institutions, but very pernicious ones, like slavery, prostitution, and wars.

Business people (merchants, manufacturers, railway proprietors, bankers, land-owners) believe in the fact that they do a good which undoubtedly compensates for the harm done by them. Upon what grounds do they believe it? To the question by whom the usefulness of their activity is recognized, men in church and in state are able to point to the thousands and millions of working-people who in principle recognize the usefulness of state and church activity; but to whom will bankers, distillers, manufacturers of velvet, of bronzes, of looking-glasses, to say nothing of guns, — to whom will they point when we ask them is their usefulness recognized by the majority?

If there can be found men who recognize the usefulness of manufacturing chintzes, rails, beer, and such like things, there will be found also a still greater number of men who consider the manufacture of these articles pernicious.

And as for the activity of merchants who raise the prices of all articles, and that of land-owners, nobody would even attempt to justify it.

Besides, this activity is always associated with the harm done to working-people and with violence, if less direct than that of the state, yet just as cruel in its consequences: for the activities displayed in industry and in trade are entirely based upon taking advantage of the wants of working-people in every form, in order to compel workingmen to hard and hated labor; to buy all goods cheap, and to sell to the people the articles necessary for them at the highest possible price; and to raise the interest on money. From whatever point we consider their activity, we see that the usefulness of business-men is not recognized by those for whom it is expended, neither in principle nor in particular cases; and by the majority their activity is considered to be directly pernicious. If we were to apply the second test, and to ask, What is the chief motive of the activity of business-men? we should receive a still more determinate answer than that on the activity of statesmen.

If a statesman says that besides a personal advantage he has in view the common benefit, we cannot help believing him, and each of us knows such men; but a business-man, from the very nature of his occupations, cannot have in view a common advantage, and would be ridiculous in the sight of his fellows if he were in his business aiming at something besides the increasing of his own wealth and the keeping of it. And, therefore, working-people do not consider the activity of business-men of any help to them. Their activity is associated with violence towards such people; and its object is not their good, but always and only personal advantage; and lo! strange to say, these business-men are so assured of their own usefulness that they boldly, for the sake of this imaginary good, do an undoubted, obvious harm to workingmen by extricating themselves from laboring, and consuming the labor of the working-classes. Men of science and of art have freed themselves from laboring by putting this labor on others, and live with a quiet conscience, thinking they bring a sufficient advantage to other men to compensate for it.

On what is their assurance based? Let us ask them as we have done statesmen and business-men.

Is the utility of the arts and sciences recognized by all, or even by the majority, of working-people?

We shall receive a very deplorable answer. The activity of men in church and state is recognized to be useful in theory by almost all, and in application by the majority of those for whom it is performed; the activity of business-men is recognized as useful by a small number of working-people; but the activity of men of science and of art is not recognized to be useful by any of the working-class. The usefulness of their activity is recognized only by those who are engaged in it, or who desire to practise it. Those who bear upon their shoulders all the labor of life, and who feed and clothe the men of science and art, cannot recognize the usefulness of the activity of these men, because they cannot even form any idea about an activity which always appears to workingmen useless and even depraving.

Thus, without any exception, working-people think the same of universities, libraries, conservatories, picture and statue galleries, and theatres, which are built at their expense.

A workingman considers this activity to be so decidedly pernicious that he does not send his children to be taught; and in order to compel people to accept this activity, it has been everywhere found necessary to introduce a law compelling parents to send the children to school.

A workingman always looks at this activity with ill-will, and only ceases to look at it so when he ceases to be a workingman, and having saved money, and been educated, he passes out of the class of working-people into the class of men who live upon the necks of others.

And notwithstanding the fact that the usefulness of the activity of men of science and art is not recognized, and even cannot be recognized, by any workman, these men are all the same compelled to make a sacrifice for such an activity.

A statesman simply sends another to the guillotine or to prison; a business-man, utilizing the labor of another, takes away from him his last resource, leaving him the alternative of starvation, or labor destructive of his health and life: but a man of science or of art seemingly compels nobody to do any thing; he merely offers the good he has done to those who are willing to take it; but, in order to be able to make his productions undesirable to the working-people, he takes away from the people, by violence, through the statesmen, the greatest part of their labor for the building and keeping open of academies, universities, colleges, schools, museums, libraries, conservatories, and for the wages for himself and his fellows.

But if we were to ask men of science and art about the object which they are pursuing in their activity, we should receive the most astonishing replies.

A statesman would answer that his aim was the common welfare; and in his answer, there would be an admixture of truth confirmed by public opinion.

In the answer of the business-man, that his aim was social welfare, there would be less probability; but we could admit even this also.

But the answer of men of science and art strikes one at once by its want of proof and by its effrontery. Such men say, without bringing any proofs, just as priests used to do in olden times, that their activity is the most important of all, and the most necessary for all men, and that without it all mankind would go to ruin. They assert that it is so, notwithstanding the fact that nobody except they themselves either understands or acknowledges their activity, and notwithstanding the fact that, according to their own definition, true science and true art should not have a utilitarian aim.

These men are occupied with the matter they like, without troubling themselves what advantage will come out of it to men; and they are always assured that they are doing the most important thing, and the most necessary for all mankind.

So that while a sincere statesman, acknowledging that the chief motive of his activity is a personal one, tries to be as useful as possible to the working-people; while a business-man, acknowledging the egotism of his activity, tries to give it an appearance of being one of universal utility, — men of science and art do not consider it necessary to seem to shelter themselves under a pretence of usefulness: they deny even the object of usefulness, so sure are they, not only of the usefulness, but even of the sacredness, of their own business.

And now it turns out that the third class of men, who have freed themselves from labor, and have laid it on other men, are occupied with things which are totally incomprehensible to working-people, and which these people consider to be trifles, and often very pernicious trifles; and are occupied with these things without any consideration of their usefulness, but merely for the gratification of their own pleasure: it turns out that these men are, from some reason or other, quite assured that their activity will always produce

that without which working-people would never be able to exist.

Men have freed themselves from laboring for their living, and have thrown the work upon others, who perish under it: they utilize this labor, and assert that their occupations, which are incomprehensible to all other men, and which are not directed to useful aims, compensate for all the evil they are doing to men by freeing themselves from the labor of earning their livelihood, and swallowing up the labor of others.

The statesman, in order to compensate for that undoubted and obvious evil which he does to man by freeing himself from the struggle with nature, and by appropriating the labor of others, does men another obvious and undoubted harm by countenancing all sorts of violence.

The business-man, in order to compensate for that undoubted and obvious harm which he does to men by using up their labor, tries to earn for himself as much wealth as possible; that is, as much of other men's labor as possible.

The man of science and art, in compensating for the same undoubted and obvious harm which he does to working-people, is occupied with matters to which he feels attracted, and which is quite incomprehensible to working-people, and which, according to his own assertion, in order to be a true one, ought not to aim at usefulness.

And therefore, all these men are quite sure that their right of utilizing other men's labor is secure. Yet it seems obvious that all those men who have freed themselves from the labor of earning their livelihood have no ground for doing this.

But, strange to say, these men firmly believe in their own righteousness, and live as they do with an easy conscience. There must be some plausible ground, some false belief, at the bottom of such a profound error.

XXVIII.

And, in reality, the position in which men, living by other men's labor, are placed, is based, not only upon a certain belief, but upon an entire doctrine; and not only on one doctrine, but on three, which have grown one upon another during centuries, and are now fused together into an awful

deceit, or humbug as the English call it, which hides from men their unrighteousness.

The oldest of these in our world, which justifies the treason of men against the fundamental duty of labor to earn their livelihood, was the Church-Christian doctrine, according to which men, by the will of God, differ one from another, as the sun differs from the moon and the stars, and as one star differs from another. Some men God ordains to have dominion over all; others to have power over many; others, still, over a few; and the remainder are ordained by God to obey.

This doctrine, though already shaken to its foundations, still continues to influence some men, so that many who do not accept it, who often even ignore the existence of it, are, nevertheless, guided by it.

The second is what I cannot help terming the State-philosophical doctrine. According to it, as fully developed by Hegel, all that exists is reasonable, and the established order of life is constant and sustained, not merely by men, but as the only possible form of the manifestation of the spirit, or, generally, of the life of mankind.

This doctrine, too, is no longer accepted by men who direct social opinion, and it holds its position only by the property of inertia.

The last doctrine, which is now ruling the minds of men, and on which is based the justification as well of leading statesmen as also of leading men of business and of science and art, is a scientific one, not in the evident sense of the word, meaning knowledge generally, but in the sense of a knowledge peculiar in form as well as in matter, termed science in particular. On this new doctrine particularly is based in our days the justification of man's idleness, hiding from him his treason against his calling.

This new doctrine appeared in Europe contemporaneously with a large class of rich and idle people, who served neither the church nor the state, and who were in want of a justification of their position.

Not very long ago in France, before the revolution in Europe, it was always the case that all non-working people, in order to have a right to utilize other men's labor, were obliged to have some definite occupation, — to serve in the church, the state, or the army.

Men who served the government, governed the people;

those who served the church, taught the people divine truths; and those who served the army, protected the people.

Only these three classes of men — the clergy, the statesmen, and the military men — claimed for themselves the right of utilizing workingmen's labor, and they could always point out their services to the people: the remaining rich men, who had not this justification, were despised, and, feeling their own want of right, were ashamed of their wealth and of their idleness. But as time went on, this class of rich people, who did not belong either to the clergy, to the government, or to the army, owing to the vices of these three classes, increased in number, and became a powerful party. They were in want of a justification of their position. And one was invented for them. A century had not elapsed when the men who did not serve either the state or the church, and who took no part whatever in their affairs, received the same right to live by other men's labor as the former classes; and they not only left off being ashamed of their wealth and idleness, but began to consider their position quite justified. And the number of such men has increased, and is still increasing in our days.

And the most wonderful of all is this, that these men, the same whose claims to be freed from laboring were unrecognized not long ago, now consider themselves alone to be fully right, and are attacking the former three classes, — the servants of the church, state, and army, — alleging their exemption from labor to be be unjust, and often even considering their activity to be directly pernicious. And what is still more wonderful is this, that the former servants of church, state, and army, do not now lean upon the divineness of their calling, nor even upon the philosophy which considers the state necessary for individual development, but they set aside these supports which have so long maintained them, and are now seeking the same supports on which the new reigning class of men, who have found a novel justification, stands, and at the head of which are the men of science and art.

If a statesman now sometimes, appealing to old memories, justifies his position by the fact that he was set in it by God, or by the fact that the state is a form of the development of personality, he does it because he is behind the age, and he feels that nobody believes him.

In order to justify himself effectually, he ought to find now

neither theological nor philosophical, but other new, scientific supports.

It is necessary to point to the principle of nationalities, or to that of the development of an organism; and to gain over the ruling class, as in the Middle Ages, it was necessary to gain over the clergy; and as at the end of the last century, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of philosophers, as seen in the case of Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia. If now a rich man, after the old fashion, says sometimes that it is God's providence which makes him rich, or if he points to the importance of a nobility for the welfare of a state, he does it because he is behind the times.

In order to justify himself completely, he must point to his furthering progress and civilization by improving the modes of production, by lowering the prices of consumption, by establishing an intercourse between nations. A rich man ought to think and to speak in scientific language, and, as the clergy formerly, he has to offer sacrifices to the ruling class: he must publish magazines and books, provide himself with a picture-gallery, a musical society, a kindergarten or a technical school. The ruling class is the class of learned men and artists of a definite character. They possess complete justification for having freed themselves from laboring; and upon this justification (as in former times upon the theological justification, and afterwards upon the philosophical one) all is based: and it is these men who now give the diploma of exemption to other classes.

The class of men who now feel completely justified in freeing themselves from labor, is that of men of science, and particularly of experimental, positive, critical, evolutional science, and of artists who develop their ideas according to this tendency.

If a learned man or an artist, after the old fashion, speaks nowadays about prophecy, revelation, or the manifestation of the spirit, he does so because he is behind the age, but he will not succeed in justifying himself: in order to stand firm he must try to associate his activity with experimental, positive, critical science, and he must make this science the fundamental principle of his activity. Then only would the science or the art with which he is occupied appear to be a true one, and he would then stand in our days on firm ground, and then will there be no doubt as to the usefulness he is bringing to mankind. The justification of all those who have

freed themselves from laboring is based upon experimental, critical, positive science.

The theological and philosophical explanations have already had their day: they timidly and bashfully now introduce themselves to notice, and try to humor their scientific usurper, which, however, boldly knocks down and destroys the remnants of the past, everywhere taking its place, and with assurance in its own firmness lifts aloft its head.

The theological justification maintained that men by their destination are called, — some to govern, others to obey; some to live sumptuously, others to labor: and therefore those who believed in the revelation of God could not doubt the lawfulness of the position of those men, who, according to the will of God, are called to govern and to be rich.

The state-philosophical justification used to say, The state with all its institutions and differences of classes, according to rights and possessions, is that historical form which is necessary for the right manifestation of the spirit in mankind; and therefore the situation which every one occupies in state and in society according to his rights and to his possessions must be such as to insure the sound life of mankind.

The scientific theory says, All this is nonsense and superstition: the one is the fruit of the theological period of thought, and the other of the metaphysical period.

For the study of the laws of the life of human societies, there is only one sure method, — that of a positive, experimental, critical science. It is only sociology based upon biology, based again upon all other positive sciences, which is able to give us new laws of the life of mankind. Mankind, or human societies, are organisms either already perfect, or in a state of development subject to all the laws of the evolution of organisms. One of the first of these laws is the division of labor among the portions of the organs. If some men govern, and others obey, some live in opulence, and others in want, then this takes place, neither according to the will of God, nor because the state is the form of the manifestation of personality, but because in societies as in organisms a division of labor takes place which is necessary for the life of the whole. Some men perform in societies the muscular part of labor, and others the mental.

Upon this doctrine is built the ruling excuse of the age.

XXIX.

Christ teaches men in a new way, and this teaching is written down in the Gospels.

It is first persecuted, and then accepted; and upon it at once a complete system of theological dogma is invented, which is thereafter accepted for the teaching of Christ. The system is absurd, it has no foundation; but by virtue of it, men are led to believe that they may continue to live in an evil way, and none the less be Christians. And this conclusion is so agreeable to the mass of weak men, who have no affection for moral effort, that the system is eagerly accepted, not only as true, but even as the Divine truth as revealed by God himself. And the invention becomes the groundwork on which for centuries theologians build their theories.

Then by degrees these learned men diverge by various channels into special systems of their own, and finally endeavor to overthrow each other's theories. They begin to feel there is something amiss, and cease to understand what they themselves are talking about. But the crowd still requires them to expound its favorite instruction; and thus the theologians, pretending both to understand and believe what they are saying, continue to dispense it.

In process of time, however, the conclusions drawn from theological conceptions cease to be necessary to the masses, who, then, peeping into the very sanctuaries of their augurs, discover them to be utterly void of those glorious and indubitable truths which the mysteries of theology had seemed to suggest.

The same happened to philosophy, not in the sense of the wisdom of men like Confucius or Epictetus, but with professional philosophy, when it humored the instincts of the crowd of rich and idle people. Not long ago in the learned world, a moral philosophy was in fashion, according to which it appeared that every thing that is, is reasonable; that there is neither good nor evil; that man has not to struggle with evil, but has merely to manifest the spirit, some in military service, some in courts of justice, and some on the violin.

Many and various were the expressions of human wisdom, and as such were known to the men of the nineteenth century, — Rousseau, Pascal, Lessing, and Spinoza; and all the

wisdom of antiquity was expounded, but none of its systems laid hold of the crowd. We cannot say that Hegel's success was due to the harmony of his theory. We had no less harmonious theories from Descartes, Leibnitz, Fichte, and Schopenhauer.

There was only one reason for the fact that this doctrine became for a short time the belief of the civilized world, the same which had caused the success of theology; to wit, that the deductions of this philosophical theory humored the weak side of men's nature. It said, All is reasonable, all is good; nobody is to blame for any thing.

And as at first with the church upon theological foundations, so also, with the philosophy of Hegel for a base, a Babel's tower was built (some who are behind the age, are still sitting upon it); and here again was a confusion of tongues, men feeling that they themselves did not know of what they were talking, but trying to conceal their ignorance, and to keep their prestige before the crowd.

When I began life, Hegelianism was the order of the day; it was in the very air you breathed; it found its expression in newspapers and magazines, in lectures upon history and upon law, in novels, in tracts, in art, in sermons, in conversation. A man who did not know Hegel, had no right to open his mouth: those who desired to learn the truth, were studying Hegel, — every thing pointed to him; and lo! forty years have elapsed, and nothing is left of him; there is no remembrance of him; all is as though he had never existed. And the most remarkable of all is, that as false Christianity, so also Hegelianism has fallen, not because some one had refuted or overthrown it; no, it is now as it was before, but both have only become no longer necessary for the learned, educated world.

If, at the present time, any man of culture is questioned about the system of theological dogma, he will neither contradict nor argue, but will simply ask, "Why should I believe these dogmas?" — "What good are they to me?"

So also with Hegelianism. No one of our day will argue its theses. He will only inquire, "What Spirit?" "Where did it come from?" "With what purpose?" "What good will it do me?" Not very long ago the sages of Hegelianism were solemnly teaching the crowd; and the crowd, understanding nothing, blindly believed all, finding the confirmation of what suited them, and thinking that what

seemed to them to be not quite clear or even contradictory, on the heights of philosophy was clearer than day: but time went on, the theory was worn out, a new one appeared in its place, the former one was no longer demanded, and again the crowd looked into the mysterious temples of the augurs, and saw there was nothing there, and that nothing had ever been there but words, very dark and meaningless.

(This happened within my memory.) These things happened, we are told, because they were ravings of the theological and metaphysical period; but now we have a critical, positive science, which will not deceive us, because it is based upon induction and experience. Now our knowledge is no longer uncertain as it formerly was, and it is only by following it that one can find the answer to all the questions of life.

But this is exactly the same that was said by the old teachers, and they certainly were no fools, and we know that among them were men of immense intellect; and within my memory the disciples of Hegel said exactly the same thing, with no less assurance and no less acknowledgment on the side of the crowd of so-called educated people. And such men as our Herzen, Stankievich, Byelinsky, were no fools either. But why, then, has this wonderful thing happened that clever men preached with the greatest assurance, and the crowd accepted with veneration such groundless and meaningless doctrines? The reason of it is only that these doctrines justified men in their bad mode of living.

A very commonplace English writer, whose books are now almost forgotten, and recognized as the emptiest of all empty ones, wrote a tract upon population, in which he invented an imaginary law that the means of living does not increase with increase of population. This sham law the author dressed out with formulæ of mathematics, which have no foundation whatever, and published it. Judged by the lightness of mind and the want of talent displayed in this treatise, we might suppose that it would have passed unnoticed, and been forgotten as all other writings of the same author have been; but it turned out quite differently. The author who wrote it became at once a scientific authority, and has maintained this high position for nearly half a century. Malthus! The Malthusian theory, — the law of the increase of population in geometrical progression, and the increase of means of living in arithmetical progres-

sion, and the natural and prudent means of restraining the increase of population, — all these became scientific, undoubted truths which have never been verified, but, being accepted as axioms, have served for further deductions.

Thus learned, educated men were deceived; whereas in the crowd of idle men, there was a devout trust in the great laws, discovered by Malthus. How, then, did this happen? These seem to be scientific deductions, which had nothing in common with the instincts of the crowd.

But this is so only to those who believe science to be something self-existent, like the Church, not liable to errors, and not merely the thoughts of weak men liable to mistakes, who only for importance' sake call by a pompous word, *science*, their own thoughts and words. It was only necessary to draw practical conclusions from the Malthusian theory in order to see that it was quite a human one with very determinate aims.

The deductions which followed directly from this theory were the following: The miserable condition of working-people does not come from the cruelty, egotism, and unreasonableness of rich and strong men, but it exists according to an unchangeable law which does not depend upon man, and, if anybody is to blame, it is the starving working-people themselves: why do these fools come into the world when they know that they will not have enough to eat? and therefore the wealthy and powerful classes are not at all to blame for any thing, and they may quietly continue to live as they have done.

This conclusion, precious to the crowd of idle men, induced all learned men to overlook the incorrectness and total arbitrariness of the deductions; and the crowd of educated idle people, instinctively guessing to what these deductions led, greeted the theory with delight, set upon it the seal of truth, and cherished it during half a century. The reason for all this was, that these doctrines justified men in their bad mode of life.

Is not the same cause at the bottom of the self-assurance of men of positive, critical, experimental science, and of the reverent regard of the crowd to what they preach? At first it appears strange that the theory of evolution justifies men in their unrighteousness, and that the scientific theory has only to do with facts, and does nothing else than observe facts. But it only seems so.

So it had been with theological teaching; theology seemed to be occupied only with doctrines, and to have nothing to do with the lives of men: so it had been with philosophy, which also seemed to be occupied only with facts.

So it had been with the teaching of Hegel on a large scale, and with the theory of Malthus on a small one. Hegelianism seemed to be occupied merely with its logical constructions, and to have nothing to do with the lives of men; so with the theory of Malthus, which seemed to be occupied exclusively with statistics.

But it only seemed so.

Modern science is also occupied exclusively with facts: it studies facts.

But what facts? Why such facts, and not others?

The men of modern science are very fond of speaking with a solemn assurance, "We study facts alone," imagining that these words have some meaning.

To study facts alone is quite impossible, because the number of facts, which may be objects of our study, are countless, in the strict sense of the word.

Before beginning to study facts, one must have some theory, according to which facts are studied; that is, these or those being selected from the countless number of facts. And this theory indeed exists, and is even very definitely expressed, though many of the agents of modern science ignore it; that is, do not want to know it, or really do not know it, and sometimes pretend not to know it.

Thus matters stood before with all most important beliefs.

The foundations of each are always given in theory; and so-called learned men seek only for further deductions from various foundations given to them, though sometimes ignoring even these.

But a fundamental theory must always be present. So is it also now: modern science selects its facts upon the ground of a determinate theory, which sometimes it knows, sometimes does not wish to know, sometimes really does not know; but it exists. And the theory is this: All mankind is an undying organism; men are particles of the organs of this organism, having each his special calling for the service of the whole. As the cells, growing into an organism, divide among themselves the labor of the struggle for existence of the whole organism, increase one capacity, and diminish

another, and all together form an organ in order better to satisfy the wants of the whole organism; and as among social animals, — ants and bees, — the individuals divide the labor among themselves (queen bees lay eggs, drone-bees fecundate, working-bees labor for the life of the whole), — so also in mankind and in human societies there takes place the same differentiation and integration of the parts. And therefore, in order to find the law of man's life, we must study the laws of the lives and development of organisms. And in these we find the following laws: That each phenomenon is followed by more than one consequence; the failure of uniformity; the law of uniformity and diversity, and so on. All this seems to be very innocent, but we need only draw deductions from these observations of facts in order to see at once to what they are tending.

These facts lead to one thing, — the acknowledgment that the existence in human societies of division of activities is organic; that is, necessary. And they therefore induce us to consider the unjust position in which we are, who have freed ourselves from laboring, not from the point of reasonableness and justice, but merely as an indubitable fact which confirms a general law. Moral philosophy used also to justify every cruelty and wickedness; but there it turned out to be philosophical, and therefore incorrect: but according to science, the same thing turns out to be scientific, and therefore unquestionable.

How, then, can we help accepting such a fine theory! We need only look at human society merely as at an object of observation, and we may quietly devour the labor of perishing men, calming ourselves with the idea that our activity as a dancing-master, a lawyer, a doctor, a philosopher, an actor, an investigator of the theory of mediumism and of forms of atoms, and so on, is a functional activity of the organism of mankind, and therefore there cannot be a question whether it is just that I should live doing only what is pleasant, as there can be no question whether the division of labor between a mental and a muscular cell is just or not. How, then, can we help accepting such a nice theory which enables us afterwards forever to put our conscience into our pockets, and live a completely unbridled, animal life, feeling under our feet a firm, scientific support? And it is upon this new belief that the justification of idleness and the cruelty of men is built.

XXX.

This doctrine had its commencement about half a century ago. Its chief founder was the French philosopher Comte. Comte, being a lover of systematic theory, and at the same time a man of religious tendency, was impressed by the then new physiological researches of Bichat; and he conceived the old idea, expressed in by-gone days by Menenius Agrippa, that human societies, indeed all human-kind, may be regarded as one whole, an organism; and men, — as live particles of separate organs, each having his definite destination to fulfil in the service of the whole organism.

Comte was so fascinated by this idea, that he founded upon it his philosophical theory; and this theory so captivated him, that he quite forgot that the point of departure he had started from was no more than a pretty comparison, suitable enough in a fable, but in no way justifiable as the foundation of a science. As often happens, he took his pet hypothesis for an axiom, and so imagined that his whole theory was based upon the most firm and positive foundations.

According to his theory, it appeared that, as mankind is an organism, therefore the knowledge of what man is and what ought to be his relation to the world, is only possible through a knowledge of the properties of this organism. In order to learn these properties, man is fitted to make observations upon other lower organisms, and draw deductions from their lives.

Therefore, first, the true and exclusive method of science, according to Comte, is the inductive one, and science is only science when it has experiment for its basis; secondly, the final aim and the summit of science becomes the new science concerning the imaginary organism of mankind, or the organic being, — mankind; this new hypothetic science is sociology; from this view of science, it generally turns out that all former knowledge was false, and that the whole history of mankind, in the sense of its self-consciousness, divides itself into three, or rather into two, periods: first, the theological and metaphysical period, from the beginning of the world to Comte; and secondly, the modern period of true science, positive science, beginning with Comte.

All this was very well, but there was a single mistake in

it; it was this: that all this edifice was built upon the sand, upon an arbitrary and incorrect assertion that mankind, collectively considered, was an organism. This assertion was arbitrary, because there is no more reason why, if we acknowledge the existence of mankind to be an organism, we should refuse to allow the correctness of all the various theological propositions.

It was incorrect, because to the idea of mankind, that is, of men, the definition of an organism was incorrectly added, whereas mankind lacks the essential characteristic of an organism, — a centre of sensation or consciousness. We call an elephant, as well as a bacterium, organisms, only because we suppose by analogy in these beings unification of sensations or consciousness. As for human societies and mankind, they lack this essential; and therefore, however many other general character-signs we may find out in mankind and in an organism, without this, the acknowledgment of mankind to be an organism is incorrect.

But notwithstanding the arbitrariness and incorrectness of the fundamental proposition of positive philosophy, it was accepted by the so-called educated world with great sympathy, because of that great fact important for the crowd, that it afforded a justification of the existing order of things by recognizing the lawfulness of the existing division of labor; that is, of violence in mankind. It is remarkable in this respect that from the writings of Comte composed of two parts, — a positive philosophy and a positive politics, — by the learned world, only the first part was accepted, that which justified upon new experimental principles the existing evil in human society: the second part, treating of the moral altruistic duties, following from this recognition of mankind to be an organism, was considered not only to be unimportant, but even unscientific.

Here the same thing was repeated which occurred with the two parts of Kant's writings: the "Critique of Pure Reason" was accepted by science; but the "Critique of Practical Reason," that part which contains the essence of moral doctrine, was rejected. In the teaching of Comte, that was recognized to be scientific which humored the reigning evil.

But the positive philosophy, accepted by the crowd, based upon an arbitrary and incorrect supposition, was by itself too ill-grounded, and therefore too unsteady, and could not be sustained by itself.

And now among all the idle play of ideas of so-called men of science, there also appeared a similarly arbitrary and incorrect assertion, not a new one at all, to the effect that all living beings, that is, organisms, proceed one from another; not only one organism from another, but one organism from many; that during a very long period, a million of years for instance, not only a fish and a duck may have proceeded from one and the same forefather, but also one organism might have proceeded from many separate organisms; so, for instance, out of a swarm of bees a single animal may proceed. And this arbitrary and incorrect assertion was accepted by the learned world with still greater sympathy.

This assertion was an arbitrary one, because nobody has ever seen how one kind of organism is made from others; and therefore the hypothesis about the origin of species will always remain a mere supposition, and never will become an experimental fact.

This hypothesis was incorrect because the solution of the problem of the origin of species by the theory that they had their origin in the law of inheritance and accommodation during an infinitely long time, was not at all a solution of the problem, but the mere iteration of the question in another form.

According to the solution of this problem by Moses (in opposition to which consists all the object of Comte's theory), it appeared that the variety of the species of living beings proceeded from the will of God and his infinite omnipotence: according to the theory of evolution, it appears that the variety of species of living beings proceeded by themselves in consequence of the infinite variety of conditions of inheritance and environment in an infinite period of time.

The theory of evolution, speaking plainly, asserts only that by chance in an infinite period of time any thing you like may proceed from any thing else you choose.

This is no answer to the question; it is simply the same question put differently: instead of will is put chance, and the co-efficient of the infinite is transferred from omnipotence to time.

But this new assertion, enforced by Darwin's followers in an arbitrary and inaccurate spirit, maintained the former assertion of Comte, and therefore it became a revelation for our time, and the foundation of all sciences, even that of

the history of philosophy and religion; and besides, according to the *naïve* confession of the very founder of Darwin's theory, this idea was awakened in him by the law of Malthus; and therefore he pointed to the struggle for existence of not only of men, but of all living beings, as to a fundamental law of every living thing. And this was exactly what was wanted by the crowd of idle people for their own justification.

Two unstable theories which could not stand upon their own feet supported each other, and received a show of stability. Both the theories bore in them a sense, precious for the crowd, that for the existing evil in human societies men are not to be blamed, that the existing order is what ought to be, and thus the new theory was accepted by the crowd in the sense which was wanted by them, with full confidence and unprecedented enthusiasm.

And so the new scientific doctrine was founded upon two arbitrary and incorrect propositions, which were accepted in the same way as dogmas of faith are accepted. Both in matter and form, this new doctrine is remarkably similar to the Church-Christian one. In matter, the similarity lies in the fact, that in both doctrines alike, a fantastical meaning is attached to really existing things, and this artificial meaning is taken as the object of our research.

In the Church-Christian doctrine, the Christ which did really exist is screened away by a whole system of fantastical theological dogmas: in the positive doctrine, to the really existing fact of live men is attributed the fantastical attributes of an organism.

In form, the similarity of these two doctrines is remarkable, since, in both cases, a theory emanating from one class of men is accepted as the only and infallible truth. In the Church-Christian doctrine, the Church's way of understanding God's revelation to men is regarded as the sacred and only true one. In the doctrine of positivism, certain men's way of understanding science is regarded as absolutely correct and true.

As the Church-Christians regard the foundation of their church as the only origin of the true knowledge of God, and only out of a kind of courtesy admit that former believers may also be regarded as having formed a church; so in precisely the same manner does positive science, according to its own statement, place its origin in Comte: and its representatives, also only out of courtesy, admit the existence

of previous science, and that only as regarding certain thinkers, as, for instance, Aristotle. Both the Church and positive science altogether exclude the ideas of all the rest of mankind, and regard all knowledge outside their own as erroneous.

In our time, the old dogma of evolution comes in with new importance to help the fundamental dogma of Comte concerning the organism of mankind; and from these two elements a new scientific doctrine has been formed. If it is not quite clear to a believer in the organism of mankind why a collection of individuals may be counted as an organism, the dogma of evolution is charged with the explanation. This dogma is needed to reconcile the contradictions and certainties of the first: mankind is an organism, and we see that it does not contain the chief characteristic of an organism; how must we account for it?

Here the dogma of evolution comes in, and explains, Mankind is an organism in a state of development. If you accept this, you may then consider mankind as such.

A man who is free from the positive superstition cannot even understand wherein lies the interest of the theory of the origin of species and of evolution; and this interest is explained, only when we learn the fundamental dogma, that mankind is an organism. And as all the subtleties of theology are intelligible only to those who believe in its fundamental dogmas, so also all the subtleties of sociology, which now occupy the minds of all men of this recent and profound science, are intelligible only to believers.

The similarity between these two doctrines holds good yet further. Being founded upon dogmas accepted by faith, these doctrines neither question nor analyze their own principles, which, on the other hand, are used as starting-points for the most extraordinary theories. The preachers of these call themselves, in theology, sanctified; in positive knowledge, scientific; in both cases, infallible. And at the same time, they attain the most peremptory, incredible, and unfounded assertions, which they give forth with the greatest pomp and seriousness, and which are with equal pomp and seriousness contradicted in all their details by others who do not agree, and yet who equally recognize the fundamental dogmas.

The Basil the Great of scientific doctrine, Spencer, in one of his first writings expresses these doctrines thus: Societies

and organisms, says he, are alike in the following points: First, in that, being conceived as small aggregates, they imperceptibly grow up in mass, so that some of them become ten thousand times bigger than their originals.

Secondly, in that, while in the beginning they have such simple structure that they may almost be considered as structureless, in their growth they develop an ever-increasing complexity of structure.

Thirdly, in that, though in their early undeveloped period there does not exist among them any dependence of particles one upon another, these particles by and by acquire a mutual dependence, which at last becomes so strong that the activity and the life of each part is possible only with the activity and the lives of all others.

Fourthly, in this, that the life and the development of society is more independent and longer than the life and the development of every unit which goes to form it, and which are separately born and growing and acting and multiplying and dying while the political body formed of them continues to live one generation after another, developing in mass, in perfection of structure, and in functional activity.

Then follow the points of difference between organisms and societies, and it is demonstrated that these differences are only seeming ones, and that organisms and societies are quite similar. For an impartial man the question at once arises, What are you, then, speaking about? Why is mankind an organism, or something similar?

You say that societies are similar to organisms according to these four points; but even this comparison is incorrect. You take only a few characteristics of an organism, and you then apply them to human societies. You produce four points of similarity, then you take the points of difference which you say are only seemingly so, and you conclude that human societies may be considered as organisms.

But this is nothing else than an idle play of dialectics. Upon this ground we may consider as organism every thing we choose. I take the first thing which comes to my mind, — a forest, — as it is planted in a field and grows up: first beginning as a small aggregate, it imperceptibly increases in mass. This is also the case with fields, when, after being planted they are gradually covered with forest-trees. Secondly, in the beginning the structure of an organism is simple, then the complexity increases, and so on.

The same is the case with the forest: at first there are only birch-trees, then hazel, and so on; first all the trees grow straight, and afterwards they interlace their branches. Thirdly, the dependence of the parts increases so that the life of each part depends upon the lives and activities of all the others: it is exactly the same with the forest; the nut-tree warms the trunks (if you hew it down, the other trees will be frozen in winter), the underwood keeps off wind, the seed-trees continue the species, the tall and leafy ones give shadow, and the life of each tree depends upon that of the rest. Fourthly, separate parts may die, but the whole organism continues to live. Separate trees perish, but the forest continues in life and growth. The same holds good with the example so often brought by the defenders of the scientific doctrine. Cut off an arm, — the arm will die: we may say remove a tree from the shadow and the ground of a forest, it will die.

Another remarkable similarity between this scientific doctrine and the Church-Christian one, — as also in the case of any other theory founded upon propositions, accepted through faith, — lies in their capacity of being proof against logic.

After having demonstrated that by this theory a forest may be considered as an organism, you think you have proved to the followers of the theory of organisms the incorrectness of their definition? Not at all. Their definition of an organism is so inexact and dilatable, that they can apply it to every thing they like.

Yes, they will say, you may consider the forest, too, as an organism. A forest is a mutual co-operationship of the individuals who do not destroy each other; an aggregate: its parts can also pass into a closer relationship, and by differentiation and integration it may become an organism.

Then you will say, that in that case, the birds too and the insects, and the herbs of this forest, which mutually co-operate and do not destroy each other, may be considered with the trees to be an organism. They would agree to this too. According to their theory, we may consider as an organism every collection of living beings which mutually co-operate, and do not destroy one another. You may establish a connection and co-operation between every thing you like, and, according to evolution, you may assert that from any thing may proceed any thing else you like, if a long enough period is granted.

It is quite impossible to prove to a believer in a theological doctrine, that his doctrine is false. But one may tell him that if one man arbitrarily asserts one dogma, another has the same right arbitrarily to invent and assert another. One may say the same thing with yet better ground to the followers of positive and evolutional science. Upon the basis of this science one could undertake to prove any thing one liked. And the strangest thing of all is, that this same positive science regards the scientific method as a condition of true knowledge, and that it has itself defined the elements of the scientific method. It professes that common sense is the scientific method. And yet common sense itself discloses at every step the fallacies of this doctrine. The moment those who occupied the position of saints felt that there was no longer any thing sacred left in them, like the Pope and our own Synod, they immediately called themselves not merely sacred, but "most sacred." The moment science felt that it had given up common sense, it called itself the science of reason, the only really scientific science.

XXXI.

The division of labor is the law pervading every existing thing, therefore it must exist in human societies too. That may be so; but the question still remains, whether the now existing division of labor in human society is that division which ought to be. And when men consider a certain division of labor to be reasonable and just, no science whatever can prove to men that there ought to be that which they consider to be unreasonable and unjust.

The theological theory demonstrated that power is of God, and it very well may be so. But the question still remains, To whom is the power given, — to Catherine the Empress, or to the rebel Pugatchof? And no theological subtleties whatever can solve this difficulty. Moral Philosophy demonstrated that a state is merely a form of the social development of the individual; but the question still remains, Can the state of a Nero or that of a Gengis Khan be considered a form of such development? And no transcendental words whatever can solve the difficulty.

It is the same with scientific science also. The division of labor is the condition of the life of organisms and of human

societies; but what have we to consider in these human societies to be an organic division of labor? And however much science studies the division of labor in the molecules of a tape-worm, all these observations cannot compel men to acknowledge a division of labor to be correct which cannot be admitted by their reason and conscience. However convincing may be the proofs of the division of labor in the cells of investigated organisms, a man, if he has not yet lost his reason, will say it is wrong that some should only weave cloth all their life long, and that this is not a division of labor, but oppression of a human being.

Herbert Spencer and others say that, as there are a whole population of weavers, therefore the weaver's activity is the organic division of labor. Saying this, they use a similar line of reasoning as do theologians. There is a power, and therefore it is of God, whatever it may be: there are weavers, therefore they exist as a result of the law of division of labor. There might be some sense in this if the power and the position of weavers were created by themselves; but we know that they are not, but that it is we who create them. Well, then, we ought to ascertain whether we have established this before-mentioned power according to the will of God, or of ourselves, and whether we have called these weavers into being by virtue of some organic law, or from some other cause.

Here are men earning their living by agriculture, as it is proper for all men to do: one man has arranged a smith's forge, and mended his plough; his neighbor comes to him, and asks him to mend his plough, too, and promises to give labor or money in return. A second comes with a similar request; others follow; and in the society of these men, a form of division of labor arises: thus, one man becomes a smith.

Another man has taught his children well; his neighbor brings him his children, and asks him to teach them, and thus a teacher is formed: but the smith as well as the teacher become, and continue to be, such, only because they were asked, and they remain such as long as people require their trades. If it happens that too many smiths and teachers appear, or if their labor is no longer wanted, they at once, according to common sense, throw aside their trade, and become laborers again, as it everywhere always happens where there is no cause for the violation of a right division of labor.

Men who behave in such a way are directed both by their reason and their conscience; and therefore we who are endowed with reason and conscience, all agree that such a division of labor is a right one. But if it were to happen that smiths, having the possibility of compelling other men to labor for them, were to continue to make horseshoes when there was no longer a demand for them, and teachers were to wish to continue to teach when there was nobody to be taught, so to every impartial man endowed with reason and conscience, it would become obvious that such is not real division of labor, but a usurpation of other men's labor; because such a division could no longer be tested satisfactorily by that sole standard by which we may know whether it is right or not, — the demand of such labor by other men, and a voluntary compensation offered for it by them. And exactly such an overplus, however, is that which scientific science terms a division of labor.

Men do that which others do not require, and they ask to be fed for this, and say it is just, because it is division of labor. That which forms the chief social evil of a people, not only with us alone, is the countless number of government functionaries: that which is the cause of the economical misery of our days is what is called in England over-production (that is, the production of an enormous quantity of articles, wanted by nobody, and which no one knows how to get rid of). All this comes simply from this strange idea about the division of labor.

It would be very strange to see a boot-maker who considered that men were bound to feed him because, forsooth, he continued to produce boots wanted by no one; but what shall we say about those men in government, church, science, and art, who not only do not produce any thing tangibly useful for the people, and whose produce is wanted by nobody, and who as boldly require to be well fed and clothed on account of the division of labor?

There may be some sorcerers, for whose activity there is a demand, and to whom men give cakes and spirits; but we cannot even imagine the existence of such sorcerers who, while their sorcery is not wanted by anybody, require to be fed simply because they wish to practise their art. And this very thing is the case in our world with men in church and state, with men of science and art. And all this proceeds from that false conception of the division of labor

which is defined, not by reason and conscience, but by deductions to which men of science so unanimously resort.

The division of labor, indeed, has always existed; but it is correct only when man decides wherein it ought to consist by his reason and conscience, and not by his making observation upon it. And the conscience and the reason of all men solve this question in the simplest and surest way. They always decide that question by recognizing the division of labor to be a right one only when the special activity of a man is so necessary to others, that they, asking him to serve them, freely offer to feed him in compensation for what he will do for them. But when a man from his infancy up to his thirtieth year lives upon the shoulders of other men, promising to do, when he finishes his studies, something very useful, which nobody has ever asked him for, and then for the rest of his life lives in the same way, promising only to do presently something which nobody asks him to do, this would not be a true division of labor, but, as it really is, only a violation by a strong man of the labor of others; the same appropriation of other's labor by a strong man, which formerly theologians called divine destination; philosophers, inevitable conditions of life; and now scientific science, the organic division of labor.

All the importance of the ruling science consists in this alone. This science becomes now the dispenser of diplomas for idleness, because she alone in her temples analyzes and determines what activity is a parasitic and what an organic one in the social organism. As if men could not, each for himself, much better decide it, and more quickly, too, by consulting his reason and conscience.

And as formerly both for the clergy and then for statesmen, there could not have been any doubt as to who were most necessary for other people, so now for the men of positive science it seems that there cannot be any doubt about this, that their own activity is undoubtedly an organic one: they, factors of science and art, are the cells of the brain, the most precious cells of all the human organism. Let us leave them to reign, eat and drink, and be feasted, as priests and sophists of old have done before them, as long as they do not deprave men!

Since men exist as reasonable creatures, they have discriminated good from evil, making use of what has been done in this direction before them by others, struggled with evil,

seeking a true and better way, and slowly but unceasingly have been advancing in this way. And always across it various deceits stood before them, which had in view to show them that this struggle was not at all necessary for them, but that they should submit to the tide of life. There existed the awful old deceits of the Church; with dreadful struggle and effort men little by little got rid of them: but scarcely had they done so when in the place of the old deceit arose a new one, — a state and philosophical one. Men freed themselves out of these too.

And now a new deceit, a still worse one, springs up in their path, — the scientific one.

This new deceit is exactly such as the old ones were: its essence consists in the substitution for reason and conscience of something external; and this external thing is observation, as in theology it was revelation.

The snare of this science consists in this, that having shown to men the most bare-faced perversions of the activity of reason and conscience, it destroys in them confidence in both reason and conscience. Things which are the property of conscience and reason are now to be discerned by observation alone: these men lose the conception of good and evil, and become unable to understand those expressions and definitions of good and evil which have been worked out by all the former existence of mankind.

All that reason and conscience say to themselves, all that they said to the highest representatives of men since the world has existed, all this in their slang is conditional and subjective. All this must be left behind.

It is said by reason, one cannot apprehend the truth, because reason is liable to error: there is another way, unmistakable and almost mechanical, — one ought to study facts upon the ground of science, that is, upon two groundless suppositions, positivism and evolution, which are given out to be most undoubted truths. And the ruling science with mock solemnity asserts that the solving of all the questions of life is only possible through studying the facts of nature, and especially those of organisms.

The credulous crowd of youth, overwhelmed by the novelty of this authority, not only not destroyed, but not yet even touched by critics, rush to the study of these facts of natural sciences to that only way which, according to the assertion of the ruling doctrine, alone can lead to the elucidation of all

questions of life. But the farther the students proceed in this study, the farther do they remove not only the possibility of solving the questions of life, but even the very thought of this solution; the more they grow accustomed not so much to observe themselves as to believe upon their word other men's observations (to believe in cells, in protoplasm, in the fourth dimension of matter, and so on); the more the form hides from them the contents; the more they lose the consciousness of good and evil, and the capacity of understanding those expressions and definitions of good and evil which have been worked out by all the former career of mankind; the more they appropriate to themselves that special scientific slang of conditional expressions which have no common human meaning in them; the farther and farther they get into the thick forest of observations which is not lighted up by any thing; the more they lose the capacity, not only of an independent thinking, but even of understanding other men's fresh human ideas which are not included in their Talmud: but chiefly they pass their best years in losing the habit of life, that is, of laboring, and accustom themselves to consider their own position justified, and thus become physically good-for-nothing parasites, and mentally dislocate their brains, and lose all power of thought-productiveness.

And so by degrees, their capacities more and more blunted, they acquire self-assurance, which deprives them forever of the possibility of returning to a simple, laborious life, to any plain, clear, common, human manner of thinking.

XXXII.

The division of labor in human society has always existed, and I dare say always will exist; but the question for us is, not whether or not it has been and will still continue, but what should guide us to arrange that this division may be a right one.

If we take the facts of observation for our standard, we must refuse to have any standard at all: every division of labor which we see among men, and which may seem to us to be a right one, we shall consider right; and this is what the ruling scientific science is leading us to.

Division of labor!

Some are occupied with mental and spiritual, others with muscular and physical, labor.

With what an assurance do men express this! They wish to think so, and that seems to them in reality a correct exchange of services which is only the very apparent ancient violence.

Thou, or rather you (because it is always many who have to feed one), — you feed me, dress me, do for me all this rough labor, which I require of you, to which you are accustomed from your infancy, and I do for you that mental work to which I have already become accustomed. Give me bodily food, and I will give you in return the spiritual.

The statement seems to be a correct one; and it would really be so if only such exchange of services were free, if those who supply the bodily food were not obliged to supply it before they get the spiritual. The producer of the spiritual food says, In order that I may be able to give you this food, you must feed me, clothe me, and remove all filth from my house.

But, as for the producer of bodily food, he must do it without making any claims of his own, and he has to give bodily food whether he receive spiritual food or not. If the exchange were a free one, the conditions on both sides would be equal. We agree that spiritual food is as necessary to man as bodily. The learned man, the artist, says, Before we can begin to serve men by giving them spiritual food, we want men to provide us with bodily food.

But why should not the producers of this latter say, Before we begin to serve you with bodily food, we want spiritual food; and until we receive it, we cannot labor?

You say, I require the labor of a ploughman, a smith, a boot-maker, a carpenter, masons, and others, in order that I may prepare the spiritual food I have to offer.

Every workman might say, too, Before I go to work, to prepare bodily food for you, I want the fruits of the spirit. In order to have strength for laboring, I require a religious teaching, the social order of common life, application of knowledge to labor, and the joys and comforts which art gives. I have no time to work out for myself a teaching concerning the meaning of life, — give it to me.

I have no time to think out statutes of common life which would prevent the violation of justice, — give me this too. I have no time to study mechanics, natural philosophy,

chemistry, technology; give me books with information as to how I am to improve my tools, my ways of working, my dwelling, the heating and lighting of it. I have no time to occupy myself with poetry, with plastic art, or music; give me those excitements and comforts necessary for life; give me these productions of the arts.

You say it is impossible for you to do your important and necessary business if you were to be deprived of the labor working-people do for you; and I say, a workman may declare, It is impossible for me to do my important and necessary business, not less important than yours, — to plough, to cart away refuse, and clean *your* houses, — if I be deprived of a religious guidance corresponding to the wants of my intellect and my conscience, of a reasonable government which would secure my labor, of information for easing my labor, and the enjoyment of art to ennoble it. All you have offered me in the shape of spiritual food, is not only of no use to me whatever, but I cannot even understand to whom it could be of any use. And until I receive this nourishment, proper for me as for every man, I cannot produce bodily food to feed you with.

What if the working-people should speak thus? And if they said so, it would be no jest, but the simplest justice. If a workingman said this, he would be far more in the right than a man of intellectual labor; because the labor produced by the workingman is more urgent and more necessary than that done by the producer of intellectual work, and because a man of intellect is hindered by nothing from giving that spiritual food which he promised to give, but the workingman is hindered in giving the bodily food by the fact that he himself is short of it.

What, then, should we, men of intellectual labor, answer, if such simple and lawful claims were made upon us? How should we satisfy these claims? Should we satisfy the religious wants of the people by the catechism of Philaret, by sacred histories of Sokolof, by the literature sent out by various monasteries and St. Isaak's cathedral? And should we satisfy their demand for order by the Code of Laws, and cassation verdicts of different departments, or by statutes of committees and commissions? And should we satisfy their want of knowledge by giving them spectrum analysis, a survey of the Milky Way, speculative geometry, microscopic investigations, controversies concerning spiritualism and mediumism, the

activity of academies of science? How should we satisfy their artistic wants? By Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, Turgenief, L. Tolstoï, by pictures of French *salons*, and of those of our artists who represent naked women, satin, velvet, and landscapes, and pictures of domestic life, by the music of Wagner, and that of our own musicians?

All this is of no use, and cannot be of any use, because we, with our right to utilize the labor of the people, and absence of all duties in our preparation of their spiritual food, have quite lost from sight the single destination our activity should have.

We do not even know what is required by the working-man; we have even forgotten his mode of life, his views of things, his language; we have even lost sight of the very working-people themselves, and we study them like some ethnographical rarity or newly discovered continent. Now, we, demanding for ourselves bodily food, have taken upon ourselves to provide the spiritual; but in consequence of the imaginary division of labor, according to which we may not only first take our dinner, and afterwards do our work, but may during many generations dine luxuriously, and do no work, — in the way of compensation for our food we have prepared something which is of use, as it seems to us, for ourselves and for science and art, but of no use whatever for those very people whose labor we consume under the pretext of providing them in return with intellectual food, and not only of no use, but quite unintelligible and distasteful to them.

In our blindness we have to such a degree left out of sight the duty which we took upon us, that we have even forgotten for what our labor is being done; and the very people whom we undertook to serve, we have made an object of our scientific and artistic activities. We study them and represent them for our own pleasure and amusement: we have quite forgotten that it is our duty, not to study and depict, but to serve them.

We have to such a degree left out of sight the duty which we assumed, that we have not even noticed that other people do what we undertook in the departments of science and art, and that our place turns out to be occupied.

It appears that, while we have been in controversy, now about the immaculate conception, and now about spontaneous generation of organisms; now about spiritualism, and now

about the forms of atoms; now about pangenesis, now about protoplasms, and so on, — the rest of the world none the less required intellectual food, and the abortive outcasts of science and art began to provide for the people this spiritual food by order of various speculators who had in view exclusively their own profit and gain.

Now, for some forty years in Europe, and ten years in Russia, millions of books and pictures and songs have been circulating; shows have been opened: and the people look and sing, and receive intellectual food, though not from those who promised to provide it for them; and we, who justify our idleness by the need for that intellectual food which we pretend to provide for the people, are sitting still, and taking no notice.

But we cannot do so, because our final justification has vanished from under our feet. We have taken upon ourselves a peculiar department: we have a peculiar functional activity of our own. We are the brain of the people. They feed us, and we have undertaken to teach them. Only for the sake of this have we freed ourselves from labor. What, then, have we been teaching them? They have waited years, tens of years, hundreds of years. And we are still conversing among ourselves, and teaching each other, and amusing ourselves, and have quite forgotten them; we have so totally forgotten them, that others have taken upon themselves to teach and amuse them, and we have not even become aware of this in our flippant talk about division of labor: and it is very obvious that all our talk about the utility we offer to the people was only a shameful excuse.

XXXIII.

There was a time when the Church guided the intellectual life of the men of our world. The Church promised men happiness, and, in compensation for this, she freed herself from taking part in mankind's common struggle for life.

And, as soon as she did so, she went astray from her calling, and men turned away from her. It was not the errors of the Church which caused her ruin, but the fact that her ministers had violated the law of labor with the help of the secular power in the time of Constantine, and their claim to idleness and luxury gave birth to her errors.

As soon as she obtained this right, she began to care for herself, and not for man, whom she had taken upon herself to serve. The ministers of the Church gave themselves up to idleness and depravity.

The State took upon itself to guide men's lives. The State promised men justice, peace, security, order, satisfaction for common intellectual and material wants, and in compensation men who served the State freed themselves from taking part in the struggle for life. And the State's servants, as soon as they were enabled to utilize other men's labor, have acted in the same way as the ministers of the Church.

They had not in view the people; but the state servants, from kings down to the lowest functionaries, in Rome, as well as in France, England, Russia, and America, gave themselves over to idleness and depravity.

And men lost their faith in the state, and now anarchy is seriously advocated as an ideal.

The state lost its prestige among men, only because its ministers claimed the right of utilizing for themselves the people's labor.

Science and art have done the same with the assistance of the state power which they took upon themselves to sustain. They have also claimed and obtained for themselves the right of idleness, and of utilizing other men's labor, and have also been false to their calling. And their errors also proceeded only from the fact that their ministers, pointing to a falsely conceived principle of the division of labor, claimed for themselves the right to utilize the work of the people, and so lost the meaning of their calling, making the aim of their activity, not the utility of the people, but a mysterious activity of science and art; and also, like their forerunners, they have given themselves over to idleness and depravity, though not so much to a fleshly, as to an intellectual, corruption.

It is said, science and art have done much for mankind.

This is quite true.

Science and art also have done much for mankind, not because, but in spite of, the fact that men of science and art, under the pretext of division of labor, live upon the shoulders of the working-people.

The Roman Republic was powerful, not because its citizens were able to lead a life of depravity, but because it could number amongst them men who were virtuous.

The same is the case with science and art.

Science and art have effected much for mankind, not because their ministers had sometimes formerly, and have always at present, the possibility of freeing themselves from laboring, but because men of genius, not utilizing these rights, have forwarded the progress of mankind.

The class of learned men and artists who claim, on account of a false division of labor, the right of utilizing other men's labor, cannot contribute to the progress of true science and true art, because a lie can never produce a truth.

We are so accustomed to our pampered or debilitated representatives of intellectual labor, that it would seem very strange if a learned man or an artist were to plough or cart manure. We think that, were he to do so, all would go to ruin; that all his wisdom would be shaken out of him, and the great artistic images he carries in his breast would be soiled by the manure: but we are so accustomed to our present conditions that we do not wonder at our ministers of science, that is, ministers and teachers of truth, compelling other people to do for them that which they could very well do themselves, passing half their time eating, smoking, chattering in "liberal" gossip, reading newspapers, novels, visiting theatres; we are not surprised to see our philosopher in an inn, in a theatre, at a ball; we do not wonder when we learn that those artists who delight and ennoble our souls, pass their lives in drunkenness, in playing cards, in company with loose women, or do things still worse.

Science and art are fine things: but just because they are fine things, men ought not to spoil them by associating them with depravity; by freeing themselves from man's duty to serve by labor his own life and the lives of other men.

Science and art have forwarded the progress of mankind. Yes; but this was not done by the fact that men of science and art, under the pretext of a division of labor, taught men by word, and chiefly by deed, to utilize by violence the misery and sufferings of the people, in order to free themselves from the very first and unquestionable human duty of laboring with their hands in the common struggle of mankind with nature.

XXXIV.

"BUT it is," you say, "this very division of labor, the freeing men of science and of art from the necessity of earning their bread, that has rendered possible that extraordinary success in science which we see in our days.

"If everybody were to plough, these enormous results would not be attained; there would not be those astonishing successes which have so enlarged man's power over nature; there would not be those discoveries in astronomy which so strike the minds of men and promote navigation; there would be no steamers, railways, wonderful bridges, tunnels, steam-engines, and telegraphs, photographs, telephones, sewing-machines, phonographs, electricity, telescopes, spectroscopes, microscopes, chloroform, Lister bandages, carbolic acid."

I will not attempt to enumerate all the things of which our century is so proud. This enumeration, and the ecstasy of contemplation of ourselves and of our great deeds, you may find in almost every newspaper and popular book.

These raptures of self-contemplation are so often repeated, and we are so seldom tired of praising ourselves, that we really come to believe, with Jules Verne, that science and art have never made such progress as in our time. And all this is rendered possible only by division of labor: how can we, then, avoid countenancing it?

Let us suppose that the progress of our century is indeed striking, astonishing, extraordinary; let us suppose that we, too, are particularly lucky in living at such an extraordinary time: but let us try to ascertain the value of these successes, not by our own self-contentment, but by the very principle of the division of labor; that is, by that intellectual labor of men of science for the advantage of the people which has to compensate for the freeing men of science and art from labor.

All this progress is very striking indeed; but owing to some unlucky chance, recognized, too, by men of science, this progress has not as yet ameliorated, but it has rather deteriorated, the condition of workingmen.

Though a workingman, instead of walking, can use the railway, it is this very railway which has caused his forest to be burned, and has carried away his bread from under

his very nose, and put him into a condition which is next door to slavery to the railway proprietor.

If, thanks to the engines and steam-machines, a workingman can buy cheap and poor calico, it will be these very engines and machines which have deprived him of his wages, and brought him to a state of entire slavery to the manufacturer.

If there are telegraphs, which he is not forbidden to use, but which he does not use because he cannot afford it, then each of his productions, the value of which fluctuates, is bought up from under his very eyes by capitalists at low prices, thanks to the telegraph, before the workingman even becomes aware that the article is in demand.

Though there are telephones and telescopes, novels, operas, picture-galleries, and so on, the life of the workingman is not at all improved by any of them, because all, owing to the same unlucky chance, are beyond his reach. So that, after all, these wonderful discoveries and productions of art, if they have not made the life of working-people worse, have by no means improved it: on this the men of science are agreed.

So that, if to the question as to the reality of the successes attained by the sciences and arts, we apply, not our rapture of self-contemplation, but the very standard on which the ground of the division of labor is defended, — utility to the working-world, — we shall see that we have not yet any sound reason for the self-contentment to which we consign ourselves so willingly.

A peasant uses the railway; a peasant's wife buys calico; in the cottage a lamp, and not a pine-knot, burns; and the peasant lights his pipe with a match, — this is comfortable; but what right have I from this to say that railways and factories have done good to the people?

If a peasant uses the railway, and buys a lamp, calico, and matches, he does it only because we cannot forbid his doing so: we all know very well that railways and factories have never been built for the use of the people; why, then, should the casual comfort a workingman obtains by chance, be brought forward as a proof of the usefulness of these institutions to the people?

We all know very well that if those engineers and capitalists who build a railway or a factory have been thinking about working-people, they have been thinking only how

to make the best possible use of them. And we see they have fully succeeded in doing so as well in Russia as in Europe and America.

In every hurtful thing, there is something useful. After a house has been burned down, we may sit and warm ourselves, and light our pipes with one of the fire-brands; but should we therefore say that a conflagration is beneficial?

Whatever we do, let us not deceive ourselves. We all know very well the motives for building railways, and for producing kerosene and matches. An engineer builds a railway for the government, to facilitate wars, or for the capitalists for financial purposes. He makes machines for manufacturers for his own advantage, and for the profit of capitalists. All that he makes or excogitates he does for the purpose of the government, the capitalists, and other rich people. His most skilful inventions are either directly harmful to the people, as guns, torpedoes, solitary prisons, and so on; or they are not only useless, but quite inaccessible to them, as electric light, telephones, and the innumerable improvements of comfort; or lastly, they deprave the people, and rob them of their last kopek, that is, their last labor, for spirits, wine, beer, opium, tobacco, calicoes, and all sorts of trifles.

But if it happens sometimes that the inventions of men of science, and the works of engineers, are of any use to the people, as, for instance, railways, calicoes, steel, scythes, it only proves that, in this world of ours, all things are mutually connected together, and that, out of every hurtful activity, there may arise an accidental good for those to whom this activity was hurtful.

Men of science and of art can say that their activity is useful for the people, only if they have aimed in their activity at serving the people, as they do now to serve governments and capitalists.

We could have said that, only if men of science and art made the wants of the people their object; but such is not the case.

All learned men are occupied with their sacred business, which leads to the investigation of protoplasms, the spectrum analysis of stars, and so on: but concerning investigations as to how to set an axe, or with what kind it is more advantageous to hew; which saw is the most handy; with what flour bread shall be made, how it may best be

kneaded, how to set it to rise; how to heat and to build stoves; what food, drink, crockery-ware, it is best to use; what mushrooms may be eaten, and how they may be prepared more conveniently, — science has never troubled itself.

And yet all this is the business of science.

I know that, according to its own definition, science must be useless; but this is only an excuse, and a very impudent one.

The business of science is to serve people. We have invented telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, but what improvements have we made in the life of the people? We have catalogued two millions of insects! but have we domesticated a single animal since biblical times, when all our animals had long been domesticated, and still the elk and the deer, and the partridge and the grouse and the wood-hen, are wild?

Botanists have discovered the cells, and in the cells protoplasms, and in protoplasms something else, and in this something else again.

These occupations will evidently never end, and therefore learned men have no time to do any thing useful. And hence from the times of the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews, when wheat and lentils were already cultivated, down to the present time, not a single plant has been added for the nourishment of the people except potatoes, and these have not been discovered by science. We have invented torpedoes, house-drains; but the spinning-wheel, weaving-looms, ploughs and axe-handles, flails and rakes, buckets and well-sweeps, are still the same as in the time of Rurik.

And if some things have been improved, it is not the learned who have done it.

The same is the case with art. We have praised up many great writers, have carefully sifted these writers, and have written mountains of critiques and criticisms upon critics; we have collected pictures in galleries, and we have thoroughly studied all the schools of art; and we have such symphonies and operas that we ourselves are tired of listening to; but what have we added to the folk-lore, legends, tales, songs? what pictures, what music, have we created for the people?

Books and pictures are published, and harmoniums are made for the people, but we do not care for either.

That which is most striking and obvious, is the false tendency of our science and art, which manifests itself in those departments which, according to their own propositions, would seem to be useful to people, and which, owing to this tendency, appear rather pernicious than useful. An engineer, a surgeon, a teacher, an artist, an author, seem by their very professions to be obliged to serve the people, but what do we see?

With the present tendency, they can bring to the people nothing but harm. An engineer and a mechanic must work with capital: without capital they are good for nothing.

All their informations are such, that, in order to make use of them, they need capital and the employment of working-people on a large scale, to say nothing of the fact that they themselves are accustomed to spend from fifteen hundred to two thousand rubles a year, and therefore they cannot go to a village, since no one there can give them any such remuneration: they, from their very occupations, are not fit for the service of the people.

They understand how to calculate by means of the highest mathematics the arch of a bridge, how to calculate power and the transfer of power in an engine, and so on: but they will be at a loss to meet the plain requirements of popular labor; they do not know how to improve the plough or the cart; how to make a brook passable, taking into consideration the conditions of a workingman's life.

They know and understand nothing of all this, less even than does the poorest peasant. Give them workshops, plenty of people, order engines from abroad, then they will arrange these matters. But to find out how to ease the labor of millions of people in their present condition, they do not know, and cannot do it; and accordingly, by their knowledge and habits and wants, they are not at all fit for this business. A surgeon is in a still worse condition. His imaginary science is such that he understands how to cure those only who have nothing to do, and who may utilize other men's labor. He requires a countless number of expensive accessories, instruments, medicines, sanitary dwellings, food, and drains, in order that he may act scientifically: besides his fee, he demands such expenses, that, in order to cure one patient, he must kill with starvation hundreds of those who bear this expense.

He has studied under eminent persons in the capital cities,

who attend only to such patients whom they may take into hospitals, or who can afford to buy all the necessary medicines and machines, and even go at once from north to the south, to these or those mineral waters, as the case may be.

Their science is such that every country surgeon complains that there is no possibility of attending to the working-people, who are so poor that they cannot afford sanitary accommodations, and that there are no hospitals, and that he cannot attend to the business alone, that he requires help and assistant-surgeons. What does this really mean?

It means this, — that the want of the necessaries of life is the chief cause of people's misfortunes, and as well the source of diseases as also of their spreading and incurability. And now science, under the banners of the division of labor, calls its champions to help the people. Science has settled satisfactorily about rich classes, and seeks how to cure those who can get every thing necessary for the purpose, and it sends persons to cure in the same way those who have nothing to spare. But there are no means; and therefore they are to be raised from the people, who become ill, and catch diseases, and cannot be cured for want of means.

The advocates of the healing art for the people say, that, up to the present time, this business has not been sufficiently developed.

Evidently it is not yet developed, because if, which God forbid! it were developed among our people, and, instead of two doctors and midwives and two assistant-surgeons in the district, there should be twenty sent, as they want, then there would soon be no one left to attend to. The scientific co-operation for the people must be quite a different one. And such co-operation which ought to be, has not yet begun.

It will begin when a man of science, an engineer, or a surgeon, will cease to consider as lawful that division of labor, or rather that taking away other men's labor, which now exists, and when he no longer considers that he has the right to take, I do not say hundreds of thousands, but even a moderate sum of one thousand or five hundred rubles as a compensation for his services; but when such a man comes to live among laboring-people in the same condition and in the same way as they, then he will apply his information in mechanics, technics, hygiene, to the curing of working-people.

But now scientific men, who are fed at the expense of the working man, have quite forgotten the conditions of the life

of these men: they ignore (as they say) these conditions, and are quite seriously offended that their imaginary knowledge does not find application among the people.

The departments as well of the healing art as the mechanical have not yet been touched: the questions how best to divide the time of labor, how and upon what it is best to feed, how best to dress, how to counteract dampness and cold, how best to wash, to suckle, and swaddle children, and so on, and all these applied to those conditions in which the working-people are, — all these questions have not yet been put.

The same applies to the activity of scientific teachers, — pedagogues. Science has arranged this business, too, in such a way that teaching according to science is possible only for those who are rich; and the teachers, like the engineers and surgeons, are involuntarily drawn towards money, and among us in Russia especially towards the government.

And this cannot be otherwise, because a school properly arranged (and the general rule is, that the more scientifically a school is arranged, the more expensive it is), with convertible benches, globes, maps, libraries, and method manuals for teachers and pupils, is just such a school for whose maintenance it is necessary to double the taxes of the people. So science wants to have it. The children are necessary for work, and the more so with the poorer people. The advocates of science say, Pedagogy is even now of use for the people; but let it be developed, and instead of twenty schools in a district, let there be a hundred, all of them scientifically arranged, and the people will support these schools. But then they will be still poorer, and will want the labor of their children still more urgently.

What is then to be done?

To this they reply, The government will establish schools, and will make education obligatory as it is in the rest of Europe. But the money will still have to be raised from the people, and labor will be still harder for them, and they will have less time to spare from their labor, and there will be then no obligatory education at all.

There is, again, only one escape, — for a teacher to live in the conditions of a workingman, and to teach for that compensation which will be freely offered him. Such is the false tendency of science which deprives it of the possibility to fulfil its duty in serving the people. But this false tendency

of our educated class is still more obvious in art-activity, which, for the sake of its very meaning, ought to be accessible to the people.

Science may point to its stupid excuse that science is acting for science, and that, when it will be fully developed, it will become accessible to the people; but art, if it is art indeed, ought to be accessible to all, especially to those for the sake of whom it is created. And our art strikingly denounces its factors in that they do not wish, and do not understand, and are not able to be of use to the people. A painter, in order to produce his great works, must have a large studio, in which at least forty joiners or boot-makers might work, who are now freezing or suffocating in wretched lodgings; but this is not all: he requires models, costumes, journeys from place to place. The Academy of Art has spent millions of rubles collected from the people for the encouragement of art; and the productions of this art are hung in palaces, and are neither intelligible to the people, nor wanted by them.

Musicians, in order to express their great ideas, must gather about two hundred men with white neckties or in costumes, and spend hundreds of thousands of rubles to arrange operas. But this art-production would never appear to the people (even if they could afford to use it) as any thing but perplexing or dull. The authors, writers, seem not to want any particular accommodations, studios, models, orchestras, and actors; but here also it turns out that an author, a writer, to say nothing of all the comforts of his dwelling and all the comforts of his life, in order to prepare his great works, wants travelling, palaces, cabinets, enjoyments of art, theatres, concerts, mineral waters, and so on. If he himself has not saved up enough money for this purpose, he is given a pension in order that he may compose better. And, again, these writings, which we value so highly, remain for the people, rubbish, and are not at all necessary to them.

What if, according to the wish of men of science and art, such producers of mental food should multiply, so that, in every village, it would be necessary to build a studio, provide an orchestra, and keep an author in the conditions which men of art consider indispensable to them? I dare say working-people would make a vow never to look at a picture, or listen to a symphony, or read poetry and novels, in order only not to be compelled to feed all these good-for-nothing parasites.

And why should not men of art serve the people? In

every cottage, there are holy images and pictures; each peasant, each woman of the people, sings; many have instruments of music; and all can relate stories, repeat poetry; and many of them read. How came it to pass that these two things were separated which were as much made for one another as a key for a lock, and how are they so separated that we cannot imagine how to re-unite them?

Tell a painter to paint without a studio, models, costumes, and to draw penny pictures, he will say that this would be a denying of art as he understands it. Tell a musician to play on a harmonium, and to teach country-women to sing songs; tell a poet to throw aside writing poems and novels and satires, and to compose song-books for the people, and stories and tales which might be intelligible to ignorant persons, — they will say you are cracked.

But is it not being worse than cracked when men, who have freed themselves from labor because they promised to provide mental food for those who have brought them up, and are feeding and clothing them, afterwards have so forgotten their promise that they have ceased to understand how to make food fit for the people? Yet this very forsaking of their promises they consider dignifies them. Such is the case everywhere, they say. Everywhere the case is very unreasonable, then; and it will be so while men, under the pretext of division of labor, promise to provide mental food for the people, but only swallow up the labor of the people. Men will serve the people with science and art, only when, living among and in the same way as do the people, putting forth no claims whatever, they offer to the people their scientific and artistic services, leaving it to the free will of the people to accept or refuse them.

XXXV.

To say that the activities of the arts and sciences have co-operated in forwarding the progress of mankind, and by these activities to mean that which is now called by this name, is the same as to say that an awkward moving of the oars, hindering the progress of a boat going down the stream, is forwarding the progress of the boat; but it only hinders it. The so-called division of labor — that is, the violation of other men's labor which has become in our

time a condition of the activity of men of art and science — has been, and still remains, the chief cause of the slowness of the progress of mankind.

The proof of it we have in the acknowledgment of all men of science and art that the acquisitions of art and science are not accessible to the working-classes because of a wrong distribution of wealth. And the incorrectness of this distribution does not diminish in proportion to the progress of art and science, but rather increases. And it is not astonishing that such is the case; because the incorrect distribution of wealth proceeds solely from the theory of the division of labor, preached by men of art and science for selfish purposes.

Science, defending the division of labor as an unchangeable law, sees that the distribution of wealth based upon the division of labor is incorrect and pernicious, and asserts that its activity, which recognizes the division of labor, will set all right again, and lead men to happiness.

It appears, then, that some men utilize the labor of others; but if they will only continue to do this for a long time, and on a still larger scale, then this incorrect distribution of wealth, that is, utilizing of other men's labor, will vanish.

Men are standing by an ever-increasing spring of water, and are busy turning it aside from thirsty men, and then they assert that it is they who produce this water, and that soon there will be so much of it that everybody will have enough and to spare. And this water, which has been running unceasingly, and nourishing all mankind, is not only not the result of the activity of those men, who, standing at the source of it, turn it aside, but this water runs and spreads itself in spite of the endeavors of those men to stop it from doing so.

There has always existed a true church, — in other words, men united by the highest truth accessible to them at a certain epoch, — but it has never been that church which gave herself out for such; and there have always been real art and science, but it was not that which calls itself now by these names.

Men who consider themselves to be the representatives of art and science in a given period of time, always imagine that they have been doing, and will continue to do, wonderful things, and that beyond them there has never been any art

or science. Thus it seemed to the sophists, to the scholiasts, alchemists, cabalists, Talmudists, and to our own scientific science and to our artistic art.

XXXVI.

"But science! art! You repudiate science, art; that is, you repudiate that by which mankind live."

I am always hearing this: people choose this way to put aside my arguments altogether without analyzing them. He repudiates science and art; he wishes to turn men back again to the savage state; why, then, should we listen to him, or argue with him?

But it is unjust. I not only do not repudiate science — human reasonable activity — and art, — the expression of this reasonable activity, — but it is only in the name of this reasonable activity and its expression that I say what I do, in order that mankind may avoid the savage state towards which they are rapidly moving, owing to the false teaching of our time.

Science and art are as necessary to men as food, drink, and clothes, — even still more necessary than these; but they become such, not because we decide that what we call science and art are necessary, but because they indeed are necessary to men. Now, if I should prepare hay for the bodily food of men, my idea that hay is the food for men would not make it to be so. I cannot say, Why do you not eat hay when it is your necessary food? Food is, indeed, necessary, but perhaps what I offer is not food at all.

This very thing has happened with our science and art. And to us it seems that when we add to a Greek word the termination *logy*, and call this science, it will be science indeed; and if we call an indecency, like the dancing of naked women, by the Greek word "choreography," and term it art, it will be art indeed.

But however much we may say this, the business which we are about, in counting up the insects, and chemically analyzing the contents of the Milky Way, in painting water-nymphs and historical pictures, in writing novels, and in composing symphonies, this, our business, will not become science or art until it is willingly accepted by those for whom it is being done.

And till now it has not been accepted. If only some men were allowed to prepare food, and all others were either forbidden to do it, or be rendered incapable of producing it, I dare say that the quality of the food would deteriorate. If these men who have the exclusive privilege of producing food were Russian peasants, then there would be no other food than black bread, kvas, potatoes, and flour, which they are fond of, and which is agreeable to them. The same would be the case with that highest human activity in art and science if their exclusive privilege were appropriated by one caste, with this difference only, that in bodily food there cannot be too great digressions from the natural; bread as well as onions, though unsavory food, is still eatable: but in mental food, there may be great digressions; and some men may for a very long time feed upon an unnecessary, or even hurtful and poisonous, mental food; they themselves may slowly kill themselves with opium or with spirits, and this sort of food they may offer to the masses of the people.

This very thing has happened with us. And it has happened because men of art and science are in privileged conditions; because art and science in our world are not that mental activity of all mankind, without any exception, who separate their best powers for the service of art and science: but it is the activity of a small company of men having the monopoly of these occupations, and calling themselves men of art and science; and therefore they have perverted the very conceptions of art and science, and lost the sense of their own calling, and are merely occupied in amusing, and saving from burdensome dulness, a small company of parasites.

Since men have existed, they have always had science in the plainest and largest sense of the word. Science, as the sum of all human information, has always been in existence; and without it life is not conceivable, and there is no necessity whatever either to attack or to defend it.

But the fact is this, that the region of this knowledge is so various, so much information of all kinds enters into it, from the information how to obtain iron up to the knowledge about the movements of the celestial bodies, that man would be lost among all this varied information if he had no clew which could help him to decide which of all these kinds of information is more, and which less, important.

And, therefore, the highest wisdom of men has always

consisted in finding out the clew according to which must be arranged the information of men, and by which decided what kinds of information are more, and what are less, important. And this which has directed all other knowledge, men have always called science in the strictest sense of the word. And such science has always been, up to the present time, in human societies which have left the savage state behind them. Since mankind has existed, in every nation teachers have appeared to form science in this strict sense, — the science about what it is most necessary for men to know. This science has always had for its object the inquiry as to what was the destiny, and therefore the true welfare, of each man and of all men. This science has served as a clew in determining the importance and the expression of all other sciences. The kinds of information and the art which co-operated with the science of man's destiny and welfare were considered highest in public opinion.

Such was the science of Confucius, Buddha, Moses, Socrates, Christ, Mohammed, — science such as it has been understood by all men except by our own circle of so-called educated people.

Such a science has not only always occupied the first place, but it is the one science which has determined the importance of other sciences. And this, not at all because so-called learned men of our time imagine that it is only deceitful priests and teachers of this science who have given it such an importance, but because, indeed, as every one can learn by his own inward experience, without the science of man's destiny and welfare, there cannot be any determining of other values, or any choice of art and science for man. And, therefore, there cannot be any study of science, for there are *innumerable* quantities of subjects to which science may be applied. I italicize the word innumerable, as I use it in its exact value.

Without knowledge as to what constitutes the calling and welfare of all men, all other arts and sciences become, as is really the case at present with us, only an idle and pernicious amusement. Mankind have been living long, and they have never been living without a science relative to the calling and welfare of men: it is true that the science of the welfare of men to a superficial observation appears to be different with Buddhists, Brahmins, Hebrews, Christians, with the followers of Confucius and those of Laotse, though one need only

reflect on these teachings in order to see their essential unity; where men have left the savage state behind them, we find this science; and now of a sudden it turns out that modern men have decided that this very science which has been till now the guide of all human information, is that which is in the way of every thing.

Men build houses: one architect makes one estimate, another makes a second, and so on. The estimates are a little different, but they are separately correct; and every one sees that, if each estimate is fulfilled, the house will be erected. Such architects are Confucius, Buddha, Moses, Christ. And now some men come and assure us that the chief thing to come by is the absence of any estimate, and that men ought to build anyhow according to eyesight. And this "anyhow" these men call the most exact science, as the Pope terms himself the "most holy."

Men deny every science, the most essential science of man's calling and welfare; and this denial of science they call science. Since men have existed, great intellects have always appeared, which, in the struggle with the demands of their reason and conscience, have put to themselves questions concerning the calling and welfare, not only of themselves individually, but of every man. What does that Power, which created me, require from me and from each man? And what am I to do in order to satisfy the craving ingrafted in me for a personal and common welfare?

They have asked themselves, I am a whole and a part of something unfathomable, infinite: what are to be my relations to other parts similar to me, — to men and to the whole?

And from the voice of conscience and from reason, and from considerations on what men have said who lived before, and from contemporaries who have asked themselves the same questions, these great teachers have deduced teachings, — plain, clear, intelligible to all men, and always such as could be put into practice.

The world is full of such men. All living men put to themselves the question, How am I to reconcile my own demands for personal life with conscience and reason, which demand the common good of all men? And out of this common travail are evolved slowly, but unceasingly, new forms of life, satisfying more and more the demands of reason and conscience.

And of a sudden a new caste of men appears, who say,

All these are nonsense, and are to be left behind. This is the deductive way of thinking (though wherein lies the difference between the inductive and the deductive way of thinking, nobody ever has been able to understand), and this is also the method of the theological and metaphysical periods.

All that men have understood by inward experience, and have related to each other concerning the consciousness of the law of their own life (functional activity, in their cant phrase) ; all that from the beginning of the world has been done in this direction by the greatest intellects of mankind, — all these are trifles, having no weight whatever.

According to this new teaching, You are a cell of an organism, and the problem of your reasonable activity consists in trying to ascertain your functional activity. In order to ascertain this, you must make observations outside yourself.

The fact that you are a cell which thinks, suffers, speaks, and understands, and that for that very reason you can inquire of another similar speaking, suffering cell whether he or she suffers and rejoices in the same way as yourself, and that thus you may verify your own experience ; and the fact that you may make use of what the speaking cells, who lived and suffered before you wrote on the subject ; and your knowledge that millions of cells, agreeing with what the past cells have written, confirm your own experience, that you yourself are a living cell, who always, by a direct inward experience, apprehend the correctness or incorrectness of your own functional activity, — all this means nothing, we are told : it is all a false and evil method.

The true scientific method is this : If you wish to learn in what consists your functional activity, what is your destiny and welfare, and what the destiny of mankind, and of the whole world, then first you must cease to listen to the voice and demands of your conscience and of your reason, which manifest themselves inwardly to you and to your fellow-men ; you must leave off believing all the great teachers of humanity have said about their own conscience and reason, and you must consider all this to be nonsense, and begin at the beginning.

And in order to begin from the beginning, you have to observe through a microscope the movements of amœbæ and the cells of tape-worms ; or, still easier, you must believe every thing that people with the diploma of infallibility

may tell you about them. And observing the movements of these amœbæ and cells, or reading what others have seen, you must ascribe to these cells your own human feelings and calculations as to what they desire, what are their tendencies, their reflections and calculations, their habits; and from these *observations* (in which each word contains some mistake of thought or of expression), according to analogy, you must deduce what is your own destiny, and what that of other cells similar to you.

In order to be able to understand yourself, you must study not merely the tape-worm which you see, but also microscopic animalcules which you cannot see, and the transformation from one set of beings into another, which neither you nor anybody else has ever seen, and which you certainly will never see.

The same holds good with art. Wherever a true science has existed, it has been expressed by art. Since men have existed they have always separated out of all their activities, from their varied information, the chief expression of science, the knowledge of man's destination and welfare; and art, in the strict sense of the word, has been the expression of this.

Since men have existed, there have always been persons particularly sensitive to the teaching of man's welfare and destiny, who have expressed in word, and upon psaltery and cymbals, their human struggle with deceit which led them aside from their true destiny, and their sufferings in this struggle, their hopes about the victory of good, their despair about the triumph of evil, and their raptures in expectation of coming welfare.

Since men have existed, the true art, that which has been valued by men most highly, had no other destiny than to be the expression of science on man's destiny and welfare.

Always down to the present time art has served the teaching of life (afterwards called religion), and it has only been this art which men have valued so highly.

But contemporaneously with the fact that in the place of the science of man's destiny and welfare appeared the science of universal knowledge, since science lost its own sense and meaning, and the true science has been scornfully called religion, true art, as an important activity of men, has disappeared.

As long as the church existed, and taught man's calling

and welfare, art served the church, and was true; but from the moment it left the church, and began to serve a science which served every thing it met, art lost its meaning, and, notwithstanding its old-fashioned claims, and a stupid assertion that art serves merely art itself, and nothing else, it turned out to be a trade which procures luxuries for men, and unavoidably mixes itself with choreography, culinary art, hair-dressing, and cosmetics, the producers of which may call themselves artists with the same right as the poets, painters, and musicians of our day.

Looking back, we see that during thousands of years, from among thousands of millions of men who have lived, there came forth a few like Confucius, Buddha, Solon, Socrates, Solomon, Homer, Isaiah, David. Apparently true artist-producers of spiritual food appear seldom among men, notwithstanding the fact that they appear, not from one caste only, but from among all men; and it is not without cause that mankind have always so highly valued them. And now it turns out that we have no longer any need of all these former great factors of art and science.

Now, according to the law of the division of labor, it is possible to manufacture scientific and artistic factors almost mechanically; and we shall manufacture in the space of ten years, more great men of art and science than have been born among all men from the beginning of the world. Nowadays there is a trade corporation of learned men and artists, and they prepare by an improved way all the mental food which is wanted by mankind. And they have prepared so much of it, that there need no longer be any remembrance of the old producers, not only of the very ancient, but of more recent, ones, — all this, we are told, was the activity of the theological and metaphysical period: all had to be destroyed, and the true, mental activity began some fifty years ago.

And in these fifty years we have manufactured so many great men that in a German university there are more of them than have been in the whole world, and of sciences we have manufactured a great number too; for one need only put to a Greek word the termination *logy*, and arrange the subject according to ready-made paragraphs, and the science is made: we have thus manufactured so many sciences that not only one man cannot know them all, but he cannot even remember all their names, — these names alone would fill

a large dictionary; and every day new sciences come into existence.

In this respect we are like that Finnish teacher who taught the children of a land-owner the Finnish language instead of the French. He taught very well; but there was one drawback, — that nobody, except himself, understood it.

But to this there is also an explanation: Men do not understand all the utility of the scientific science because they are still under the influence of the theological period of knowledge, that stupid period when all the people of the Hebrew race, as well as the Chinese and Indians and Greeks, understood every thing spoken to them by their great teachers.

But whatever may be the cause, the fact is this, — that art and science have always existed among mankind; and when they really existed, then they were necessary and intelligible to all men.

We are busy about something which we call art and science, and it turns out that what we are busy about is neither necessary nor intelligible to men. And therefore, however fine the things we are about may be, we have no right to call them art and science.

XXXVII.

But it is said to me, "You only give another narrower definition of art and science, which science does not agree with; but even this does not exclude them, and notwithstanding all you say, there still remains the scientific and art activities of men like Galileo, Bruno, Homer, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Wagner, and other learned men and artists of lesser magnitude who have devoted all their lives to art and science."

Usually this is said in the endeavor to establish a link connecting the activity of former learned men and artists with the modern ones, trying to forget that new principle of the division of labor by reason of which art and science are occupying now a privileged position.

First of all, it is not possible to establish any such connection between the former factors and the modern ones, as the holy life of the first Christian has nothing in common with the lives of popes: thus, the activity of men like Galileo, Shakspeare, Beethoven, has nothing in common with the activities of men like Tyndal. Hugo, and Wagner. As the Holy Fathers would have denied any connection with the Popes,

so the ancient factors of science would have denied any relationship with the modern ones.

And secondly, owing to that importance which art and science ascribe to themselves, we have a very clear standard established by them by means of which we are able to determine whether they do, or do not, fulfil their destiny; and we therefore decide, not without proofs, but according to their own standard, whether that activity which calls itself art and science has, or has not, any right to call itself thus.

Though the Egyptians or Greek priests performed mysteries known to none but themselves, and said that these mysteries included all art and science, I could not, on the ground of the asserted utility of these to the people, ascertain the reality of their science, because this said science, according to their *ipse dixit*, was a supernatural one: but now we all have a very clear and plain standard, excluding every thing supernatural; art and science promise to put forth the mental activity of mankind for the welfare of society, or even of the whole of mankind. And therefore we have a right to call only such activity, art and science, which has this aim in view, and attains it. And therefore, however those learned men and artists may call themselves, who excogitate the theory of penal laws, of state laws, and of the laws of nations, who invent new guns and explosive substances, who compose obscene operas and operettas, or similarly obscene novels, we have no right to call such activity the activity of art and science, because this activity has not in view the welfare of the society or of mankind, but on the contrary it is directed to the harm of men. Therefore none of these efforts are either art or science.

In like manner, however, these learned men may call themselves, who in their simplicity are occupied during all their lives with the investigations of the microscopical animalcule and of telescopical and spectral phenomena; or those artists who, after having carefully investigated the monuments of old times, are busy writing historical novels, making pictures, concocting symphonies and beautiful verses. All these men, notwithstanding all their zeal, cannot be, according to the definition of their own science, called men of science and art, first because their activity in science for the sake of science, and of art for art, has not in view man's welfare; and secondly, because we do not see any results of these activities for the welfare of society or mankind.

And the fact that sometimes something comes of their activities useful or agreeable for some men, as out of every thing something useful and agreeable may result for some men, by no means gives us any right, according to their own scientific definition, to consider them to be men of art and science.

In like manner, however those men may call themselves who excogitate the application of electricity to lighting, heating, and motion; or who invent some new chemical combinations, producing dynamite or fine colors; men who correctly play Beethoven's symphonies; who act on the stage, or paint portraits well, domestic pictures, landscapes, and other pictures; who compose interesting novels, the object of which is merely to amuse rich people, — the activity of these men, I say, cannot be called art and science, because this activity is not directed, like the activity of the brain in the organism, to the welfare of the whole, but is guided merely by personal gain, privileges, money, which one obtains for the inventing and producing of so-called art; and therefore this activity cannot possibly be separated from other covetous, personal activity, which adds agreeable things to life, like the activity of innkeepers, jockeys, milliners, and prostitutes, and so on, because the activity of the first, the second, and the last, do not come under the definition of art and science, on the ground of the division of labor, which promises to serve for the welfare of all mankind.

The scientific definition of art and science is a correct one; but unluckily, the activity of modern art and science does not come under it. Some produce directly hurtful things, others useless things; and a third party invent trifles fit only for the use of rich people. They may all be very good persons, but they do not fulfil what they, according to their own definition, have taken upon themselves to fulfil; and therefore they have as little right to call themselves men of art and science as the modern clergy, who do not fulfil their duties, have the right to consider themselves the bearers and teachers of divine truth.

And it is not difficult to understand why the factors of modern art and science have not fulfilled, and cannot fulfil, their calling. They do not fulfil it, because they have converted their duty into a right. The scientific and art activities, in their true sense, are fruitful only when they ignore their rights, and know only their duties. Mankind value

this activity so highly, only because it is a self-denying one.

If men are really called to serve others by *mental* labor, they will have to suffer in performing this labor, because it is only by sufferings that spiritual fruit is produced. Self-denying and suffering are the lot and portion of a thinker and an artist, because their object is the welfare of men. Men are wretched: they suffer and go to ruin. One cannot wait and lose one's time.

A thinker and an artist will never sit on the heights of Olympus, as we are apt to imagine: he must suffer in company with men in order to find salvation or consolation. He will suffer because he is constantly in anxiety and agitation: he might have found out and told what would give happiness to men, might have saved them from suffering; and he has neither found it out nor said it, and to-morrow it may be too late — he may die. And therefore suffering and self-sacrifice will always be the lot of the thinker and the artist.

Not that man will become a thinker and an artist who is brought up in an establishment where learned men and artists are created (but, in reality, they create only destroyers of art and science), and who obtains a diploma, and is well provided for, for life, but he who would gladly abstain from thinking, and expressing that which is ingrafted in his soul, but which he cannot overlook, being drawn to it by two irresistible powers, — his own inward impulse and the wants of men.

Thinkers and artists cannot be sleek, fat men, enjoying themselves, and self-conceited. Spiritual and mental activity and their expression, are really necessary for others, and are the most difficult of men's callings, — a cross, as it is called in the gospel.

And the only one certain characteristic of the presence of a calling is the self-denying, the sacrifice of one's self in order to manifest thepower in grafted in man for the benefit of others. To teach how many insects there are in the world, and observe the spots on the sun, to write novels and operas, can be done without suffering; but to teach men their welfare, which entirely consists in self-denial, and in serving others, and to express powerfully this teaching, cannot be done without self-denial.

The Church existed in her purity as long as her teachers endured patiently and suffered; but as soon as they became

fat and sleek, their teaching activity was ended. "Formerly," say the people, "priests were of gold, and chalices of wood; now chalices are of gold, and priests of wood." It was not in vain that Christ died on a cross: it is not in vain that sacrifice and suffering conquer every thing.

And as for our art and sciences, they are provided for: they have diplomas, and everybody is only thinking about how to provide still better for them; that is, to make it impossible for them to serve men. A true art and a true science have two unmistakable characteristics, — the first, an interior one, that a minister of art or science fulfils his calling, not for the sake of gain, but with self-denial; and the second, an exterior one, that his productions are intelligible to all men, whose welfare he is aiming at.

Whatever men may consider to be their destiny and welfare, science will be the teacher of this destiny and welfare, and art the expression of this teaching. The laws of Solon, of Confucius, are science; the teachings of Moses, of Christ, are science; the temples in Athens, the psalms of David, church worship, are art: but finding out the fourth dimension of matter, and tabulating chemical combinations, and so on, have never been, and never will be, science.

The place of true science is occupied, in our time, by theology and law; the place of true art is occupied by the church and state ceremonies, in which nobody believes, and which are not considered seriously by anybody: and that which with us is called art and science, is only the productions of idle minds and feelings which have in view to stimulate similarly idle minds and feelings, and which are unintelligible and dumb for the people, because they have not their welfare in view.

Since we have known the lives of men, we always and everywhere have found a ruling false doctrine, calling itself science, which does not show men the true meaning of life, but rather hides it from them.

So it was among the Egyptians, the Indians, the Chinese, and partially among the Greeks (sophists); and among the mystics, Gnostics, and cabalists; in the Middle Ages, in theology, scholasticism, alchemy; and so on down to our days. How fortunate indeed are we to be living in such a peculiar time, when that mental activity which calls itself science is not only free from errors, but, as we are assured, is in a state of peculiar progress! Does not this good fortune

come from the fact that man can not and will not see his own deformities? While of the sciences of theologians, and that of cabalists, nothing is left but empty words, why should we be so particularly fortunate?

The characteristics of our and of former times are quite similar: there is the same self-conceit and blind assurance that we only are on the true way, and that only with us true knowledge begins; there are the same expectations that we shall presently discover something very wonderful; and there is the same exposure of our error, in the fact that all our wisdom remains with us, while the masses of the people do not understand it, and neither accept nor want it. Our position is a very difficult one, but why should we not look it in the face?

It is time to come to our senses, and to look more closely to ourselves. We are, indeed, nothing but scribes and Pharisees, who, sitting in Moses' seat, and having the key of the kingdom of God, do not enter themselves, and refuse entrance to others.

We, priests of art and science, are most wretched deceivers, who have much less right to our position than the most cunning and depraved priests ever had.

For our privileged position, there is no excuse whatever: we have taken up this position by a kind of swindling, and we retain it by deceit. Pagan priests, the clergy, as well Russian as Roman Catholic, however depraved they may have been, had rights to their position, because they professed to teach men about life and salvation. And we, who have cut the ground from under their feet, and proved to men that they were deceivers, we have taken their place, and not only do not teach men about life, we even acknowledge that there is no necessity for them to learn. We suck the blood of the people, and for this we teach our children Greek and Latin grammars in order that they also may continue the same parasitic life which we are living.

We say, There have been castes, we will abolish them. But what means the fact that some men and their children work, and other men and their children do not work?

Bring a Hindu who does not know our language, and show him the Russian and the European lives of many generations, and he will recognize the existence of two important definite castes of working-people and of non-working-people as they are in existence in his own country. As in his coun-

try, so also among us, the right of not working is acquired through a peculiar initiation which we call art and science, and generally education.

This education it is, and the perversions of reason associated with it, that have brought us to this wonderful folly, whence it has come to pass that we do not see what is so plain and certain. We are eating up the lives of our brethren, and consider ourselves to be Christians, humane, educated, and quite righteous people.

XXXVIII.

WHAT is to be done? What must we do?

This question, which includes the acknowledgment of the fact that our life is bad and unrighteous, and at the same time hints that there is no possibility of changing it, — this question I hear everywhere, and therefore I chose it for the title of my work.

I have described my own sufferings, my search, and the answer which I have found to this question.

I am a man, like all others; and if I distinguish myself from an average man of my own circle in any thing, it is chiefly in the fact that I, more than this average man, have served and indulged the false teaching of our world, that I have been praised by the men of the prevalent school of teaching, and that therefore I must be more depraved, and have gone farther astray, than most of my fellows.

Therefore I think that the answer to this question which I have found for myself will do for all sincere persons who will put the same question to themselves. First of all, to the question, "What is to be done?" I answer that we must neither deceive other men nor ourselves; that we must not be afraid of the truth, whatever the result may be.

We all know what it is to deceive other men; and notwithstanding this, we do deceive from morning to evening, — "Not at home," when I am in; "Very glad," when I am not at all glad; "Esteemed," when I do not esteem; "I have no money," when I have it, and so on.

We consider the deception of others, particularly a certain kind of deception, to be evil; but we are not afraid to deceive ourselves: but the worst direct lie to men, seeing its result, is nothing in comparison with that lie to ourselves

according to which we shape our lives. Now, this very lie we must avoid if we wish to be able to answer the question, "*What is to be done?*"

And, indeed, how am I to answer the question as to what is to be done, when every thing I do, all my life, is based upon a lie and I carefully give out this lie for truth to others and to myself? Not to lie in this sense means to be not afraid of truth; not to invent excuses, and not to accept excuses invented by others, in order to hide from one's self the deduction of reason and conscience; not to be afraid of contradicting all our environment, and of being left alone with reason and conscience; not to be afraid of that condition to which truth and conscience lead us: however dreadful it may be, it cannot be worse than that which is based upon deceit.

To avoid lying, for men in our privileged position of mental labor, means not to be afraid of learning. Perhaps we owe so much that we should never be able to pay it all; but, however much we may owe, we must make out our bill: however far we have gone astray, it is better to return than to continue straying.

Lying to our fellows is always disadvantageous. Every business is always more directly done, and more quickly too, by truth than by lies. Lying to other men makes the matter only more complicated, and retards the decision; but lying to one's self, which is given out to be the truth, entirely ruins the life of man.

If a man considers a wrong road to be a right one, then his every step only leads him farther from his aim: a man who has been walking for a long time on a wrong road may find out for himself, or be told by others, that his road is a wrong one; but if he, being afraid of the thought of how far he has gone astray, tries to assure himself that he may, by following this wrong way, still come across the right one, then he will certainly never find it. If a man becomes afraid of the truth, and, on seeing it, will not acknowledge it, but takes falsehood for truth, then this man will never learn what is to be done.

We, not only rich men, but men in a privileged position, so-called educated men, have gone so far astray that we require either a firm resolution or very great sufferings on our false way in order to come to our senses again, and to recognize the lie by which we live.

I became aware of the lie of our life, thanks to those sufferings to which my wrong road led me; and, having acknowledged the error of the way on which I was bent, I had the boldness to go, first in theory, then in reality, wherever my reason and conscience led me, without any deliberation as to whither they were tending.

And I was rewarded.

All the complex, disjointed, intricate, and meaningless phenomena of life surrounding me became of a sudden clear; and my position, formerly so strange and vile, among these phenomena, became of a sudden natural and easy.

And in this new situation my activity has exactly determined itself, but it is quite a different activity from that which appeared possible to me before: it is a new activity, far more quiet, affectionate, and joyous. The very thing which frightened me before, now attracts me.

And therefore, I think that every one who sincerely puts to himself the question, "What is to be done?" and in answering this question, does not lie or deceive himself, but goes wherever his reason *and conscience* may lead him, that man has already answered the question.

If he will only avoid deceiving himself, he will find out what to do, where to go, and how to act. There is only one thing which may hinder him in finding an answer, — that is a too high estimate of himself, and his own position. So it was with me; and therefore the second answer to the question, "What is to be done?" resulting from the first, consisted for me in repenting, in the full meaning of this word, that is, entirely changing the estimate of my own position and activity; instead of considering such to be useful and of importance, we must come to acknowledge it to be harmful and trifling; instead of considering ourselves educated, we must get to see our ignorance; instead of imagining ourselves to be kind and moral, we must acknowledge that we are immoral and cruel; instead of our importance, we must see our own insignificance.

I say, that besides avoiding lying to myself, I had moreover to *repent*, because, though the one results from the other, the wrong idea about my great importance was so much a part of my own nature, that until I had sincerely repented, and had put aside that wrong estimate of myself which I had, I did not see the enormity of the lie of which I had been guilty.

It was only when I repented, — that is, left off considering myself to be a peculiar man, and began to consider myself to be like *all* other men, — it was then that my way became clear to me. Before this, I was not able to answer the question, "What is to be done?" because the very question itself was put incorrectly.

Before I repented, I had put the question thus: "What activity should I choose, I, the man with the education I have acquired? How can I compensate by this education and these talents for what I have been taking away from the people?"

This question was a false one, because it included a wrong idea as to my not being like other men, but a peculiar man, called to serve other men with those talents and that education which I had acquired in forty years.

I had put the question to myself, but in reality I had already answered it in advance by having determined beforehand the kind of activity agreeable to myself by which I was called upon to serve men. I really asked myself, "How have I, so fine a writer, one so very well informed, and with such talents, how can I utilize them for the benefit of mankind?"

But the question ought to have been put thus, as it would have to be put to a learned rabbi who had studied all the Talmud, and knew the exact number of the letters in the Holy Scripture, and all the subtleties of his science: "What have I to do, who, from unlucky circumstances, have lost my best years in study instead of accustoming myself to labor, in learning the French language, the piano, grammar, geography, law, poetry; in reading novels, romances, philosophical theories, and in performing military exercises? what have I to do, who have passed the best years of my life in idle occupations, depraving the soul? what have I to do, notwithstanding these unlucky conditions of the past, in order to requite those men, who, during all this time, have fed and clothed me, and who still continue to feed and to clothe me?"

If the question had been put thus, after I had repented, "What have I, so ruined a man, to do?" the answer would have been easy: First of all, I must try to get my living honestly, — that is, learn not to live upon the shoulders of others; and while learning this, and after I have learned it, to try on every occasion to be of use to men with my hands

and with my feet, as well as with my brain and my heart, and with all of me that is wanted by men.

And therefore I say that for one of my own circle, besides avoiding lying to others and to ourselves, it is necessary moreover to repent, to lay aside that pride about our education, refinement, and talents, not considering ourselves to be benefactors of the people, advanced men, who are ready to share our useful acquirements with the people, but to acknowledge ourselves to be entirely guilty, ruined, good-for-nothing men, who desire to turn over a new leaf, and not to be benefactors of the people, but to cease to offend and to humiliate them. Very often good young people, who sympathize with the negative part of my writings, put to me the question, "What must I then do? What have I, who have finished my study in the university or in some other high establishment, — what have I to do in order to be useful?"

These young people ask the question; but in the depths of their souls they have already decided that that education which they have received is their great advantage, and that they wish to serve the people by this very advantage.

And, therefore, there is one thing which they do not do, — honestly and critically examine what they call their education, by asking themselves whether it is a good or a bad thing.

But if they do this, they will be unavoidably led to deny their education, and to begin to learn anew; and this is alone what is wanted. They never will be able to answer the question, as to what there is to be done, because they put it wrongly. The question should be put thus: "How can I, a helpless, useless man, seeing now the misfortune of having lost my best years in studying the scientific Talmud, pernicious for soul and body, how can I rectify this mistake, and learn to serve men?" But the question is always put thus: "How can I, who have acquired so much fine information, how can I be useful to men with this my information?"

And, therefore, a man will never answer the question, "What is to be done?" until he leaves off deceiving himself and repents. And repentance is not dreadful, even as truth is not dreadful, but it is equally beneficent and fruitful of good. We need only accept the whole truth and fully repent in order to understand that in life no one has any rights or privileges, and that there is no end of duties, and no limits to them, and that the first and unquestionable duty of a man

is to take a part in the struggle with nature for his own life, and for the lives of other men. And this acknowledgment of men's duty forms the essence of the third answer to the question, "What is to be done?"

I have tried to avoid deceiving myself. I have endeavored to extirpate the remainders of the false estimate of the importance of my education and talents, and to repent; but before answering the question, *What is to be done?* stands a new difficulty.

There are so many things to be done, that one requires to know what is to be done in particular? And the answer to this question has been given me by the sincere repentance of the evil in which I have been living.

What is to be done? What is there exactly to be done? everybody keeps asking; and I, too, kept asking this, while, under the influence of a high opinion of my own calling, I had not seen that my first and unquestionable business is to earn my living, clothing, heating, building, and so forth, and in doing this to serve others as well as myself, because, since the world has existed, the first and unquestionable duty of every man has been comprised in this.

In this one business, man receives, if he has already begun to take part in it, the full satisfaction of all the bodily and mental wants of his nature: to feed, clothe, take care of himself and of his family, will satisfy his bodily wants; to do the same for others, will satisfy his spiritual.

Every other activity of man is only lawful when these first have been satisfied. In whatever department a man thinks to be his calling, whether in governing the people, in protecting his countrymen, in officiating at divine services, in teaching, in inventing the means of increasing the delights of life, in discovering the laws of the universe, in incorporating eternal truths in artistic images, the very first and the most unquestionable duty of a reasonable man will always consist in taking part in the struggle with nature for preserving his own life and the lives of other men.

This duty will always rank first, because the most necessary thing for men is life: and therefore, in order to protect and to teach men, and to make their lives more agreeable, it is necessary to keep this very life; while by not taking part in the struggle, and by swallowing up the labor of others, lives are destroyed. And it is folly to endeavor to serve men by destroying their lives.

Man's duty to acquire in the struggle with nature the means of living, will always be unquestionably the very first of all duties, because it is the law of life, the violation of which unavoidably brings with it a punishment by destroying the bodily or mental life of man. If a man, living alone, free himself from the duty of struggling with nature, he will at once be punished by his body perishing.

But if a man free himself from this duty by compelling other men to fulfil it for him, in ruining their lives, he will be at once punished by the destruction of his reasonable life; that is, the life which has a reasonable sense in it.

I had been so perverted by my antecedents, and this first and unquestionable law of God or nature is so hidden in our present world, that the fulfilling of it had seemed to me strange, and I was afraid and ashamed of it, as if the fulfilment, and not the violation, of this eternal unquestionable law were strange, unnatural, and shameful. At first it seemed to me, that, in order to fulfil this law, some sort of accommodation was necessary, some established association of fellow-thinkers, the consent of the family, and life in the country (not in town): then I felt ashamed, as if I were putting myself forward in performing things so unusual to our life as bodily labor, and I did not know how to begin.

But I needed only to understand that this was not some exclusive activity, which I had to invent and to arrange, but that it was merely returning from a false condition in which I had been to a natural one, merely rectifying that lie in which I had been living, — I had only to acknowledge all this, in order that all the difficulties should vanish.

It was not at all necessary to arrange and accommodate any thing, or to wait for the consent of other people, because everywhere, in whatever condition I was, there were men who fed, dressed, and warmed me as well as themselves; and everywhere, under all circumstances, I was able to do these for myself and for them, if I had sufficient time and strength.

Nor could I feel a false shame in performing matters unusual and strange to me, because, in not doing so, I already experienced, not a false, but a real, shame.

And having come to this acknowledgment, and to the practical deduction from it, I had been fully rewarded for not having been afraid of the deductions of reason, and for having gone whither they led me.

Having come to this practical conclusion, I was struck by the facility and simplicity of the solution of all those problems which had formerly seemed to me so difficult and complicated. To the question, "What have we to do?" I received a very plain answer: Do first what is necessary for yourself; arrange all you can do by yourself, — your tea-urn, stove, water, and clothes.

To the question, "Would not this seem strange to those who had been accustomed to do all this for me?" it appeared that it was strange only during a week, and after a week it seemed more strange for me to return to my former condition.

In answer to the question, "Is it necessary to organize this physical labor, to establish a society in a village upon this basis?" it appeared that it was not at all necessary to do all this; that if the labor does not aim at rendering idleness possible, and at utilizing other men's labor, as is the case with men who save up money, but merely the satisfying of necessities, then such labor will naturally induce people to leave towns for the country, where this labor is most agreeable and productive.

There was also no need to establish a society, because a workingman will naturally associate with other working-people. In answer to the question, "Would not this labor take up all my time, and would it not deprive me of the possibility of that mental activity which I am so fond of, and to which I have become accustomed, and which in moments of self-conceit I consider to be useful to others?" the answer will be quite an unexpected one. In proportion to bodily exercise the energy of my mental activity increased, having freed itself from all that was superfluous.

In fact, having spent eight hours in physical labor, — half a day, — which formerly I used to spend in endeavoring to struggle with dulness, there still remained for me eight hours, out of which in my circumstances I required five for mental labor; and if I, a very prolific writer, who had been doing nothing during forty years but writing, and who had written three hundred printed sheets, that if during these forty years I had been doing ordinary work along with working-people, then, not taking into consideration winter evenings and holidays, if I had been reading and learning during the five hours a day, and written only on holidays two pages a day (and I have sometimes written sixteen pages a day), I

should have written the same three hundred printed sheets in fourteen years.

A wonderful thing, perhaps, but a most simple arithmetical calculation which every boy of seven years of age may do, and which I had never done. Day and night have together twenty-four hours; we sleep eight hours; there remain sixteen hours. If any man labor mentally five hours a day, he will do a vast amount of business; what do we, then, do during the remaining eleven hours?

So it appears that physical labor not only does not exclude the possibility of mental activity, but improves and stimulates it.

In answer to the question whether this physical labor would deprive me of many innocent enjoyments proper to man, such as the enjoyment of art, the acquirement of knowledge, of social intercourse, and, generally, of the happiness of life, it was really quite the reverse: the more intense my physical labor was, the more it approached that labor which is considered the hardest, that is, agricultural labor, the more I acquired enjoyments, knowledge, and the closer and more affectionate was my intercourse with mankind, and the more happiness did I feel in life.

In answer to the question (which I hear so often from men who are not quite sincere), "What result can there be from such an awfully small drop in the sea? what is all my personal physical labor in comparison with the sea of labor which I swallow up?"

To this question I also received a very unexpected answer.

It appeared that as soon as I had made physical labor the ordinary condition of my life, then at once the greatest part of my false and expensive habits and wants which I had, while I had been physically idle, ceased of themselves, without any endeavor on my part. To say nothing of the habit of turning day into night, and *vice versa*, of my bedding, clothes, my conventional cleanliness, which all became impossible and embarrassing when I began to labor physically, both the quantity and the quality of my food was totally changed. Instead of the sweet, rich, delicate, complicated, and highly spiced food, which I was formerly fond of, I now required and obtained plain food as the most agreeable, — sour cabbage soup, porridge, black bread, tea with a bit of sugar.

So that, to say nothing of the example of common workingmen who are satisfied with little, with whom I came into closer intercourse, my very wants themselves were gradually changed by my life of labor; so that my drop of physical labor in proportion to my growing accustomed to this labor and acquiring the ways of it, became indeed more perceptible in the ocean of common labor; and in proportion as my labor grew more fruitful, my demands for other men's labor grew less and less, and my life naturally, without effort or privation, came nearer to that simple life of which I could not even have dreamed without fulfilling the law of labor.

It became apparent that my former most expensive demands — the demands of vanity and amusement — were the direct result of an idle life. With physical labor, there was no room for vanity, and no need for amusement, because my time was agreeably occupied; and after weariness simple rest while drinking tea, or reading a book, or conversing with the members of my family, was far more agreeable than the theatre, playing at cards, concerts, or large parties.

In answer to the question, "Would not this unusual labor be hurtful to my health, which is necessary for me in order that I may serve men?" it appeared that, in spite of the positive assurance of eminent doctors that hard physical labor, especially at my age, might have the worst results (and that Swedish gymnastics, riding, and other expedients intended to supply the natural conditions of man, would be far better), the harder I worked, the stronger, sounder, more cheerful, and kinder, I felt myself.

So that it became undoubtedly certain that just as all those inventions of the human mind, such as newspapers, theatres, concerts, parties, balls, cards, magazines, novels, are nothing else than means to sustain the mental life of men out of its natural condition of labor for others, in the same way all the hygienic and medical inventions of the human mind for the accommodation of food, drink, dwelling, ventilation, warming of rooms, clothes, medicines, mineral waters, gymnastics, electric and other cures, are all merely means to sustain the bodily life of man out of its natural conditions of labor; that all these are nothing else than an establishment hermetically closed, in which, by the means of chemical apparatus, the evaporation of water for the plants is arranged when you only need to open the window, and do that which is natural, not only to men but to beasts too; in other words,

having absorbed the food, and thus produced a charge of energy, to discharge it by muscular labor.

All the profound thoughts of hygiene and of the art of healing for the men of our circle are like the efforts of a mechanic, who, having stopped all the valves of an overheated engine, should invent something to prevent this engine from bursting.

When I had plainly understood all this, it became to me ridiculous, that I, through a long series of doubt, research, and much thinking, had arrived at this extraordinary truth, that if man has eyes, they are to be seen through; ears, to hear by; feet to walk with, and hands and back to work with, — and that if man will not use these, his members, for what they are meant, then it will be worse for him. I came to this conclusion, that with us, privileged people, the same thing has happened which happened to the horses of a friend of mine: The steward, who was not fond of horses, and did not understand any thing about them, having received from his master orders to prepare the best cobs for sale, chose the best out of the drove of horses, and put them into the stable, fed them upon oats; but being over-anxious, he trusted them to nobody, neither rode them himself, nor drove nor led them.

All of these horses became, of course, good for nothing.

The same has happened to us with this difference, — that you cannot deceive horses, and, in order not to let them out, they must be secured; and we are kept in unnatural and hurtful conditions by all sorts of temptations, which fasten and hold us as with chains.

We have arranged for ourselves a life which is against the moral and physical nature of man, and we use all the powers of our mind in order to assure men that this life is a real one. All that we call culture, — our science and arts for improving the delights of life, — all these are only meant to deceive man's natural requirements: all that we call hygiene, and the art of healing, are endeavors to deceive the natural physical want of human nature.

But these deceits have their limit, and we are come to these limits. "If such be real human life, then it is better not to live at all," says the fashionable philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartman. "If such be life, it is better for future generations, too, not to live," says the indulgent healing art, and invents means to destroy women's fecundity.

In the Bible the law to human beings is expressed thus:

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

The peasant Bondaref, who wrote an article about this, threw great light upon the wisdom of this sentence. During the whole of my life, two thinking men — Russians — have exercised a great moral influence over me: they have enriched my thoughts, and enlightened my contemplation of the world.

These men were neither poets, nor learned men, nor preachers: they were two remarkable men, both living peasants, — Sutaief and Bondaref. But "nous avons changé tout ça," as says one of Molière's personages, talking at random about the healing art, and saying that the liver is on the left side, "we have changed all that." Men need not work, — all work will be done by machines; and women need not bring forth children. The healing art will teach different means of avoiding this, and there are already too many people in the world.

In the Krapivensky district,[1] there lives a ragged peasant who during the war was a purchaser of meat for a commissary of stores. Having become acquainted with this functionary, and having seen his comfortable life, he became mad, and now thinks that he, too, can live as gentlemen do, without working, being provided for by the Emperor.

This peasant now calls himself "the Most Serene Marshal Prince Blokhin, purveyor of war-stores of all kinds."

He says of himself that he has gone through all ranks, and for his services during the war he has to receive from the Emperor an unlimited bank-account, clothes, uniforms, horses, carriages, tea, servants, and all kinds of provision. When anybody asks him whether he would like to work a little, he always answers, "Thanks: the peasants will attend to all that." When we say to him that the peasants also may not be disposed to work, he answers, "Machines have been invented to ease the labor of peasants. They have no difficulty in their business." When we ask him what is he living for, he answers, "To pass away the time."

I always consider this man as a mirror. I see in him myself and all my class. To pass through all ranks in order to live, to pass away the time, and to receive an unlimited bank-account, while peasants attend to every

[1] Count Tolstoï's village of Yasnaya Polyana is situated in this district. — AM. ED.

thing, and find it easy to do so, because of the invention of machines.

This is the very form of the foolish belief of men of our class. When we ask what have we particularly to do, we are in reality asking nothing, but only asserting — not so sincerely indeed as the Most Serene Marshal Prince Blokhin, who had passed through all ranks, and lost his mind — that we do not wish to do any thing.

He who has come to his senses cannot ask this, because from one side all that he makes use of has been done, and is being done, by the hands of men: on the other side, as soon as a healthy man has got up and breakfasted, he feels the inclination to work, as well with his feet as with his hands and brain. In order to find work, he has only not to restrain himself from labor. Only he who considers labor to be a shame, like the lady who asked her guest not to trouble herself to open the door, but to wait till she called a servant to do it, only such persons can ask what is there to be done in particular.

The difficulty is not in inventing some work, — every one has enough to do for himself and for others, — but in losing this criminal view of life, that we eat and sleep for our own pleasure, and in appropriating that simple and correct view in which every working-person grows up, that man first of all is a machine which is charged with food, in order to earn his living, and that therefore it is shameful, difficult, and impossible to eat and not to work; that to eat and not to work is a most dangerous state, and as bad as incendiarism.

It is necessary merely to have this consciousness, and we shall find work will always be pleasant, and capable of satisfying all the wants of our soul and body.

I picture to myself the whole matter thus: Every man's day is divided by his meals into four parts, or four stages as it is called by the peasants: First, before breakfast; secondly, from breakfast to dinner; thirdly, from dinner to poldnik (a slight evening meal between dinner and supper); and fourthly, from poldnik to night. The activity of man to which he is drawn, is also divided into four kinds: First, the activity of the muscles, the labor of the hands, feet, shoulders, back, — hard labor by which one perspires; secondly, the activity of the fingers and wrists, the activity of skill and handicraft; thirdly, the activity of the intellect and imagination; fourthly, the activity of intercourse with other men.

And the goods which man makes use of may also be divided into four kinds: First, every man makes use of the productions of hard labor, — bread, cattle, buildings, wells, bridges, and so on; secondly, the productions of handicraft, — clothes, boots, hardware, and so on; thirdly, the productions of mental activity, — science, art; and fourthly, the intercourse with men, acquaintanceship, societies.

And I thought that it would be the best thing so to arrange the occupations of the day that one might be able to exercise all these four faculties, and to return all the four kinds of production of labor, which one makes use of; so that the four parts of the day were devoted, first, to hard labor; secondly, to mental labor; thirdly, to handicraft; fourthly, to the intercourse with men. It would be good if one could so arrange his labor; but if it is not possible to arrange thus, one thing is important, — to acknowledge the duty of laboring, the duty of making a good use of each part of the day.

I thought that it would be only then that the false division of labor would disappear which now rules our society, and a just division would be established which should not interfere with the happiness of mankind.

I, for instance, have all my life been busy with mental work. I had said to myself that I have thus divided the labor that my special work is writing; that is, mental labor: and all other works necessary for me, I left to be done by other men, or rather compelled them to do it. But this arrangement, seemingly so convenient for mental labor, became most inconvenient, especially for mental labor. I have been writing all my life, have accommodated my food, sleep, amusements, with reference to this special labor, and besides this work I did nothing.

The results of which were, first, that I had been narrowing the circle of my observation and information, and often I had not any object to study, and therefore, having had to describe the life of men (the life of men is a continual problem of every mental activity), I felt my ignorance, and had to learn and to ask about such things, which every one not occupied with a special work knows; secondly, it happened that when I sat down to write, I often had no inward inclination to write, and nobody wanted my writing itself, that is, my thoughts, but people merely wanted my name for profits in the magazines.

I made great efforts to write what I could; sometimes I

did not succeed at all; sometimes succeeded in writing something very bad, and I felt dissatisfied and dull. But now since I have acknowledged the necessity of physical labor as well as hard labor, and also that of handicraft, it is all quite different: my time is occupied humbly, but certainly in a useful way, and pleasantly and instructively for me.

And therefore I, for the sake of my specialty, leave off this undoubtedly useful and pleasant occupation, only when I feel an inward want, or see a direct demand for my literary work. And this has improved the quality, and therefore the usefulness and pleasantness, of my special labor.

So that it has happened that my occupation with those physical works, which are necessary for me as well as for every man, not only did not interfere with my special activity, but was a necessary condition of the utility, quality, and pleasantness of this activity.

A bird is so created that it is necessary for it to fly, to walk, to peck, to consider; and when it does all this, it is satified and happy; then it is a bird. Exactly so with a man when he walks, turns over heavy things, lifts them up, carries them, works with his fingers, eyes, ears, tongue, brain, then only is he satisfied, then only is he *a man*.

A man who has come to recognize his calling to labor will naturally be inclined to that change of labor which is proper for him for the satisfying of his outward and inward wants, and he will reverse this order only when he feels an irresistible impulse to some special labor, and other men will require from him this labor. The nature of labor is such that the satisfying of all men's wants requires that very alternation of different kinds of labor which renders labor easy and pleasant.

Only the erroneous idea that labor is a curse could lead men to the freeing themselves from some kinds of labor, that is, to the seizure of other men's labor which requires a forced occupation with a special labor from other men which is called nowadays the division of labor.

We have become so accustomed to our false conception of the arrangement of labor that it seems to us that for a bootmaker, a machinist, a writer, a musician, it would be better to be freed from the labor proper to man. Where there is no violence over other men's labor, nor a false belief in the pleasures of idleness, no man for the sake of his special labor will free himself from physical labor necessary for the satis-

fying of his wants, because special occupation is not a privilege, but a sacrifice of a man's inclination for the sake of his brethren.

A boot-maker in a village having torn himself from his usual pleasant labor in the field, and having begun his labor of mending or making boots for his neighbors, deprives himself of a pleasant, useful labor in the field for the sake of others, only because he is fond of sewing, and knows that nobody will do it better than he does, and that people will be thankful to him.

But he cannot wish to deprive himself for all his life of the pleasant alternation of labor. The same with the starosta, the machinist, the writer, the learned man.

It is only to us with our perverted ideas, that it seems, when the master sends his clerk to be a peasant, or government sentences one of its ministers to deportation, that they are punished and have been dealt with hardly. But in reality they have had a great good done to them; that is, they have exchanged their heavy special work for a pleasant alternation of labor.

In a natural society all is quite different. I know a commune where the people earn their living themselves. One of the members of this community was more educated than the rest; and they required him to deliver lectures, for which he had to prepare himself during the day, in order to be able to deliver them in the evening. He did it joyfully, feeling that he was useful to others, and that he could do it well. But he got tired of the exclusive mental labor, and his health suffered accordingly. The members of the community therefore pitied him, and asked him to come again and labor in the field.

For men who consider labor to be the essential thing and the joy of life, the ground, the basis, of it will always be the struggle with nature, — not only agricultural labor, but also that of handicraft, mental work, and intercourse with men.

The divergence from one or many of these kinds of labor, and specialties of labor, will be performed only when a man of special gifts, being fond of this work, and knowing that he performs it better than anybody else, will sacrifice his own advantage in order to fulfil the demands of others put directly to him.

Only with such a view of labor and the natural division of

labor resulting from it, will the curse disappear which we in our imagination have put upon labor; and every labor will always be a joy, because man will do either an unquestionably useful, pleasant, and easy work, or will be conscious that he makes a sacrifice in performing a more difficult special labor for the good of others.

But the division of labor is, it is said, more advantageous. Advantageous for whom? Is it more advantageous to make as quickly as possible as many boots and cotton-prints as possible? But who will make these boots and cotton-prints? Men who from generation to generation have been making only pin-heads? How, then, can it be more advantageous for people? If the question were to make as many cotton-prints and pins as possible, it would be so; but the question is, how to make people happy?

The happiness of men consists in life. And life is in labor.

How, then, can the necessity of a painful, oppressing work be advantageous for men? If the question were only for the advantage of some men without any consideration of the welfare of all, then it would be most advantageous for some men to eat others.

The thing most advantageous for all men is that which I wish for myself, — the greatest welfare and the satisfying of all my wants, those of body as well as those of soul, of conscience, and of reason, which are ingrafted in me.

And now, for myself I have found, that for my welfare and for the satisfying of these wants, I need only to be cured of the folly in which I, as well as the Krapivensky madman, have lived, which consisted in the idea that gentlefolk need not work, and that all must be done for them by others, and that, producing nothing, I have to do only what is proper to man, — satisfy my own wants.

And having discovered this, I became persuaded that this labor for the satisfying of my own wants, is divisible into various kinds of labor, each of which has its own charm, and is not only not a burden, but serves as rest after some other.

I have divided my labor into four parts parallel to the four parts of the laborer's day's work, which are divided by his meals; and thus I try to satisfy my wants.

These are, then, the answers to the question, "What is to be done?" which I have found for myself.

First, To avoid deceiving myself. However far I have gone astray from that road of life which my reason shows to me, I must not be afraid of the truth.

Secondly, To renounce my own righteousness, my own advantages, peculiarities, distinguishing me from others, and to confess the guilt of such.

Thirdly, To fulfil that eternal, unquestionable law of man, — by laboring with all my being to struggle with nature, to sustain my own life, and the lives of others.

XXXIX.

I HAVE now finished, having said all that concerns myself; but I cannot restrain my desire to say that which concerns every one, and to verify by several considerations my own deductions.

I wish to explain why it is I think that a great many of my own class must arrive where I myself am, and I must also speak of what will result if even some few men arrive there; and in the first place, if only men of our circle, our caste, will seriously think the matter out themselves, the younger generation, who seek their own personal happiness, will become afraid of the ever-increasing misery of lives which obviously lead them to ruin; scrupulous persons among us (if they would examine themselves more closely) will be terrified at the cruelty and unlawfulness of their own lives, and timid persons will be frightened at the danger of their mode of life.

The misery of our lives! However we, rich men, may try to mend and to support, with the assistance of our science and art, this our false life, it must become weaker every day, unhealthier, and more and more painful: with each year suicide, and the sin against the unborn babe, increase; with each year the new generations of our class grow weaker, with each year we more and more feel the increasing dulness of our lives.

It is obvious that on this road, with an increase of the comforts and delights of life, of cures, artificial teeth and hair, and so on, there can be no salvation.

This truth has become such a truism, that in newspapers advertisements are printed about stomach powder for rich people, under the title "Blessings of the poor," where they

say that only poor people have a good digestion, and the rich need help, and among other things this powder. You cannot ameliorate this matter by any kind of amusements, comforts, powders, but only by turning over a new leaf.

Our lives are in contradiction to our consciences. However much we may try to justify to ourselves our treason against mankind, all our justification falls to pieces before evidence: around us, people are dying from overwork and want; and we destroy the food, clothes, labor of men merely in order to amuse ourselves. And therefore the conscience of a man of our circle, though he may have but a small remainder of it in his breast, cannot be stifled, and poisons all these comforts and charms of life which our suffering and perishing brethren procure for us. But not only does every scrupulous man feel this himself, but he must feel it more acutely at present, because the best part of art and science, that part in which there still remains a sense of its high calling, constantly reminds him of his cruelty, and the unlawfulness of his position.

The old secure justifications are all destroyed; and the new ephemeral justifications of the progress of science for science's sake, and art for art's sake, will not bear the light of plain common sense.

The conscience of men cannot be calmed by new ideas: it can be calmed only by turning over a new leaf, when there will no longer be any necessity for justification.

The danger to our lives! However much we may try to hide from ourselves the plain and most obvious danger of exhausting the patience of those men whom we oppress; however much we may try to counteract this danger by all sorts of deceit, violence and flattery, —it is still growing with each day, with each hour, and it has long been threatening us, but now it is so ripe that we are scarcely able to hold our course in a vessel tossed by a roaring and overflowing sea, — a sea which will presently swallow us up in wrath.

The workman's revolution, with the terrors of destruction and murder, not only threatens us, but we have been already living upon its verge during the last thirty years, and it is only by various cunning devices that we have been postponing the crisis.

Such is the state in Europe: such is the state in Russia, because we have no safety-valves. The classes who oppress the people, with the exception of the Tsar, have no longer

in the eyes of our people any justification; they all keep up their position merely by violence, cunning, and expediency; but the hatred towards us of the worst representatives of the people, and the contempt of us from the best, is increasing with every hour.

Among the Russian people during the last three or four years, a new word full of significance has been circulating: by this word, which I never heard before, people are swearing in the streets, and calling us parasites.

The hatred and contempt of the oppressed people are increasing, and the physical and moral strength of the richer classes are decreasing: the deceit which supports all this is wearing out, and the rich classes have nothing wherewith to comfort themselves. To return to the old order of things is impossible: one thing only remains for those who are not willing to change the course of their lives, and to turn over a new leaf, — to hope that, during their lives, they will fare well enough, after which the people may do as they like. So think the blind crowd of the rich; but the danger is ever increasing, and the awful catastrophe is coming nearer and nearer.

There are three reasons which prove to rich people the necessity of turning over a new leaf: First, the desire for their own personal welfare and that of their families, which is not secured by the way in which rich people are living; secondly, the inability to satisfy the voice of conscience, which is obviously impossible in the present condition of things; and thirdly, the threatening and constantly increasing danger to life, which cannot be met by any outward means. All these together ought to induce rich people to change their mode of life. This change alone would satisfy the desire of welfare and conscience, and would remove the danger. And there is but one means of making such change, — to leave off deceiving ourselves, to repent, and to acknowledge labor to be, not a curse, but the joyful business of life.

To this it is replied, "What will come from the fact of my physical labor during ten, eight, or five hours, which thousands of peasants would gladly do for the money which I have?"

The first good would be, that you will become livelier, healthier, sounder, kinder; and you will learn that real life from which you have been hiding yourself, or which was hidden from you.

The second good will be, that, if you have a conscience, it will not only not suffer as it suffers now looking at the labor of men, the importance of which we always, from our ignorance, either increase or diminish, but you will constantly experience a joyful acknowledgment that with each day you are more and more satisfying the demands of your conscience, and are leaving behind you that awful state in which so much evil is accumulated in our lives that we feel that we cannot possibly do any good in the world; you will experience the joy of free life, with the possibility of doing good to others; you will open for yourself a way into the regions of the world of morality which has hitherto been shut to you.

The third good will be this, that, instead of constant fear of revenge for your evil deeds, you will feel that you are saving others from this revenge, and are principally saving the oppressed from the cruel feeling of rancor and resentment.

But it is usually said, that it would be ridiculous if we, men of our stamp, with deep philosophical, scientific, political, artistic, ecclesiastical, social questions before us, we state ministers, senators, academists, professors, artists, singers, we whose quarter-hours are valued so highly by men, should spend our time in doing — what? Cleaning our boots, washing our shirts, digging, planting potatoes, or feeding our chickens and cows, and so on, — in such business which not only our house-porter, our cook, but thousands of men besides who value our time, would be very glad to do for us.

But why do we dress, wash, and comb our hair ourselves? Why do we walk, hand chairs to ladies, to our guests, open and shut the door, help people into carriages, and perform hundreds of such actions which were formerly performed for us by our slaves?

Because we consider that such may be done by ourselves; that it is compatible with human dignity; that is, human duty. The same holds good with physical labor. Man's dignity, his sacred duty, is to use his hands, his feet, for that purpose for which they were given him, and not to be wasted by disuse, not that he may wash and clean them and use them only for the purpose of stuffing food and cigarettes into his mouth.

Such is the meaning of physical labor for every man in every society. But in our class, with the divergence from

this law of nature came the misery of a whole circle of men; and for us, physical labor receives another meaning, — the meaning of a preaching and a propaganda which divert the terrible evil which threatens mankind.

To say that for an educated man, physical labor is a useless occupation, is the same as to say, in the building of a temple, What importance can there be in putting each stone exactly in its place? Every great act is done under the conditions of imperceptibility, modesty, and simplicity. One can neither plough, nor feed cattle, nor think, during a great illumination, or thundering of guns, or while in uniform.

Illumination, the roar of cannon, music, uniforms, cleanliness, brilliancy, which we usually connect with the idea of the importance of any act, are, on the contrary, tokens of the absence of importance in the same. Great, true deeds are always simple and modest. And such is also the greatest deed which is left to us to do, — the solution of those awful contradictions in which we are living. And the acts which solve those contradictions are those modest, imperceptible, seemingly ridiculous acts, such as helping ourselves by physical labor, and, if possible, helping others too: this is what we rich people have to do, if we understand the misery, wrong, and danger of the position in which we are living.

What will come out of the circumstance that I, and another, and a third, and a tenth man, do not despise physical labor, but consider it necessary for our happiness, for the calming of our consciences, and for our safety? This will come of it, — that one, two, three, ten men, coming into conflict with no one, without the violence either of the government or of revolution, will solve for themselves the problem which is before all the world, and which has appeared insolvable; and they will solve it in such a way that life will become for them a good thing: their consciences will be calm, and the evil which oppresses them will cease to be dreadful to them.

Another effect will be this: that other men, too, will see that the welfare, which they have been looking for everywhere, is quite close by them, that seemingly insolvable contradictions of conscience and the order of the world are solved in the easiest and pleasantest way, and that, instead of being afraid of men surrounding them, they must have intercourse with them, and love them.

The seemingly insolvable economical and social questions

are like the problem of Krilof's casket. The casket opened of itself, without any difficulty: but it will not open until men do the very simplest and most natural thing; that is, open it. The seemingly insolvable question is the old question of utilizing some men's labor by others: this question, in our time, has found its expression in property.

Formerly, other men's labor was used simply by violence, by slavery: in our time, it is being done by the means of property. In our time, property is the root of all evil and of the sufferings of men who possess it, or are without it, and of all the remorse of conscience of those who misuse it, and of the danger from the collision between those who have it, and those who have it not.

Property is the root of all evil; and, at the same time, property is that towards which all the activity of our modern society is directed, and that which directs the activity of the world. States and governments intrigue, make wars, for the sake of property, for the possession of the banks of the Rhine, of land in Africa, China, the Balkan Peninsula. Bankers, merchants, manufacturers, land-owners, labor, use cunning, torment themselves, torment others, for the sake of property; government functionaries, tradesmen, landlords, struggle, deceive, oppress, suffer, for the sake of property; courts of justice and police protect property; penal servitude, prisons, all the terrors of so-called punishments, — all is done for the sake of property.

Property is the root of all evil; and now all the world is busy with the distribution and protecting of wealth.

What, then, is property? Men are accustomed to think that property is something really belonging to man, and for this reason they have called it property. We speak indiscriminately of our own house and our own land. But this is obviously an error and a superstition. We know, and if we do not, it is easy to perceive, that property is only the means of utilizing other men's labor. And another's labor can by no means belong to me.

Man has been always calling his own that which is subject to his own will and joined with his own consciousness. As soon as man calls his own something which is not his body, but which he should like to be subject to his will as his body is, then he makes a mistake, and gets disappointment, suffering, and compels other people to suffer as well. Man calls his wife his own, his children, his slaves, his belongings, his

own too; but the reality always shows him his error: and he must either get rid of this superstition, or suffer, and make others suffer.

Now we, having nominally renounced the possessing of slaves, owing to money (and to its exactment by the government), claim our right also to money; that is, to the labor of other men.

But as to our claiming our wives as our property, or our sons, our slaves, our horses, — this is pure fiction contradicted by reality, and which only makes those suffer who believe in it; because a wife or a son will never be so subject to my will as my body is; therefore my own body will always remain the only thing I can call my true property; so also money, — property will never be real property, but only a deception and a source of suffering, and it is only my own body which will be my property, that which always obeys me, and is connected with my consciousness.

It is only to us, who are so accustomed to call other things than our body our own, that such a wild superstition may appear useful for us, and be without evil results; but we have only to reflect upon the nature of the matter in order to see how this, like every other superstition, brings with it only dreadful consequences.

Let us take the most simple example. I consider myself my own, and another man like myself I consider my own too. I must understand how to cook my dinner: if I were free from the superstition of considering another man as my property, I should have been taught this art as well as every other necessary to my real property (that is, my body); but now I have it taught to my imaginary property, and the result is that my cook does not obey me, does not wish to humor me, and even runs away from me, or dies, and I remain with an unsatisfied want, and have lost the habit of learning, and recognize that I have spent as much time in cares about this cook as I should have spent in learning the art of cooking myself.

The same is the case with the property of buildings, clothes, wares; with the property of the land; with the property of money. Every imaginary property calls forth in me a non-corresponding want which cannot always be gratified, and deprives me of the possibility of acquiring for my true and sure property — my own body — that information, that skill, those habits, improvements, which I might have acquired.

The result is always that I have spent (without gain to myself, — to my true property) strength, sometimes my whole life, on that which never has been, and never could be, my property.

I provide myself with an imaginary "private" library, a "private" picture-gallery, "private" apartments, clothes; acquire my "own" money in order to purchase with it every thing I want, and the matter stands thus, — that I, being busy about this imaginary property, as if it were real, leave quite out of sight that which is my true property, upon which I may really labor, and which really may serve me, and which always remains in my power.

Words have always a definite meaning until we purposely give them a false signification.

What does property mean?

Property means that which is given to me alone, which belongs to me alone, exclusively; that with which I may always do every thing I like, which nobody can take away from me, which remains mine to the end of my life, and that I ought to use in order to increase and to improve it. Such property for every man is only himself.

And it is in this very sense that imaginary property is understood, that very property for the sake of which (in order to make it impossible for this imaginary property to become a real one) all the sufferings of this world exist, — wars, executions, judgments, prisons, luxury, depravity, murders, and the ruin of mankind.

What, then, will come out of the circumstance that ten men plough, hew wood, make boots, not from want, but from the acknowledgment that man needs work, and that the more he works, the better it will be for him?

This will come out of it: that ten men, or even one single man, in thought and in deed, will show men that this fearful evil from which they are suffering, is not the law of their destiny, nor the will of God, nor any historical necessity, but a superstition not at all a strong or overpowering one, but weak and null, in which it is only necessary to leave off believing, as in idols, in order to get rid of it, and to destroy it as a frail cobweb is swept away.

Men who begin to work in order to fulfil the pleasant law of their lives, who work for the fulfilment of the law of labor, will free themselves from the superstition of property which is so full of misery, and then all these worldly establishments

which exist in order to protect this imaginary property outside of one's own body, will become not only unnecessary for them, but burdensome; and it will become plain to all that these institutions are not necessary, but pernicious, imaginary, and false conditions of life.

For a man who considers labor not a curse, but a joy, property outside his own body — that is, the right or possibility of utilizing other men's labor — will be not only useless, but an impediment. If I am fond of cooking my dinner, and accustomed to do it, then the fact that another man will do it for me, will deprive me of my usual business, and will not satisfy me as well as I have satisfied myself; besides, the acquirement of an imaginary property will not be necessary for such a man: a man who considers labor to be his very life, fills up with it all his life, and therefore requires less and less the labor of others, — in other words, property in order to fill up his unoccupied time, and to embellish his life.

If the life of a man is occupied by labor, he does not require many rooms, much furniture, various fine clothes: he does not require expensive food, carriages, amusements. But particularly a man who considers labor to be the business and the joy of his life, will not seek to ease his own labor by utilizing that of others.

A man who considers life to consist in labor, in proportion as he acquires more skill, craft, and endurance, will aim at having more and more work to do, which should occupy all his time. For such a man, who sees the object of his life in labor, and not in the results of this labor for the acquirement of property, there cannot be even a question about the instruments of labor. Though such a man will always choose the most productive instrument of labor, he will have the same satisfaction in working with the most unproductive.

If he has a steam-plough, he will plough with it; if he has not such, he will plough with a horse-plough; if he has not this, he will plough with the plain Russian sokhá; if he has not even this, he will use a spade: and under any circumstances, he will attain his aim; that is, will pass his life in a labor useful to man, and therefore he will have fullest satisfaction: and the position of such a man, according to exterior and interior circumstances, will be happier than the condition of a man who gives his life away to acquire property.

According to exterior circumstances, he will never want, because men, seeing that he does not mind work, will always try to make his labor most productive to them, as they arrange a mill by running water; and in order that his labor might be more productive, they will provide for his material existence, which they will never do for men who aim at acquiring property.

And the providing for material wants, is all that a man requires. According to interior conditions, such a man will be always happier than he who seeks for property, because the latter will never receive what he is aiming at, and the former always in proportion to his strength: even the weak, old, dying (according to the proverb, with a Kored in his hands), will receive full satisfaction, and the love and sympathy of men.

One of the consequences of this will be, that some odd, half-insane persons will plough, make boots, and so on, instead of smoking, playing cards, and riding about, carrying with them, from one place to another, their dulness during the ten hours which every man of letters has at his command.

Another result will be, that those silly people will demonstrate in deed, that that imaginary property for the sake of which men suffer, torment themselves and others, is not necessary for happiness, and even impedes it, and is only a superstition; and that true property is only one's own head, hands, feet; and that, in order to utilize this true property usefully and joyfully, it is necessary to get rid of the false idea of property outside one's own body, on which we waste the best powers of our life.

Another result will be, that these men will show, that, when a man leaves off believing in imaginary property, then only will he make real use of his true property, — his own body, which will yield him fruit an hundred-fold, and such happiness of which we have no idea as yet; and he will be a useful, strong, kind man, who will everywhere stand on his own feet, will always be a brother to everybody, will be intelligible to all, desired by all, and dear to all.

And men, looking at one, at ten such, silly men will understand what they have all to do in order to undo that dreadful knot in which they have all been tied by the superstition respecting property, in order to get rid of the miser-

able condition from which they are groaning now, and from which they do not know how to free themselves.

But what can a man do in a crowd who do not agree with him? There is no reasoning which could more obviously demonstrate the unrighteousness of those who employ it as does this. The boatmen are dragging vessels against the stream. Is it possible that there could be found such a stupid boatman who would refuse to do his part in dragging, because he alone cannot drag the boat up against the stream? He who, besides his rights of animal life, — to eat and to sleep, — acknowledges any human duty, knows very well wherein such duty consists: just in the same way as a boatman knows that he has only to get into his breast-collar, and to walk in the given direction, to find out what he has to do, and how to do it.

And so with the boatmen, and with all men who do any labor in common, so with the labor of all mankind; each man need only keep on his breast-collar, and go in the given direction. And for this purpose one and the same reason is given to all men that this direction may always be the same.

And that this direction *is* given to us, is obvious and certain from the lives of all those who surround us, as well as in the conscience of every man, and in all the previous expressions of human wisdom; so that only he who does not want work, may say that he does not see it.

What will, then, come out of this?

This, that first one man, then another, will drag; looking at them, a third will join; and so one by one the best men will join, until the business will be set a-going, and will move as of itself, inducing those also to join who do not yet understand why and wherefore it is being done.

First, to the number of men who conscientiously work in order to fulfil the law of God, will be added those who will accept half conscientiously and half upon faith; then to these a still greater number of men, only upon the faith in the foremost men; and lastly the majority of people: and then it will come to pass that men will cease to ruin themselves, and will find out happiness.

This will happen soon when men of our circle, and after them all the great majority of working-people, will no longer consider it shameful to clean sewers, but will consider it shameful to fill them up in order that other men, *our brethren*,

may carry their contents away; they will not consider it shameful to go visiting in common boots, but they will consider it shameful to walk in goloshes by barefooted people; they will not think it shameful not to know French, or about the last novel, but they will consider it shameful to eat bread, and not to know how it is prepared; they will not consider it shameful not to have a starched shirt or a clean dress, but that it is shameful to wear a clean coat as a token of one's idleness; they will not consider it shameful to have dirty hands, but not to have callouses on their hands.

Within my memory, still more striking changes have taken place. I remember that at table, behind each chair, a servant stood with a plate. Men made visits accompanied by two footmen. A Cossack boy and a girl stood in a room to give people their pipes, and to clean them, and so on. Now this seems to us strange and remarkable. But is it not equally strange that a young man or woman, or even an elderly man, in order to visit a friend, should order his horses to be harnessed, and that well-fed horses are only kept for this purpose? Is it not as strange that one man lives in five rooms, or that a woman spends tens, hundreds, thousands of rubles for her dress when she only needs some flax and wool in order to spin dresses for herself, and clothes for her husband and children?

Is it not strange that men live doing nothing, riding to and fro, smoking and playing, and that a battalion of people are busy feeding and warming them?

Is it not strange that old people quite gravely talk and write in newspapers about theatres, music, and other insane people drive to look at musicians or actors?

Is it not strange that tens of thousands of boys and girls are brought up so as to make them unfit for every work (they return home from school, and their two books are carried for them by a servant)?

There will soon come a time, and it is already drawing near, when it will be shameful to dine on five courses served by footmen, and cooked by any but the masters themselves; it will be shameful not only to ride thoroughbreds or in a coach when one has feet to walk on; to wear on week-days such dress, shoes, gloves, in which it is impossible to work; it will be shameful to play on a piano which costs one hundred and fifty pounds, or even ten pounds, while others work for one; to feed dogs upon milk and white bread, and to burn

lamps and candles without working by their light; to heat stoves in which the meal is not cooked. Then it would be impossible to think about giving openly not merely one pound, but six pence, for a place in a concert or in a theatre. All this will be when the law of labor becomes public opinion.

XL.

As it is said in the Bible, there is a law given unto man and woman, — to man, the law of labor; to woman, the law of child-bearing. Although with our science, "*nous avons changé tout ça*," the law of man as well as of woman remains as immutable as the liver in its place; and the breach of it is as inevitably punished by death. The only difference is, that for man, the breach of law is punished by death in such a near future that it can almost be called present; but for woman, the breach of law is punished in a more distant future.

A general breach, by all men, of the law, destroys men immediately: the breach by women destroys the men of the following generation. The evasion of the law by a few men and women does not destroy the human race, but deprives the offender of rational human nature.

The breach of this law by men began years ago in the classes which could use violence with others; and, spreading on its way, it has reached our day, and has now attained madness, the ideal contained in a breach of the law, the ideal expressed by Prince Blokhin, and shared by Renan and the whole educated world: work will be done by machines, and men will be bundles of nerves enjoying themselves.

There has been scarcely any breach of the law by women. It has only manifested itself in prostitution, and in private cases of crime in destroying progeny. Women of the wealthy classes have fulfilled their law, while men did not fulfil theirs; and therefore women have grown stronger, and have continued to govern, and will govern, men, who have deviated from their law, and who, consequently, have lost their reason. It is generally said that women (the women of Paris, especially those who are childless) have become so bewitching, using all the means of civilization, that they have mastered man by their charms.

This is not only wrong, but it is just the reverse of the truth. It is not the childless woman who has mastered man, but it is the mother, the one who has fulfilled her duty, while man has not fulfilled his.

As to the woman who artificially remains childless, and bewitches man by her shoulders and curls, she is not a woman, mastering man, but a woman corrupted by him, reduced to his level, to the corrupted man, and who, as well as he, has deviated from her duty, and who, as well as he, has lost every reasonable sense of life.

This mistake produces also the astounding nonsense which is called "woman's rights." The formula of these rights is as follows: —

"You men," says woman, "have deviated from your law of true labor, and want us to carry the load of ours. No: if so, we also, as well as you, will make a pretence of labor, as you do in banks, ministries, universities, and academies; we wish, as well as you, by the pretence of division of work, to profit by other people's work, and to live, only to satisfy our lust." They say so, and in deed show that they can make that pretence of labor, not at all worse, but even better, than men do it.

The so-called question of woman's rights arose, and only could arise, among men who had deviated from the law of real labor. One has only to return to it, and that question must cease to exist. A woman who has her own particular, inevitable labor will never claim the right of sharing man's labor, — in mines, or in ploughing fields. She claims a share only in the sham labor of the wealthy classes.

The woman of our class was stronger than man, and is now still stronger, not through her charms, not through her skill in performing the same pharisaic similitude of work as man, but because she has not stepped outside of the law; because she has borne that true labor with danger of life, with uttermost effort; true labor, from which the man of the wealthy classes has freed himself.

But within my memory has begun also the deviation from the law by woman, — that is to say, her fall; and within my memory, it has proceeded farther and farther. A woman who has lost the law, believes that her power consists in the charms of her witchery, or in her skill at a pharisaic pretence of intellectual labor. But children hinder the one and the other. Therefore, with the help of science, within my

memory it has come to pass that among the wealthy classes, scores of means of destroying progeny have appeared. And behold,—women, mothers, some of them of the wealthy classes, who held their power in their hands, let it slip away, only to place themselves on a level with women of the street. The evil has spread far, and spreads farther every day, and will soon grasp all the women of the wealthy classes; and then they will become even with men, and together with them will lose every reasonable sense of life. But there is yet time.

If only women would understand their worth, their power, and would use them for the work of salvation of their husbands, brothers, and children! the salvation of all men!

Women, mothers of the wealthy classes, the salvation of men of our world from the evils from which it suffers, is in your hands!

Not those women who are occupied by their figures, bustles, head-dresses, and their charms for men, and who, contrary to their will, by oversight and with despair, bear children, and then give their children to wet-nurses; nor yet those who go to different lectures, and talk of psychometrical centres and differentiation, and who also try to free themselves from bearing children in order not to hinder their folly, which they call development, — but those women and mothers who, having the power of freeing themselves from child-bearing, hold strictly and consciously to that eternal, immutable law, knowing that the weight and labor of that submission is the aim of their life. These women and mothers of our wealthy classes are those in whose hands, more than in any others, lies the salvation of the men of our sphere in life, from the calamities which oppress them.

You women and mothers who submit consciously to the law of God, you are the only ones who, in our miserable, mutilated world, which has lost all semblance of humanity, you are the only ones who know the whole true meaning of life according to the law of God; and you are the only ones who, by your example, can show men the happiness of that submission to God's law, of which they rob themselves.

You are the only ones who know the joy and happiness which takes possession of one's whole being; the bliss which is the share of every man who does not deviate from God's law. You know the joy of love to your husband, — a joy never ending, never destroyed, like all other joys, but form-

ing the beginning of another new joy — love to your child. You are the only ones, when you are simple and submissive to God's law, who know, not the farcical pretence of labor, which men of your world call labor, but that true labor which is imposed by God upon men, and know the rewards for it, — the bliss which it gives.

You know it when, after the joys of love, you expect with emotion, fear, and hope, the torturing state of pregnancy, which makes you ill for nine months, and brings you to the brink of death and to unbearable sufferings and pains: you know the conditions of true labor, when with joy you expect the approach and increase of the most dreadful sufferings, after which comes the bliss, known to you only.

You know it when, directly after those sufferings, without rest, without interruption, you undertake another series of labors and sufferings, — those of nursing; for the sake of which you subjugate to your feeling, and renounce, the strongest human necessity, — that of sleep, which, according to the saying, is sweeter than father and mother. And for months and years you do not sleep two nights running, and often you do not sleep whole nights; walking alone to and fro, rocking in your wearied arms an ailing baby, whose sufferings tear your heart. And when you do all this, unapproved and unseen by anybody, not expecting any praise or reward for it; when you do this, not as a great deed, but as the laborer of the gospel parable, who came from the field, considering that you are only doing your duty, — you know then what is false, fictitious labor, — for human fame; and what is true labor, — the fulfilment of God's will, the indication of which you feel in your heart. You know, if you are a true mother, that not only nobody has seen and praised your labor, considering that it is only what ought to be, but even those for whom you toiled are not only ungrateful to you, but often torment and reproach you. And with the next child you do the same, — again you suffer, again you bear unseen, terrible toil, and again you do not expect any reward from anybody, and feel the same satisfaction.

If you are such, you will not say, after two or after twenty children, that you have borne children enough; as a fifty-year-old workman will not say that he has worked enough, when he still eats and sleeps, and his muscles demand work. If you are such, you will not cast the trouble of nursing and care on a strange mother, any more than a workman will give

the work which he has begun, and nearly finished, to another man, because in that work you put your life, and because, the more you have of that work, the fuller and happier is your life.

But when you are like this, — and there are yet such women, happily for men, — the same law of fulfilment of God's will, by which you guide your own life, you will apply also to the life of your husband, of your children, and of men near to you. If you are such, and if you know by experience that only self-denied, unseen, unrewarded labor with danger of life, and uttermost effort for the life of others, is that mission of man which gives satisfaction, you will claim the same from others, you will encourage your husband to do the same labor, you will value and appreciate the worth of men by this same labor, and for it you will prepare your children.

Only that mother who looks on child-bearing as a disagreeable accident, and upon the pleasures of love, comfort, education, sociability, as the sense of life, will bring up her children so that they shall have as many pleasures, and enjoy them as much, as possible; will feed them luxuriously, dress them smartly, will artificially divert them, and will teach them, not that which will make them capable of self-sacrificing man's and woman's labor with danger of life and uttermost effort, but that which will deliver them from that labor. Only such a woman, who has lost the sense of her life, will sympathize with that false, sham man's labor, by means of which her husband, freeing himself from man's duty, has the possibility of profiting, together with her, by the labor of others. Only such a woman will choose a similar husband for her daughter, and value men, not by what they are in themselves, but by what is attached to them, — position, money, the art of profiting by the labor of others.

A true mother, who really knows God's law, will prepare her children for the fulfilment of it. For such a mother to see her child overfed, delicate, overdressed, will be a suffering, because all this, she knows, will hinder it in the fulfilment of God's law, experienced by herself. Such a woman will not teach that which will give her son or daughter the possibility of delivering themselves from labor, but that which will help them to bear the labor of life.

She will not want to ask what to teach her children, or for what to prepare them, knowing what it is and in what consists the mission of men, and consequently knowing what

to teach her children, and for what to prepare them. Such a woman will not only discourage her husband from false, sham labor, the only aim of which is to profit by other people's work, but will view with disgust and dread an activity that will serve as a double temptation for her children. Such a woman will not choose her daughter's husband according to the whiteness of his hands, and the refinement of his manners, but, knowing thoroughly what is labor and what deceit, will always and everywhere, beginning with her husband, respect and appreciate men, will claim from them true labor with waste and danger of life, and will scorn that false, sham labor which has for its aim the delivering of one's self from true labor.

Such a mother *will bring forth and nurse her children herself*, and, above all things else, will feed and provide for them, will work for them, wash and teach them, will sleep and talk with them, because she makes that her life-work. Only such a mother will not seek for her children external security through her husband's money, or her children's diplomas, but she will exercise in them the same capacity of self-sacrificing fulfilment of God's will which she knows in herself, the capacity for bearing labor with waste and danger of life, because she knows that only in that lie the security and welfare of life. Such a mother will not have to ask others what is her duty: she will know every thing beforehand, and will fear nothing.

If there can be doubts for a man or for a childless woman about the way to fulfil God's will, for a mother that way is firmly and clearly drawn; and if she fulfils it humbly, with a simple heart, standing on the highest point of good, which it is only given to a human being to attain, she becomes the guiding-star for all men, tending to the same good. Only a mother before her death can say to Him who sent her into this world, and to Him whom she has served by bearing and bringing up children, beloved by her more than herself, — only she can peacefully say, after having served Him in her appointed service, —

"'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

And this is that highest perfection, to which, as to the highest good, men aspire.

Such women, who fulfil their mission, are those who reign over reigning men; those who prepare new generations of

men, and form public opinion: and therefore in the hands of these women lies the highest power of men's salvation from the existing and threatening evils of our time.

Yes, women, mothers, in your hands, more than in those of any others, lies the salvation of the world!

NOTE TO CHAPTER XL.

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people. With this general proposition, I think all who are not immoral people will agree. The difference between men and women in the fulfilment of that vocation, is only in the means by which they attain it; that is to say, by which they serve men.

Man serves others by physical work, — procuring food; by intellectual work, — studying the laws of nature in order to master it; and by social work, — instituting forms of life, and establishing mutual relations between people.

The means of serving others are various for men. The whole activity of mankind, with the exception of bearing children and rearing them, is open for his service to men. A woman, in addition to the possibility of serving men by all the means open to man, by the construction of her body is called, and is inevitably attracted, to serve others by that which alone is excepted from the domain of the service of man.

The service of mankind is divided into two parts, — one, the augmentation of the welfare of mankind; the other, the continuation of the race. Men are called chiefly to the first, as they are deprived of the possibility of fulfilling the second. Women are called exclusively to the second, as they only are fitted for it. This difference one should not, one can not, forget or destroy; and it would be sinful to do so. From this difference proceed the duties of each, — duties not invented by men, but which are in the nature of things. From the same difference proceeds the estimation of virtue and vice for woman and man, — the estimation which has existed in every century, which exists now, and which will never cease to exist while in men reason exists.

It always has been, and it always will be, the case, that a man who spends a great part of his life in the various physical and mental labors which are natural to him, and a woman who spends a great part of her life in the labor of bearing, nursing, and rearing children, which is her exclusive prerogative, will equally feel that they are doing their duty, and will equally rise in the esteem and love of other people, because they both fulfil that which is appointed to them by their nature.

The vocation of man is broader and more varied; the vocation of woman more uniform and narrower, but more profound: and therefore it has always been, and always will be, the case, that man, having hundreds of duties, will be neither a bad nor a pernicious

man, even when he has been false to one or ten out of them, if he fulfils the greater part of his vocation; while woman, as she has a smaller number of duties, if she is false to one of them, instantly falls lower than a man, who has been false to ten out of his hundreds of duties. Such has always been the general opinion, and such it will always remain, — because such is the substance of the matter.

A man, in order to fulfil God's will, must serve him in the domain of physical work, thought and morality: in all these ways he can fulfil his vocation. Woman's service to God consists chiefly and almost exclusively in bearing children (because no one except herself can render it). Only by means of work, is man called to serve God and his fellow-men: only by means of her children, is a woman called to serve them.

And therefore, love to her own children which is inborn in woman, that exclusive love against which it is quite vain to strive by reasoning, will always be, and ought to be, natural to a woman and a mother. That love to a child in its infancy is not egotism, but it is the love of a workman for the work which he is doing while it is in his hands. Take away that love for the object of one's work, and the work becomes impossible. While I am making a boot, I love it above every thing. If I did not love it, I could not work at it. If anybody spoils it for me, I am in despair; but I only love it thus while I am working at it. When it is completed, there remains an attachment, a preference, which is weak and illegitimate.

It is the same with a mother. A man is called to serve others by multifarious labors, and he loves those labors while he is accomplishing them. A woman is called to serve others by her children, and she cannot help loving those children of hers while she is rearing them to the age of three, seven, or ten years.

In the general vocation of serving God and others, man and woman are entirely equal, notwithstanding the difference of the form of that service. The equality consists in the equal importance of one service and of the other, — that the one is impossible without the other, that the one depends upon the other, and that for efficient service, as well for man as for woman, the knowledge of truth is equally necessary.

Without this knowledge, the activity of man and woman becomes not useful but pernicious for mankind. Man is called to fulfil his multifarious labor; but his labor is only useful, and his physical, mental, and social labor is only fruitful, when it is fulfilled in the name of truth and the welfare of others.

A man can occupy himself as zealously as he will to increase his pleasures by vain reasoning and with social activity for his own advantage: his labor will not be fruitful. It will only be so when it is directed towards lessening the suffering of others from want and ignorance and from false social organization.

The same with woman's vocation: her bearing, nursing, and

bringing up children will only be useful to mankind when she not only gives birth to children for her own pleasure, but when she prepares future servants of mankind; when the education of those children is done in the name of truth and for the welfare of others, — that is to say, when she will educate her children in such a manner that they shall be the very best men possible, and the very best laborers for others.

The ideal woman, in my opinion, is the one who, appropriating the highest view of life of the time in which she lives, yet gives herself to her feminine mission, which is irresistibly placed in her, — that of bringing forth, nursing and educating, the greatest possible number of children, fitted to work for people according to the view which she has of life.

But in order to appropriate the highest view of life, I think there is no need of visiting lectures: all that she requires is to read the gospel, and not to shut her eyes, ears, and, most of all, her heart.

Well, and if you ask what those are to do who have no children, who are not married, or are widows, I answer that those will do well to share man's multifarious labor. But one cannot help being sorry that such a precious tool as woman is, should be bereft of the possibility of fulfilling the great vocation which it is proper to her alone to fulfil.

Especially as every woman, when she has finished bearing children, if she has strength left, will have the time to occupy herself with that help in man's labor. Woman's help in that labor is very precious; but it will always be a pity to see a young woman fit for child-bearing, and occupied by man's labor.

To see such a woman, is the same as to see precious vegetable soil covered with stones for a place of parade or for a walking-ground. Still more a pity, because this earth could only produce bread, and a woman could produce that for which there cannot be any equivalent, higher than which there is nothing, — man. And only she is able to do this.

THE END.

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